



2825



THE COMPLETE NEWGATE  
CALENDAR



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# THE COMPLETE NEWGATE CALENDAR

BEING

CAPTAIN CHARLES JOHNSON'S *General History of the Lives and Adventures of the Most Famous Highwaymen, Murderers, Street-Robbers and Account of the Voyages and Plunders of the Most Notorious Pyrates*, 1734; CAPTAIN ALEXANDER SMITH'S *Compleat History of the Lives and Robberies of the Most Notorious Highwaymen, Foot-Pads, Shop-Lifts and Cheats*, 1719; *The Tyburn Chronicle*, 1768; *The Malefactors' Register*, 1796; GEORGE BORROW'S *Celebrated Trials*, 1825; *The Newgate Calendar*, by ANDREW KNAPP AND WILLIAM BALDWIN, 1826; CAMDEN PELHAM'S *Chronicles of Crime*, 1841; etc.

COLLATED AND EDITED WITH SOME APPENDICES

BY

J. L. RAYNER

AND

G. T. CROOK

VOLUME ONE

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MCMXXVI

**PEACHUM :** The World, my Dear, hath  
not such a Contempt for Roguery as  
you imagine.      *The Beggar's Opera.*

## PREFACE

THE deeds of ancient robber outlaws and of highwaymen—what a treasure-house pierced with windows for the imagination! Such is the first volume of our series. It will serve to show the reader that *The Complete Newgate Calendar* will not be just a bare recital of grisly facts, but a book fraught with the romance and colour of human lives which, if not always of the most exalted, are certainly among the most vivid. Names to conjure with have we here—Claude Du Vall and his immortal (dare we suggest because it never happened to mortal?) saraband; Captain Hind, who, for all his early training as a butcher (as Robin Hood before him and Dick Turpin after), was so much the most illustrious and gentlemanly of all High Tobymen that even the *Dictionary of National Biography* admits him in full to its reputable pages; other Royalist “inspectors of the road,” such as Captain Zachary Howard and Captain Philip Stafford; Joan Brace, the highwaywoman; Gilder-roy, that implacable devil of a Scots robber and breaker of hearts; those other worthies whose common cognomen of Sawney proclaims them from the same country, from Sawney Beane the monstrous to Sawney Douglas, who took a copy of *Chevy Chase* to Tyburn; Swifticks, the real hero of the ride to York; Moll Cutpurse, that masculine mistress of the underworld; the German Princess, the height of whose achievement may be guessed from the contrast of her title with the fact that she was just a Kentish wench; Colonel Blood, the man who had the imaginative audacity to rob the crown from the Tower of London (he was the forbear in high crime of Adam Wirth who stole Gainsborough’s *Duchess of Devonshire* from Agnew’s); until we come to names linked with single crimes, such as Alice Arden of Feversham, who inspired a famous old play in which some have seen

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Shakespeare's hand<sup>1</sup>; and the Perrys, who provide a classic joint-example of the madness which so incomprehensibly often inspires an innocent man to "confess" to murder and of a "murdered" man reappearing again alive after others had unjustly suffered for his death.

Our authorities for this volume are Captain Charles Johnson's *A General HISTORY OF THE LIVES and ADVENTURES of the Most Famous Highwaymen, Murderers, Street-Robbers, &c. To which is added a Genuine Account of the VOYAGES and PLUNDERS of the Most Notorious PYRATES. Interspersed with several diverting TALES and Pleasant SONGS. And Adorned with the Heads of the Most Remarkable VILLAINS, Curiously engraven on Copper.* LONDON. Printed for and sold by J. JANEWAY, in White-Fryers; and by the Booksellers of London and Westminster. MDCCXXXIV; his original, Captain Alexander Smith's *A Compleat HISTORY of the LIVES and ROBBERIES of the most Notorious Highway-men, Foot-Pads, Shop-Lifts, and Cheats of both Sexes, in and about London and Westminster, and all Parts of Great Britain, or above an Hundred Years past, continued to the present time. Wherein their most Secret and Barbarous Murders, Unparallel'd Robberies, Notorious Thefts, and Unheard-of Cheats, are set in a true Light, and expos'd to publick View, for the common Benefit of Mankind. The Fifth Edition (adorn'd with Cuts), with the Addition of near Two Hundred Robberies lately committed.* LONDON. Printed for Sam. Briscoe, and Sold by A. Dodd at the Peacock without Temple Bar, 1719; and George Borrow's *CELEBRATED TRIALS, and Remarkable Cases of CRIMINAL JURISPRUDENCE FROM THE EARLIEST RECORDS TO THE YEAR 1825, 1825.*

Much pruning has been done among these volumes to

<sup>1</sup> *The Lamentable and True Tragedie of M. Arden of Feversham in Kent who was most wickedly murdered, by the means of his disloyall and wanton wife, who for the love she bare to one Mosbie, hyred two desperat ruffins, Blackwill and Shakbag, to kill him. Wherein is shewed the great mallice and discimulation of a wicked woman, the unsatiable desire of filthie lust and the shamefull end of all murderers. Imprinted at London for Edward White, dwelling at the lyttle North dore of Paules Church at the signe of the Gun. 1592.*

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fit them to our present purpose, but nothing more than will let air in. From the *Lives of the Highwaymen, etc.*, has come a mass of irrelevant overgrowth—picturesque ivy from the more ancient plants and grafted moralisings—and an occasional unpleasant fungus. From Borrow have been cropped the State Trials (the series is confined to crimes of a private nature), and a litter of shoots which did but hide the trees—the verbiage of the courts and of witnesses. Beyond this our own handiwork is limited to the bindings up again, to occasional graftings, and to the headings and sub-headings to each subject.

Johnson's *Lives* was a reprint and an extension of Captain Smith's pioneer publication in this line, which was a réchauffé, be it said, of the chapbooks. Johnson lifted from Smith wholesale and poured scorn on him the while—to quieten his own conscience one would guess. Also, apparently in order to make his pilfering not quite so glaring, he occasionally altered Smith, and these alterations were not always to advantage. In his account of Claude Du Vall, for instance, he deliberately falsified the incident of the child's silver sucking-bottle, fathering it on a subordinate in order not to spoil the romantic glamour round his hero (this, we are glad to say, was not typical of him). We have replaced it with Smith's account, and if any justification were needed would refer the reader to *The Memoirs of Monsieur Du Vall; containing the History of his Life and Death: Whereunto are annexed his last Speech and Epitaph. Intended as a severe Reflexion on the too great Fondness of English Ladies towards French Footmen; which, at that Time of Day, was a too common complaint. London, 1670*, which is to be found in volume iii. of the *Harleian Miscellany*. This is the source for Smith's and Johnson's life, and is, in fact, the only approach to an authoritative account there is of Du Vall's life.

Johnson again gives a totally different life to Captain Richard Dudley. We have dropped his version entirely, preferring Smith's as the more likely. Incidentally the latter contains the only reference that, strangely enough, either has to the celebrated Swifticks, who earned this



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name from Charles II. for his ride to York, the ride which Harrison Ainsworth finally fastened securely on to Turpin. The confusion attending the circumstances of Swiftnicks' career is great. A recent collector of Northern legends, the late Richard Blakeborough,<sup>1</sup> who was apparently not conversant with Johnson's or Smith's works, avers, on the strength of *The Records of York Castle*, that Swiftnicks is the same as the highwayman William Nevison, but neither Smith nor Johnson, in a long account of this worthy's life, makes any suggestion of his being Swiftnicks. Nor, earlier still, did Defoe, in the account of the ride to York in his *Tour through Britain* (reprinted as an appendix to this volume). But why, on the other hand, did not Smith and Johnson give the life of Swiftnicks, seeing that he was so famous? The answer is past all guessing. Turpin, whose life we know, did not ride to York; Swiftnicks, of whose career we know hardly anything, apparently did.<sup>2</sup>

Further, Smith's account of Captain Dudley contains a little aside on life in the Poultry Compter, which is so full of knowledge and vibrant with feeling that we are convinced it is drawn from personal experience. Our captain's writings, probably our captains', were most probably inspired from the inside.

One or two of the lives have been dropped. Smith and Johnson began their veracious histories with such unvarnished figures as Sir John Falstaff and Robin Hood. We have decided to omit these popular heroes. The first history is a mossy growth that has attached itself to the name of an

<sup>1</sup> See *The Hand of Glory*, edited by J. Fairfax-Blakeborough. Grant Richards, 1924.

<sup>2</sup> A possible clue to Swiftnicks' Christian name may be found in a postscript to *Jackson's Recantation, or, the Life and Death of the Notorious High-Way-Man, now hanging in chains at Hampstead. Delivered to a friend, a little before execution: wherein is truly discovered the whole mystery of that wicked and fatal profession of Padding on the Road. London, Printed for T. B. in the year 1674*, in which "Samuel Swiftnicks" tells the reader that "this is no fiction, but a true relation of Mr Jackson's life and conversation, pen'd by his own hand, and delivered into mine to be made publick for his Countrymen's good, etc. etc."

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ancient soldier of some renown, Sir John Fastolf. Shakespeare has had full licence with him, and our two historians but enlarge on his exploits in *King Henry V.* With regard to Robin Hood we have been content to abide by the dictum of Sir Sidney Lee that the arguments in favour of his historical existence, "although very voluminous, will not bear scholarly examination." The same, it might be argued, might quite as easily be said of Thomas Dun and Sir Gosselin Denville, but we do not willingly part with these two little-known scamps, however legendary they may be, contenting ourselves with the possibility that from their lesser popularity we may suppose a greater authenticity.

The only other missing life is that of "Colonel Jacque." The wonderful imaginative actualism of Defoe induced Johnson to lift the *Life of Colonel Jacque* bodily into his own *General History*.<sup>1</sup> It is interesting to conjecture what influence, if any, Defoe had on the lives of James Batson and Thomas Gray which, similarly autobiographical, are found in Johnson though not in Smith. There certainly seems to be more Johnson than chapbook in them, but this is a question we cannot, at this time of day, pretend to pronounce on. In any case Defoe certainly had a not unworthy pupil.

Deep back as these lives take us into our national existence, it is extraordinary how nearly they are linked to our own times. Though it seems hardly credible, there is still living in an institution near Liverpool a woman who remembers, as a child, peeping out of a stage-coach and seeing the passengers robbed by highwaymen. Mrs Janet Ann Newberry is her name, and she is only 102. We dedicate this work to her.

DULWICH,  
August 1924.

<sup>1</sup> It might be argued that Johnson would not have included "Col. Jacque" had he not had other confirmation of that rogue's actual existence. Even so, the great preponderance of fiction over fact in Defoe's works would be enough to keep the life out of even this collection. In any case it is easily obtainable otherwise.



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<sup>1</sup> It was discovered, when too late to put the case in its right order, that Borrow had given the wrong date for the execution.

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# THE COMPLETE NEWGATE CALENDAR

THOMAS DUN

*Head of a Gang of Outlaws, on Account of whom King  
Henry I. is credibly supposed to have built Dunstable.*

*Executed Piecemeal*

THIS person was of very mean extraction, and born in a little village between Kempston and Elstow, in Bedfordshire. It is said he had contracted thieving so much from his childhood, that everything he touched stuck to his fingers like birdlime, and that, the better to carry on his villainies, he changed himself into as many shapes as Proteus, being a man that understood the world so well—I mean the tricks and fallacies of it—that there was nothing which he could not humour, nor any part of villainy that came amiss to him. To-day he was a merchant, on the morrow a soldier, the next day a gentleman, and the day following a beggar. In short, he was every day what he pleased himself.

When he had committed any remarkable roguery his usual custom was to cover his body all over with nauseous and stinking sear-cloths and ointments, and his face with plasters, so that his own mother could not know him. He would be a blind harper to commit one villainy, and a cripple with crutches to bring about another; nay, he would hang artificial arms to his body. Besides, his natural barbarity and cruel temper was such, that two or three men together durst scarcely meet him; for one day, being upon the road, he saw a wagoner driving his wagon full of corn to Bedford, which was drawn by five good horses, the sight of which inflamed him to put the driver to death; accordingly, without making any reflection on the event, he falls on the wagoner, and with two stabs killed him on the spot, boldly took so much time as to bury him, not out of any compassion for the deceased, for he never had any, but the better to conceal his design; and then, mounting the wagon,

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drives it to Bedford, where he sells it, horses and all, and marched off with the money.

Dun at first thought it the best way to commit his robberies by himself, but finding, upon trial, the method not so safe as where they were a company together, he betook himself to the woods, where he was soon joined by gangs of thieves as wicked as himself. These woods served them as a retreat on all occasions, and the caverns and hollow rocks for hiding-places, from whence, night and day, they committed a thousand villainies. The report of their barbarity diffusing itself round about, caused all the country to keep off from them, and more especially to avoid the road leading from St Albans to Towcester, betwixt which they every day acted insupportable mischiefs, murdering and robbing all travellers they met, insomuch that King Henry I. built the town of Dunstable, in Bedfordshire, to bridle the outrageousness of this Dun, who gave name to the aforesaid place.

However this precaution of the King was no impediment to Dun's designs, who still pursued his old courses, and though the age he lived in was not so ripe for all manner of villainy as it is now, yet the gang under his command consisted of several sorts of artists, who were made to serve different purposes and uses, just as he observed which way every man's particular genius directed him. Some of these being very expert in making false keys and betties, he never suffered them to remain idle or without business; others were ingenious at wrenching of locks and making deaf files, which wasted the iron without noise, making the strongest bolts give way for their passage. His fraternity being thus composed of lifters, pickpockets and filers, he refines, corrects, augments and establishes their laws, and one day having read to them some few comments on the art and mystery of robbing on the highway, he for a while leaves them, but in a short time returns.

Dun having intelligence that the Sheriff of Bedford with his men were in search of him, and that they had determined to beset the wood where he then was, obliged him to be upon his defence, which, however, did not make him lose his usual

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courage; wherefore, to prevent any danger that might happen, he musters up his company of grand rogues and retires into the thickest part of the wood, to a place in his opinion the most advantageous; where, having left necessary orders, he sent out scouts; but judging it not safe to put his confidence in spies, in a case of such importance, he puts on a canvas doublet and breeches, old boots without spurs, and a steeple-crowned hat on his head, and so draws near them, where taking notice that they were unequal to him, both in number and strength, he comes back to his companions, makes them stand to their arms, and so encourages them, by words and example, that in setting upon them, as they did immediately, they were presently routed; and pursuing them closely, they took eleven prisoners, whom they stripped of their liveries, and hanged them on several trees in the wood, after which they made their coats serve them to commit several robberies in. For Dun, going one night to a castle near this wood, ordered, in the King's name, the gates to be opened, pretending that Dun and his companions had hid themselves there. Accordingly the gates were opened without the least suspicion of what afterwards fell out. Dun made a pretence of searching into every corner for thieves, bustling everywhere throughout the castle with the greatest eagerness imaginable; but happening to find none, he would needs persuade the waiters that they had concealed themselves in the trunks. Upon this he gave orders for the keys to be immediately brought him; when, opening the trunks, and having loaded himself and companions with everything that was any way valuable, he returns back to the wood. Meantime the lord of the castle was extremely enraged at this proceeding, and could not brook to think that he should be thus robbed, concluding that the sheriff's men, under colour of searching for thieves, had thus pillaged him. Upon this he addresses the King and Parliament, giving an account by whom he thought he was thus robbed, who immediately issued out an order for examining the sheriff's men, one of whom was hanged to see what influence it would have on the other; but they

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persisting (as well they might) on their innocence, and discovering how eleven of their companions had been used by Dun and his associates, were set at liberty.

By this time the person we are speaking of was become formidable to all; for not only the peers and other great personages of the kingdom stood in awe of him, but also those of the lower rank durst not frequent the roads as usual. What a melancholy circumstance in his conduct was his generally committing murder; and we find but one instance, among the several particulars of his life, in which he refrained from this barbarity.

We shall draw now to his last period, and only endeavour to show the extraordinary struggles he made to obtain his usual liberty and preserve his life, without being called to give an account of his actions or answer the laws of his country what he was indebted to them for the many villainies and barbarities he had committed. He had continued in his wild and infamous course of life for above twenty years, and about the River Ouse in Yorkshire was the general scene where he played his pernicious and destructive pranks, where men, women and children fell a prey to his attempts, for he went constantly attended with fifty horse, and the men of the country round about were so much terrified at his inhuman cruelties, and the number of his partisans, that very few had the courage or even durst venture to attack him, in order to apprehend and bring him to justice. We may venture to affirm that if his life contained many unaccountable and strange exploits, yet that his death was as remarkable. For having transacted things beyond imagination, his fame, or rather infamy, increased every day, so that the country was determined to put up with his insolencies no longer. It seems threatenings against him came from all parts, but these, instead of working a reformation, or making him reflect on his past conduct, only the more inflamed his audacious and villainous temper. A stout fellow, we are told, about Dunstable, had made five or six of the sheriff's officers to come to his house with a design to apprehend Dun, who sometimes would venture

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to walk out by himself. But Dun, having got previous information of this design against him, came in the night-time with his partisans to the man's house, and filled it with a thousand oaths and curses, which presently got wind throughout the town, and among the sheriff's men, who came and pursued him with all their forces. The fellows, his partisans, finding they were closely pursued, divided themselves into separate companies, and fled away to what places they could come to ; but Dun got out into a certain village, where he took up his quarters for that time. However, the pursuit still continued very warm, and his adversaries, arriving at the house where he had concealed himself, asked where he was hid, and at last found that he was concealed there. Immediately on this report, the people in crowds gathered together about the house, and two especially posted themselves in the threshold of the door to apprehend him ; but Dun, with an insurmountable courage, started up, with his dagger in his hand, from the table, and laid one dead that instant, and then dispatched his companion, who ventured to oppose him. But what was the most surprising, he had the boldness to bridle his horse in the very midst of this confused uproar, mount and force his way out of the inn. The people no sooner saw this but they fell upon him, to the number of one hundred and fifty, armed with clubs, forks, rakes and what else they could next come at. With these weapons they forced him from his horse, but this was so far from dismaying our adventurer that he mounted again, in spite of all opposition, and made his way clear through the crowd that opposed him, with his sword. The countrymen upon this found there was more difficulty than they at first apprehended in taking him ; but, fresh supplies coming in to their assistance, they gave him chase still. Our adventurer, now finding the last period of his life drawing on, made all the haste he was able, and got among the standing corn, and then taking to his heels (for by this time he was forced to quit his horse) outstripped his pursuers a matter of two miles, a circumstance that seems almost incredible. Dun having procured this advantage, as he

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thought, would have lain him down to rest, and composed himself a while, but was presently, to his exceeding surprise, hemmed in with no less a number than three hundred men. Thus was he brought into as great a dilemma as before, but, resuming his wonted courage, he pushed valiantly through them, and got to some valleys, where, considering there was but one expedient left to save himself, he presently undressed himself, and then, taking his sword between his teeth, plunged into the river below, and fell a-swimming. Instantly were all the banks covered with multitudes of people, some of whom were drawn together merely out of curiosity to be eye-witnesses of the event; while others got ready boats, with a design to give him chase, and try if they could take him. It was an astonishing sight to behold him, with the sword all the time between his teeth, swimming so many cross and various ways as still to elude his pursuers. At length he got upon a little island which was in the river, where he sat down to get breath a while; but his adversaries, having determined not to let him have any rest, followed him in their boats, but were forced to return back wounded in the attempt. After this he jumps in again, falls to swimming, and tries to gain the shore at another place; but ill-fortune attends him, and the people, crowding thither, make at him with all their oars, when they found it no way possible to take him without blows. Several times they struck him on the head, and, the blows stunning him, it was no hard matter then to apprehend him, which they did, and conveyed him to a surgeon, in order to have his wounds cured and care taken of him. When his wounds were dressed, he was conducted before a magistrate, who, with very little examination, sent him to Bedford Jail, under a strong guard, to hinder his being rescued by his companions. Within a fortnight after this, being tolerably well cured, he was brought into the market-place at Bedford, without being put to the trouble of undergoing a formal trial, where a stage was erected for his execution and two executioners appointed to finish his last scene of life. Dun, on beholding these dreadful men, was so far from giving in to the least concern



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or dismay, that he warned them, with an unconcerned air, not to approach him for fear of the consequences, telling them he would never suffer himself to undergo the punishments determined him from their hands. Accordingly, to convince the spectators round him that his usual intrepidity and greatness of mind had not left him, he grasped both the executioners, and struggled so long with them that he was seen nine times successively upon the scaffold, and the men upon him. However, he had still strength to rise up from them, and taking his solemn walks from one end of the stage to the other, all which time he cursed the day of his birth, vented a thousand imprecations on those who had been the cause of his being apprehended, but chiefly on him who had been the first to beset him. But his cruel destiny is determined not to leave him ; he finds his strength diminish, and that he cannot, in spite of himself, defend himself any longer. He yields, and the executioners chop off his hands at the wrists, then cut off his arms at the elbows, and all above next, within an inch or two of his shoulders ; next his feet were cut off beneath the ankles, his legs chopped off at the knees, and his thighs cut off about five inches from his trunk, which, after severing his head from it, was burnt to ashes. So after a long struggle with death, as dying by piecemeal, he put a period to his wicked and abominable life ; and the several members cut off from his body, being twelve in all, besides his head, were fixed up in the principal places in Bedfordshire, to be a terror to such villains as survived him.

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*Head of a Gang of Robbers who had the Audacity, so it is said, to hold up King Edward II.*

THE gentleman we are going to give an account of was descended of very honourable parents at Northallerton, a market-town in the North Riding of Yorkshire. The family was very ancient, and came into



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England with William the Conqueror, who assigned them lands for the services done him in the North of England, where they lived in great esteem, and the successors after them for several ages, till the time of Sir Gosselin.

The father of this gentleman, being a pious and devout man, sent his son to Peter College, in Cambridge, where for some time he pursued his studies with great warmth, and to outward appearance gave signs of making a fine man. This gave the ancient father extreme joy, who began to think of placing his son in the priesthood; but it seems Gosselin sat at his books purely to amuse his father and to gain some advantage he had in view by it. It was found out afterwards that a religious life, as his father had designed for him, was not the thing he relished; but that the prosecution of amours and love intrigues had the greatest ascendant over his mind; nay, he began now to display his natural propensity to a luxurious and profligate life.

These steps creating great discontent in the breast of the father, he took the violent courses of his son so much to heart that it was not long before he died, leaving our gentleman in full possession both of the dignity of the family and his estate, valued at twelve hundred pounds per annum, a considerable fortune in those days. Thus our gentleman becomes a knight, rolls in a plentiful fortune, and gives a loose more extravagant than ever to his ill course. He associates a brother of his, named Robert, with him, and they two together, by their profuseness, soon made an end of the estate.

Being now out of the reach of maintaining themselves as usual, and finding the poverty of their circumstances still increasing upon them, they perceived there was no other way of supporting themselves than by raising contributions on the highway. To this end, being men of extraordinary valour and courage, they equipped themselves out for a daring enterprise, which was to rob two cardinals, sent into this kingdom by the Pope to mediate a peace between England and Scotland and terminate the differences then on foot between Edward II. and the Earl of Lancaster.

## SIR GOSSELIN DENVILLE

One Middleton and Selby, two robbers of these times, having heard of Denville's design, came and joined him with all the forces under their command, which were no inconsiderable number. In short, the cardinals were robbed, and a very large booty taken from them, which put our bravo into a tolerable way of subsistence for some time ; but there happening some difference between Middleton and him, with regard to the sharing of this booty, the former left the association, and went some time on the road by himself ; but being soon apprehended, was brought up to London, and there executed.

All this while Sir Gosselin pursued his illegal practices ; the valour of his arm and the continual preys he and his men made on all travellers put the whole country into a terrible panic ; for there was no such thing as travelling with any safety ; and the great number of persons, of whom his gang was composed, plainly showed that they defied the laws, and everything else. What they could not obtain on the highway, they sought for in houses, monasteries, churches and nunneries, which were rifled without any distinction, and the most valuable and sacred things carried off. The men under Sir Gosselin's conduct led a most licentious life, and, like their master, committed the worst of villainies and barbarities. Persons were murdered in their houses when their goods might have been taken without using bloodshed : so that killing and doing havoc rather looked like sport or pastime with these desperadoes. Our countryman Tom Shadwell seems to point at our knight in his play called *The Libertine* ; nay, to have founded the main plot of that piece upon his barbarous and licentious conduct. They who have a mind to be further informed in this particular may, by perusing that dramatic performance, see how near the whole conduct of the libertine squares with that of the person we are speaking of.

A while after, our knight and his associates marching on the road between Marlow in Buckinghamshire and Henley-upon-Thames, met with a Dominican monk, named Andrew Sympson,<sup>1</sup> who not only was obliged to deliver what

<sup>1</sup> Bernard Sympson—Captain Alexander Smith.

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little gold he had to them, but also to climb into a tree and preach them a sermon, which he did with a great deal of judgment and good sense, though pronounced extempore.

This sermon is at this very time recorded in the Bodleian Library as a piece containing sound divinity and a great deal of wit.<sup>1</sup>

This sermon was vastly well received by Sir Gosselin and his associates, who returned the monk their extraordinary thanks for the excellent sermon he had made; in short, they gave back not only the gold they had taken from him, but, making a collection among themselves, presented to him a purse (above his money) by Sir Gosselin, their spokesman, who, after a few ceremonies on either side, left the monk to descend out of the tree quietly, and go home in peace.

If accounts be true that are transmitted down to us concerning this knight and his confederates, whole parties of horse and foot sent out to suppress their career were several times defeated; at which the whole kingdom was put into so much terror and amazement that none durst take a journey or appear on the roads. The King then reigning having acquainted his nobles of his intention to make a progress through the north of England, Sir Gosselin came timely to hear of it, and accordingly put himself and his whole gang in priests' habits. Now the King being on his progress, and near Norwich, our adventurers, being a considerable number, drew up to him in their venerable habits, which making the King halt to observe them a little more closely, Sir Gosselin closed up with him. The King upon this seemed desirous to hear what he had to say, which Sir Gosselin observing, after a low obeisance made to his Majesty, he told him that he was not come to discourse about religious matters, but secular affairs, which was to lend him and his needy brothers what money he had about him, otherwise not all the indulgences he could obtain from the Pope should save him from being exposed to a very hard and rigid penance. The King, having but about forty to attend him, found it impossible to get clear

<sup>1</sup> Johnson and Smith give the whole sermon.

## SIR GOSSELIN DENVILLE

of his adversary, or save his money, but was obliged to surrender all—nay, look on while his noblemen's pockets were searched; after which Sir Gosselin and his associates left them to perform the remaining part of their progress.

This attempt upon the King was highly resented; and several proclamations, with considerable rewards inserted, were issued to apprehend any of the persons concerned in this robbery, alive or dead. In less than six months above sixty were treacherously taken by people in order to obtain the premium. Notwithstanding, this change of fortune was so far from working any reformation in our knight, that he and his brother robbed with greater boldness; so that those noblemen and gentlemen who had seats in the country were afraid to reside at them, and were obliged to secure themselves and their effects in the fortified cities and towns of the kingdom.

The last adventure which we have on record of this knight was this: Sir Gosselin and the remaining part of the associates being in the north of England were determined to see what the rich Bishop of Durham could afford them; accordingly they got into his palace, which they rifled from top to bottom of all the valuable things in it; and, not content with the spoil they found, bound the reverend prelate and his servants hand and foot, while they went down into the cellar, drank as much wine as they could well digest, and then let the rest run out of the barrels; after which they departed, leaving the ecclesiastic to call upon God to deliver him in his necessities.

But fortune now weighs down the scale of our knight's iniquities. It seems a man kept a public-house in a by-place in Yorkshire, where Sir Gosselin frequently went, not so much for the liquors there, as the beauty of the woman of the house. A freer acquaintance than consisted with decency had been kept up very openly some time between the knight and the landlady; which the husband at first connived at, through a notion his dignified customer, and the company he brought to his house, would be of considerable advantage to his trade. But Sir Gosselin and his wife

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pursuing their love intrigues in broad daylight, to the small scandal of his family, and he beginning too late to think himself injured, found no other resource to repair the ill name thrown upon him by the people in the neighbourhood than by removing the knight out of the way. To which end he goes to the sheriff of the county, and acquaints him how Sir Gosselin might be apprehended with little difficulty at his house, provided he came that night. The sheriff rejoiced at the opportunity, but considered that the knight and his associates were men of desperate fortunes, vast courage, and resolved to hazard the last rather than surrender or be taken ; upon which he mustered up between five and six hundred men-at-arms, came privately at night with them to the house, which they vigorously attacked as our knight and his company were revelling over their cups. Now or never was an important battle, or rather siege, to be determined. The persons within resolutely defended themselves for some time, and the men-at-arms without were not less valiant. Good fortune seemed to incline to our knight's side, who, in conjunction with his men, laid two hundred of his adversaries dead on the spot ; but being tired with the slaughter, and fresh enemies pouring in upon him, he was presently hemmed in on every side, and obliged to surrender, though not without fighting to the last. The sheriff, exasperated to think of losing so many men, took care to put the captive knight, and three and twenty of his comrades, who were made prisoners at the same time, under a very strong guard, who safely conducted them to York, where, without any trial, or other proceedings had upon them, they were executed, to the joy of thousands, the satisfaction of the great, and the desire of the common people, who waited upon them to the gallows, triumphing at their ignominious exit.

## ALICE ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM

*Executed with her Lover Mosbie and Others in the Year  
1551 for the Murder of her Husband*

THOMAS ARDEN was but a private gentleman, living at Feversham, in the county of Kent; yet the circumstance of his murder, the detection of it, and the punishment of the offenders were so exceeding remarkable, that they may very well be inserted in this place. He was a tall and comely person, and married a gentlewoman who was young, well shaped, and every way handsome; who having unhappily contracted an unlawful familiarity with one Mosbie, a black swarthy fellow, servant to Lord North, it happened by some means or other that they fell out, and so continued at variance for some time: but she being desirous of a reconciliation, and to use her former familiarity with him, sent him a pair of silver dice by the hands of one Adam Fowle, living at the Flower-de-Luce, in Feversham, for a present.

This brought them together again, so that Mosbie lay often in Arden's house, and in a short time the intercourse between them was so open that Mr Arden could not but perceive it; although common report says that he winked at it, for fear of disobliging her relations, from whom he had some great expectations. Having continued their lewd practices for a considerable time, the woman doted more and more upon Mosbie, and began to loathe her husband extremely; insomuch that she would have been glad to have found out a way to get rid of him. There was a painter at Feversham who was reported to be versed in the art of poisoning; to him she applied herself, and asked him whether he had any skill in that or not. The man seeming to own it, she told him she would have such a dose prepared as would make a quick dispatch. "That I can do," said he. So he presently went to work, and gave it her, with directions to put it into the bottom of a porringer and so to pour milk upon it; but the woman, forgetting the direction, put in

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the milk first, and then the poison. Now her husband designing that day to take his horse and ride to Canterbury, his wife brought him his breakfast, which was usually milk and butter. Having taken a spoonful or two of the milk, and liking neither the taste nor colour of it, he said: "Mrs Alice, what sort of milk is it you gave me?" Upon which she threw down the dish and said: "I find nothing can please you." Upon which he went away for Canterbury, and by the way vomited extremely, so that he escaped for that time.

Arden's wife became afterwards acquainted with one Green, of Feversham, a servant of Sir Anthony Agers; from which Green, Arden had wrested a piece of ground lying on the back side of the abbey of Feversham; about which some blows and many menacing expressions had passed between them; and therefore the woman knowing that Green hated her husband, she began to concert with him how to make away with Arden. The agreement at last was thus: that if they could procure anyone to murder her husband, he should have ten pounds for his wicked pains. Now Green having some business to be transacted at London for his master Sir Anthony, set out for that city, where his master then was, and having a charge of money about him, he desired one Bradshaw, a goldsmith of Feversham and his neighbour, to go with him as far as Gravesend, and he would satisfy him for his trouble. When they had got as far as Rainham Down they saw some gentlemen coming; Bradshaw discerned a man coming up the hill from Rochester, armed with a sword and buckler, and another with a huge staff upon his shoulder, and thereupon said to Green: "It is well that there is some company coming after us, for there is coming up against us as murdering a villain as any in England; and were it not for the other people we should scarce be able to come off without the loss of our lives and money." Green, as he afterwards confessed, imagining that such a one was fit for his purpose, asked the other "Which is he?" "That's he," quoth Bradshaw, "who has the sword and buckler; his name is



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Black Will." "How do you know that?" said Green. Bradshaw answered: "I knew him at Boulogne, where he was a soldier and I was Sir Richard Cavendish's man, and there he committed several robberies and horrid murders between the passes of that town and France."

By this time the company having overtaken them, they advanced all together and met Black Will and his companion. Some of the strangers, knowing Black Will, asked him how he did, and whither he was going. He answered by his blood, for he accented almost every word with an oath, "I know not, neither do I care; I'll set up my stick and go as it falls." Then said they to him, "If you will go back with us to Gravesend we will give you a supper." "By my blood," said he, "I care not, I'll go along with you." As they travelled on, Black Will claimed an acquaintance with Bradshaw, saying, "Friend Bradshaw, how dost thou do?" Bradshaw having no mind to renew his acquaintance, or to have anything to do with such a horrid fellow, replied: "Why, do you know me?" "Yes, that I do," said he; "did we not serve together at Boulogne?" "I beg your pardon," said Bradshaw, "I had forgot you."

Then Green entered into discourse with Black Will and said: "When you have supped, come to my quarters at such a sign, and I will give you some sack and sugar." "By my blood," said he, "I thank you." Thither he went, according to his promise, and was well treated. Then Green and he went and talked together, aside from Bradshaw, and the former proposing to give the other ten pounds to kill Mr Arden, he answered, with a great oath, he would if he could but know him. "I'll show him to you to-morrow in St Paul's," said Green. When they had done talking, Green bade him go home to his quarters; and then, sitting down, he wrote a letter to Mrs Arden, wherein, among others, he made use of these expressions: "We have got a man for our purpose; we may thank my brother Bradshaw for it." Bradshaw, knowing nothing of the matter, took the letter, and went the next morning and delivered it to



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Mrs Arden, while Green and Black Will bent their course to London.

Green, at the time appointed, showed Black Will Mr Arden walking in St Paul's; upon which Black Will asked him: "Who is he that follows him?" "Marry," said Green, "one of his men." "By my blood," quoth Will, "I'll kill them both." "Nay," said Green, "do not do that, for he is in the secret." "By my blood, I care not for that, I will kill them both," replied he. "By no means," said Green. Then Black Will proposed to murder Mr Arden in Paul's Churchyard, but there were so many gentlemen with him that he could not effect it. Green imparted the whole discourse to Arden's man, whose name was Michael, and who ever after was afraid lest Black Will should kill him. The reason why Michael conspired with the rest against his master was because he should marry a kinswoman of Mosbie's.

Mr Arden taking up his lodgings in a certain parsonage-house which he had in London, Michael and Green agreed that Black Will should go thither in the night-time, where he should find the doors left open for him to go in and murder Mr Arden. Michael having put his master to bed, left the doors open according to agreement, though Mr Arden, after he was in bed, asked him if he had made them all fast, to which he answered Yes. But afterwards growing afraid when he had got to bed, lest Black Will should kill him as well as his master, he rose, shut the doors, and bolted them very fast; insomuch that when Black Will came thither, and could find no entrance, he returned in great fury that he should be so disappointed, and in that mood he went next day to Green, swearing and staring like a madman, and with many horrible oaths and execrations threatened to kill Arden's man first, wherever he met him. "Nay," said Green, "pray forbear that; let me first know the reason why the doors were shut."

Green having found out Arden's man, and expostulated the matter with him about his not leaving the doors open, according to his promise, Michael, who had framed his

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answer before, said: "Marry, I will tell you the reason: my master last night did that which I never found him to do before; for, after I was in bed, he got up himself and shut the doors, and chid me severely in the morning for my carelessness in leaving them open." This pacified Green and Black Will.

Now Arden having done his business in London, and being ready to return home, his man went to Green and informed him his master would go down that night. Upon this they agreed that Black Will should kill him on Rainham Down. When Mr Arden had got to Rochester, his man growing apprehensive that Black Will would murder him as well as his master, he pricked his horse on purpose, and made him go lame, that so he might protract the time and stay behind. His master observing the lameness of his horse, and asking him the reason of it, Michael said he did not know. "Well," quoth his master, "when we come to the smith's forge, which is between Rochester and the foot of the hill over against Chatham, let him take off his shoe and search, and then come after me." So that his master rode on; but before he came to the place where Black Will lay in wait for him he was overtaken by several gentlemen of his acquaintance, so that the assassin failed here also to accomplish his bloody design.

After Mr Arden had got home he sent his man to the Isle of Sheppey, to Sir Thomas Cheney, then Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, about some business; by whom Sir Thomas sent a letter back to his master. But when he came home, his good mistress took and concealed the letter, and ordered the fellow to tell his master that he had a letter for him from Sir Thomas Cheney, but that he had unfortunately lost it; and added withal, that he thought it would be his best way to go in the morning himself to Sir Thomas's, because he knew nothing of the contents of it. Having resolved to do so, he ordered his man to be up betimes in the morning. In the meanwhile Black Will and one George Shakebag, his companion, were, by Green's appointment, concealed in a storehouse of Sir Anthony Agers,

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at Preston, to which place Mrs Arden went to see him, who brought and sent him victuals and drink several times. He was charged very strictly to be up early in the morning to waylay Mr Arden in a broom-close between Feversham and the Ferry, and there to murder him. Now Black Will was up in the morning betimes, but, missing his way, he tarried in a wrong place.

Arden and his man, early in the morning, riding towards Shornlan, where Sir Thomas Cheney lay, when they were come near the broom-close, Michael, who was ever afraid that Black Will would murder him with his master, pretended he had lost his money purse. "Why," said his master, "thou foolish fellow, couldst thou take no more care of thy purse? How much was there in it?" "Three pounds," said he. "Go back, you fool," quoth his master, "and look for it! it is so early that there is nobody yet stirring; thou mayst be sure to find it, and so make haste and overtake me at the ferry." But Arden nevertheless escaped this time, by reason of the mistake of Black Will, who thought he was sure of him in his return home. But whether some of the lord warden's servants attended him back to Feversham, or that he considered it was too late for him to go through the broom-close and so took another way, Black Will once more failed to execute his murdering designs.

St Valentine's Day being near, the villainous crew thought it a proper time to perpetrate their wicked devices. Mosbie intended to pick some quarrel or other with Arden at the fair, and so fight with him, saying he could not find in his heart to murder a gentleman in such a manner as his wife would have it; though they had made mutual promises to each other to be altogether as man and wife, and had thereupon received the sacrament at London openly together. But this project of quarrelling with Mr Arden would not do, for though he had been often before and was then also highly provoked by Mosbie, he would not fight. Mosbie had a sister who lived in a tenement of Arden's near his house in Feversham, so that Black Will, on the eve of the fair, was sent for to come thither. Green was the man who

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brought him, and met Mrs Arden, accompanied with Michael her man and one of her maids; there were also present Mosbie and George Shakebag, and here the plot was laid to murder Arden in the manner they afterwards perpetrated the horrid fact.

Mosbie indeed at first would not consent to so base and cowardly an act, but flung away in a fury, and went up Abbey Street towards the Flower-de-Luce, the house of Adam Fowle, whither he often resorted; but before he got thither he was overtaken by a messenger sent after him by Mrs Arden, importuning him by all means to return, which he did accordingly; and then she fell down upon her knees before him, and pressed him to go through with the business if he had any manner of love for her, and as she had several times told him, he might be assured there was nobody that would be concerned at his death, or make any search after them that dispatched him.

The importunity of the wicked woman at length prevailing, he was brought to a compliance with the accursed project, and thereupon Black Will was conveyed into Mr Arden's house, and hid in a closet at the end of the parlour, before which they had sent all the servants out upon some pretence or other, except those who were privy and consenting to the villainous design. Mosbie went and stood at the door in a silk night-gown tied about him, between the hours of six and seven at night; soon after which Arden, who had been at a neighbour's house called Dumpking, and had cleared some accounts that were between them, went home, and finding Mosbie at the door, asked him if it was not supper-time. "I think not," said he; "I believe it is not yet ready." "Then," quoth Mr Arden, "let us in the meantime go and play a game at tables"; and so going directly into the parlour through the hall where his wife was walking, Mr Arden said to her: "How now, Mrs Alice?" but she made him little or no answer. In the meantime the wicket-door of the entry was chained by somebody, and when they had got into the parlour Mosbie sat down on the bench, facing the closet wherein

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Black Will was hid; Michael, Arden's man, stood behind his master, with a candle in his hand to shadow Black Will, that his master might by no means perceive him come out of the closet. In their play Mosbie said (and that was the signal for Black Will to come out): "Now, sir, I can take you if I please." "Take me!" said Arden. "Which way?" With that Black Will rushed out of the closet and threw a towel about his neck to stop his breath and strangle him; then Mosbie having a pressing-iron, weighing fourteen pounds, at his girdle, struck him so on the head with it that he knocked him down, upon which he gave a loud groan, which made them believe he was killed.

From the parlour they carried him into the counting-house, where, as they were about to lay him down, the pangs of death came upon him, and groaning in a most grievous manner, he extended himself, and Black Will, giving him a terrible gash in the face, slew him outright; then he laid him along, took his money out of his pocket and the rings off his fingers, and coming out of the counting-house said: "The business is over, give me my money." Upon which Mrs Arden gave him ten pounds, and then he went to Green's, borrowed a horse of him, and rode away.

After Black Will was gone, Mrs Arden went into the counting-house and with a knife stuck the corpse seven or eight times in the breast; then they cleaned the parlour, wiped away the blood with a cloth, and strewed the rushes which had been disordered during the struggle. The cloth and the bloody knife wherewith she had wounded her husband they threw into a tub by the well's side, where they were afterwards both found. This done, she sent for two Londoners then at Feversham to come to supper, to which they had been invited before the horrid murder was committed. They were grocers by trade, and their names were Prune and Cole. When they came she said: "I wonder where Mr Arden is? He will not stay long. Come, let us sit down, he will be quickly with us." Then Mosbie's sister was sent for, and sat down with them, and they were all very merry.

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When supper was over, Mrs Arden made her daughter play on the virginals, and they danced, and she amongst them, frequently saying, "I wonder Mr Arden stays so long; come, let us sit down, he will surely soon be with us; let us play a game at tables." But the Londoners said they must go to their lodgings, or else they should be locked out, and so took their leave of the company and departed. As soon as they were gone, the servants who were not privy to the murder were sent into the town, some to look for their master, and others upon other errands; then Michael, a maid, Mosbie's sister, and one of Mrs Arden's own daughters took the dead body, and carried it out into a field adjoining to the churchyard, and to his own garden wall, through which he went to church. In the meantime it began to snow, and when they came to the garden door they had forgot the key, so that one of them was sent to fetch it. It was brought at last, and the door being unlocked, they conveyed the corpse into the field, about ten paces from the door of that garden, and laid it down on its back, in its night-gown and slippers, between one of which and the foot stuck a long rush or two.

Having by this management effectually secured themselves, as they imagined, from all manner of discovery, they returned the same way into the house; the doors were opened, and the servants, who had been sent into the town, being come back, it was by this time grown very late. However, the wicked woman sent her people out again in search for their master, directing them to go to such places where he mostly frequented, but they could hear no manner of tidings of him; then she began to exclaim, and wept like a crocodile. This brought some of her neighbours in, who found her very sorrowful, and lamenting her case, that she could not find out what was become of her husband. At last the mayor of the town and others went upon the search for him. Here we are to observe that the fair was wont to be kept partly in the town and partly in the abbey, but Arden procured it to be wholly kept in the abbey ground, of which he had made a purchase; and by this means,



## NEWGATE CALENDAR

being like to have all the benefit of it, to the prejudice of the town and inhabitants, he was bitterly cursed for it. After they had searched other places up and down, they came at length to the ground where the dead body was laid; where Prune, the London grocer above mentioned, happening to spy it first, called to the rest of the company, who, narrowly viewing the same, found it to be the corpse of Arden, and how it was wounded. They found the rushes sticking in his slippers, and found some footsteps of people in the snow between the place where he lay and the garden door.

This causing suspicion, the mayor ordered everybody to stand still, and then appointed some of the company to go about to the other side of the house and get in that way, and so through into the garden, towards the place; where, finding the prints of people's feet all along before them in the snow, it appeared very plain that he was conveyed that way, through the garden into the place where they had laid him.

The mayor and the company hereupon went into the house, and being no strangers to the ill-conduct of Mrs Arden, they very strictly examined her about her husband's murder. She defied them and said: "I would have you to know I am no such woman"; but they having found some of his hair and blood near the house, in the way he was carried out, as also the bloody knife she had thrust into his body, and the cloth wherewith the murderers had wiped off the blood spilt in the parlour—these things were so urged home, that she confessed the murder, and upon beholding her husband's blood, cried out: "Oh! the blood of God help me, for this blood have I shed." She then discovered her guilty associates.

Mrs Arden, her daughter, Michael, and the maid were seized and sent to prison; then the mayor and the rest that attended him went to the Flower-de-Luce, where they found Mosbie in bed. They soon discovered some of the murdered person's blood upon his stockings and purse, and when he asked them what they meant by coming in that manner, they said, "You may easily see the reason";

## ALICE ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM

and showing him the blood on his purse and hose, "these are our evidences." He thereupon confessed the horrid fact, and was committed to prison, as well as all the rest of the bloody crew, except Green, Black Will, and the painter, which last was never heard of after.

Some time after, the assizes were held at Feversham, where all the prisoners were arraigned and condemned. There are no parts extant that we can possibly meet with of the formality of their trials; the confession they had made of the cruel fact could not admit much of it; only there was one unhappy circumstance which attended it—that an innocent man should suffer with the guilty; for Mrs Arden accused Bradshaw, upon the account of the letter sent by Green from Gravesend about Black Will, as before related. All the business was, that by the description Bradshaw gave of Black Will's qualities, he judged him to be a proper instrument for the perpetration of the intended murder; to which, as Green some years after at his death declared, he was no way privy. Nevertheless the man, upon Mrs Arden's accusation, was presently taken up and indicted as a procurer of Black Will to murder Mr Arden. The man made all the defence he could for his life, and desiring to see the condemned persons, he asked if they knew him, or ever had any conversation with him, and they all said No. Then the letter was produced and read. Here the prisoner told the Court the very truth of the matter, and upon what occasion he had told Green what he said of Black Will, but it availed him nothing; condemned he was, and suffered death for a murder he had no manner of knowledge of, and which he denied to the last.

As for the real bloody criminals, they were executed in several places; for Michael, Mr Arden's man, was hanged in chains at Feversham, and one of the maid-servants was burned there, most bitterly lamenting her condition, and loudly exclaiming against her mistress, who had brought her to that deplorable end, for which she would never forgive her. Mosbie and his sister were hanged in Smithfield, at London. As for Mrs Arden, the founder of all the mischief,



## NEWGATE CALENDAR

she was burnt at Canterbury. Green returned some years after, was apprehended, tried, condemned, and hanged in chains in the highway between Ospringe and Boughton, over against Feversham; but before his death he proclaimed the innocence of Bradshaw, though it was then too late. Black Will was burnt on a scaffold at Flushing, in Zeeland. Adam Fowle, who lived at the Flower-de-Luce, in Feversham, was brought into trouble about this unhappy affair; he was carried up to London with his legs tied under the horse's belly, and committed to the Marshalsea. The chief ground for this was Mosbie's saying that had it not been for Adam Fowle, he had not been brought into that trouble—meaning the silver dice he had brought for a token from Mrs Arden to him; but when the matter was thoroughly searched into, and Mosbie had cleared him of any manner of privity to the murder, he was at length discharged.

## LORD STOURTON AND FOUR OF HIS SERVANTS

*Executed 6th of March, 1556, for the Murder of William  
Hartgill, Esq., and his Son John, of Kilmington,  
Somerset, after an implacable Persecution*

ON the 28th of February, 1556, Lord Stourton was arraigned at Westminster Hall, before the judges and several of the council. It was long before he would answer to the charge laid against him, till at last the Lord Chief Justice declared to him that he must be pressed to death, according to the laws of the land, if he would not answer; after which he made answer, and was convicted, and condemned to be hanged, together with his four men, for the following murders.

In the reign of Edward VI., William Lord Stourton, having charge of one of the King's places near Boulogne, died; and shortly after his death, Charles Lord Stourton, his son and heir, went to Kilmington, to the house of

## LORD STOURTON, ETC.

William Hartgill, Esq., where Dame Elizabeth, late wife to Lord William and mother to the said Charles Lord Stourton, sojourned, and earnestly persuaded William Hartgill to be a means that Dame Elizabeth should enter into a bond to him, in a great sum of money, that she should not marry; which the said William Hartgill refused, unless Lord Stourton would assign some yearly portion for his mother to live upon.

In discoursing on this matter Lord Stourton quarrelled with William Hartgill; and on Whitsunday, in the morning, he went to Kilmington church with several men, with bows and arrows, and guns; and when he arrived at the church door, John Hartgill, son of William, being told of the said Lord Stourton's coming, went out of the church, drew his sword, and ran to his father's house adjoining the churchyard side. Several arrows were shot at him in passing, but he was not hurt. His father and mother were forced to go up into the tower of the church with two or three of their servants for safety. When John Hartgill arrived at his father's house he took his long-bow and arrow, bent a cross-bow, charged a gun, and caused a woman to bring the cross-bow and gun after him, and he with his long-bow came forth and drove away the said Lord Charles and his men from the house, and from about the church, except half-a-score that had entered the church, among whom one was hurt in the shoulder with a hail shot. His father advised him to take his horse and ride up to the court, and tell the council how he had been used. On Monday, towards evening, he reported to the honourable council how his father had been dealt with, whereupon they sent down Sir Thomas Speak, the High Sheriff of Somerset, not only to deliver the captives, but to bring with him the said Charles Lord Stourton, who, when he came, was committed to the Fleet, where he remained but for a short time.

It appeared that as soon as John Hartgill had set off towards London, Lord Stourton's men returned to the church of Kilmington, and about Mr Hartgill's house, and continued about there till the arrival of the sheriff,

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which was on Wednesday; during which time William Hartgill's wife was permitted to go home on Whitsunday, towards night. But in the meantime Lord Stourton's men went to the pasture of William Hartgill, took his riding gelding, and carried him to Stourton Park pales and shot him with a cross-bow, reporting that Hartgill had been hunting in his park upon the gelding. Thus Lord Stourton continued his malice throughout King Edward's reign, and with violence took from William Hartgill all his corn, cattle, etc.

On the death of King Edward, William Hartgill and his son petitioned Queen Mary and her council for redress, her Majesty being then at Basing End, in Hampshire. The council called Lord Stourton and William Hartgill before them, and Lord Stourton promised that if William Hartgill and his son would come to his house, and desire his good will, they should not only have it, but also be restored to their goods and cattle; where upon his promise, made in such presence, they took John Dackcombe, Esq., with them to witness their submission. When they came near Stourton House, in a lane half-a-dozen of Lord Stourton's men rushed forth, and letting Mr Dackcombe and William Hartgill pass them, they stepped before John Hartgill, and when he turned his horse to ride away, six others of the said lord's men beset him before and behind; and, before he could draw his sword and get from his horse, wounded him in three or four places, and left him for dead. Nevertheless, in half-an-hour, he recovered himself, got upon his horse, and took refuge in the house of Richard Mumpesson, of Maiden Bradley, gent.

This at last became a subject of Star Chamber inquiry, and Lord Stourton was fined in a certain sum to be paid to the Hartgills, and imprisoned in the Fleet, whence he obtained licence, upon some pretence, to retire to his house in the country, and took an opportunity to murder both the Hartgills.

Within three or four days after his arrival at Stourton Caundle he sent advice to the Hartgills that he was ready

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to pay them the sums of money as ordered by the Star Chamber, and to end all disputes between them.

They agreed to meet him at Kilmington church on Monday after Twelfth Day, at ten o'clock ; and Lord Stourton came accordingly to Kilmington, accompanied by fifteen or sixteen of his servants, sundry tenants, and some gentlemen and justices, to the number of sixty. He went to the church house and sent word to the Hartgills, who were in the church, that the church was no place to talk of worldly matters, and that he thought the church house a fitter place. The Hartgills came out of the church ; but fearing ill, refused to enter into any covered place, the church excepted ; whereupon it was proposed that a table should be set upon the open green, which was done accordingly.

Lord Stourton laid thereupon a cap-case and a purse, as though he intended to make payment, and calling the two Hartgills, said that the council had ordered him to pay them a certain sum of money, every penny of which they should have. Marry, he would first know them to be true men ; and then laid hands upon them, saying, " I arrest you of felony " ; on which his men, to the number of ten or twelve, by violence thrust them into the church house, where, with his own hand, the lord took from them their purses. Then having in readiness two cords, he delivered them to his man to bind the Hartgills ; and to the younger of the Hartgills, when bound, he gave a blow in his face, and coming out of the house with his sword, and finding at the door young Hartgill's wife, he kicked at her, and gave her such a stroke with his sword between her neck and head, that she fell to the ground nearly dead. From hence he caused the two Hartgills to be conveyed to the parsonage of Kilmington, where they were kept with their arms bound behind them, and without meat or drink. About one o'clock in the morning they were conveyed to a house called Bonham, near Stourton ; and arriving on Tuesday about three in the morning, they were laid, fast bound, in separate places, without meat, drink, or fire, or anything to lie upon.

About ten o'clock Lord Stourton sent to Bonham, William

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Farree, Roger Gough, John Welshman and Macute Jacob, commanding them to convey the Hartgills to a place appointed, and warning them, that in case they should make any noise, to kill them at once. These four brought them into a close adjoining Stourton, and knocked them on the head with two clubs, till the murderers thought they had been dead (his lordship in the meantime standing at the gallery door, which was but a small distance from the place). This done, they wrapped themselves in their own gowns, and carried the bodies through a garden into his lordship's gallery, and from thence into a place at the end, his lordship bearing the candle before them. Being not quite dead, they groaned much, especially old Hartgill. When William Farree, one of the murderers, swearing by God's blood they were not yet dead, his lordship himself ordered their throats to be cut, lest a French priest, lying near to the place, might hear them; and William Farree took out his knife and cut both their throats, Lord Stourton standing by with the candle in his hand. One of the murderers then said: "Ah! my lord, this is a pitiful sight. Had I thought what I now think before the thing was done, your whole land should not have won me to consent to such an act." His lordship answered: "What a faint-hearted knave is this: is it any more than ridding us of two knaves that, living, were troublesome both to God's love and man's? There is no more account to be made of them than the killing of two sheep." Then their bodies were tumbled into a dungeon; and after Henry Sims and Roger Gough had been let down with cords, for there were no steps, they dug a pit and buried them together; Lord Stourton often calling to them from above to make speed.

The bodies were afterwards taken up by Sir Anthony Hungerford, and were found in the same apparel that they were taken in, buried very deep, covered first with earth, then two courses of thick paving, and finally with chips and shavings of timber, above the quantity of two cartloads.

In the examination of the atrocities of Lord Stourton

## THOMAS WYNNE

it appeared that he had caused, not long before, a barn of one Thomas Chaffin to be set on fire by three of his servants; and then against Chaffin, for saying it was not done without the knowledge of the said Lord Stourton, or some of his servants, he brought an action, and recovering a hundred pounds damage, he took for the payment out of his pasture by force twelve hundred sheep, with the wool upon their backs, and all the oxen, kine, horses and mares that he could find. On another occasion, from one Willoughby he caused to be taken, for his pleasure, a whole team of oxen, whereof two were found fatting in the stall of his house when he was apprehended.

On the 2nd of March Lord Stourton and four of his servants rode from the Tower with Sir Robert Oxenbridge, the lieutenant, with certain of the guards, through London towards Salisbury. The first night they lay at Hounslow, the next day they went to Staines, thence to Basingstoke, and to Salisbury.

Lord Stourton was accordingly executed on the 6th of March, in the market-place at Salisbury, and his four men in the country near the place where the murder was committed; and previous to his death he made great lamentation for his wilful and impious deeds.

## THOMAS WYNNE

*Housebreaker and Palacebreaker, whom Conscience made confess a Murder twenty years afterwards. Executed in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth*

THIS notorious criminal was born at Ipswich in Suffolk, where, for aught we find to the contrary, he continued till he was between fifteen and sixteen, at which age he betook himself to the sea, which he followed between eight and nine years. Happening then to come to London, and habituating himself with ill company, especially lewd women, he left no villainy unperpetrated for the support of himself and them in their extravagances, till at last he

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became so expert in housebreaking, and, in short, all sorts of theft, that he was reckoned the most notable artist in his way of those times.

It was in the reign of that glorious monarch, Queen Elizabeth, that our artist flourished; accordingly we find that, scorning a meaner prey, he had once the boldness, or rather impudence, to rob the royal lodgings at Whitehall Palace of as much plate as amounted to above four hundred pounds; for which he had the ill-luck to be taken and committed to Newgate. But, fortunately for him, her Majesty's Act of Grace coming out soon afterwards, granting a free pardon for all offences, except treason, murder, and some other notorious crimes, he was allowed the benefit thereof, and obtained his liberty, amongst many other criminals, whom their evil courses had brought into the same condition.

But Wynne, making a very ill use of the royal mercy, and taking no warning, still pursued his vicious ways, till at last, being in imminent danger of being apprehended, he got into the service of the Earl of Salisbury, into whose kitchen he was received in the capacity of a scullion.

Whilst he was in this post he had the impudence to pretend love to the countess's woman, who, admiring such insolence in a fellow of his rank, returned his addresses with the greatest scorn and contempt. This exasperating Wynne, his pretended love turned to hatred, and he vowed revenge, which he effected soon after in this manner.

As she was coming downstairs one night after undressing her lady and putting her to bed, he used her so roughly that the poor gentlewoman was immediately put to bed very ill; and the earl being next day made acquainted with the whole story, took upon himself to be his judge, and ordered him to be forthwith stripped, and severely lashed by his coachman, which was executed to some tune upon the spot. However his lordship, not thinking this a sufficient punishment, threatened to have it repeated once a week for a month together, but Wynne, not liking his sentence, thought proper to seek out fresh quarters, and accordingly packed



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up his awls and went off. But resolving to be revenged on his prosecutors, before he took his final leave of the family, he broke open the trunk of the coachman who had flayed him, and robbed him of nine pounds. He borrowed likewise fifteen pounds of the master cook's, a silver dish of his lord's, and all the best clothes of the poor woman whom he had handled so unmercifully; after which he set out in quest of new adventures.

It seems that in Wynne's time innkeepers were not so sharp as they are at present; wherefore our artist would frequently dress himself in a porter's habit, with a knot and cord, and going to one of the best inns, fix his eye on any bundle or parcel which seemed to be of value, and throwing it upon his shoulders, when he saw the coast clear, walk off with it directly, without the servants having the least suspicion of him, although they met him, each of them thinking he was known by one of his fellow-servants.

He followed this course about two years, in which time he got above two hundred pounds, which fell heavy on the carriers, who were obliged to make good what was lost. But dear-bought experience making them look better after what they were entrusted with for the future, he had no opportunity of supporting himself any longer that way, which obliged him to have recourse to other methods.

One day then, hearing a man, as he was going out of his house, tell his wife he should not be back again in less than five or six hours, he dogged him to the place whither he went, and going to an ale-house hard by, inquired the name of the people of the house. This done, he went back into the tradesman's neighbourhood, and getting his name after the same manner, goes to his wife and tells her that he was sent by Mr Such-a-one, where her husband was taken on a sudden so violent ill that it was questioned whether he would live or die; wherefore she was desired to make all the haste she could thither. At this the poor wife fell a-shrieking terribly, and after bidding the maid take care of the house, hurried away with the sham messenger,



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either to assist her husband or take her leave of him before he departed this world.

They had not gone very far together before Wynne pretended business another way, left the woman to pursue her journey by herself, and returning to the house again, told the maid her mistress had sent him to acquaint her that if she did not come back by such an hour she might go to bed, for she should not come home all night. As Wynne pretended to be mightily tired with having made so much haste, the maid asked him very civilly to walk into the kitchen and rest himself, which being what he wanted, he readily accepted. In the meanwhile, the poor wench going to fetch him something to eat, whilst her back was turned he knocked her down suddenly, and binding her hand and foot, and gagging her, he rifled all the trunks, boxes, chests of drawers and cupboards, carrying off to the value of two hundred pounds in plate and money.

He had now reigned about eight years in his villainy when, taking notice of an old man who had formerly been a linendraper, but being rich had left off trade and lived on what he had, together with his wife, in Honey Lane, near Cheapside, he had for a long time a strong desire of robbing them. Accordingly one night he resolved to put it in execution, and broke into their house; but not content with robbing them, he determined also to murder them, to prevent a discovery, which he did by cutting their throats in a most barbarous manner, as they were sleeping in their bed together. This done, he robbed the house to the value of two thousand five hundred pounds, and fled away, with his wife and four children he had by her, to Virginia.

Next day, the old people being not seen by their neighbours either to go out or in as usual, and the house being close shut up from morning to night, they began to be surprised at the meaning of it; and some among them suspecting some foul play, a constable was sent for and the door broken open, when upon entering the chamber the old couple were found in their bed, to their great astonishment

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and horror, with their throats cut from ear to ear, and weltering in their blood.

A great inquiry and search was then made after the murderer; and a poor man who begged his bread, having been observed to walk to and fro about the door, and sometimes to sit on a bench belonging to the house, the day before the murder was perpetrated, he was apprehended on suspicion, and being carried before a justice of peace, was by him committed to Newgate. The poor wretch was afterwards brought upon his trial; and though there was no other proof against him than some suspicious circumstances, he was cast for his life, and sentenced to be hanged before the door of the murdered persons; which was accordingly executed, though he denied the fact to the last, as well he might, and he was afterwards hanged in chains at Holloway.

In the meanwhile Wynne was safe enough with his family beyond sea, where it pleased God that he thrived prodigiously with his ill-got money, the price of innocent blood. But having now been absent from his native country twenty years, and being very desirous of seeing it once before he died, designing afterwards to return back and lay his bones in Virginia, he took his leave of his wife, children and grandchildren (for his family had multiplied as well as his riches), and came over to England. But mark how Providence pursued him.

Being one day at a goldsmith's shop in Cheapside to buy a parcel of plate, which he designed to carry with him to Virginia, whilst he was bargaining for it and the master of the shop was weighing it, a great uproar arose in the street—some sergeants having arrested a gentleman, and he breaking from the catchpoles who were in pursuit of him. Hereupon Wynne ran out of the shop the same way as the mob, and some that were behind him crying out, "Stop him! Stop him!" his conscience flew in his face, so that he stopped short, and said: "I am the man." "You the man!" cried the people. "What man?" "The man," replied Wynne, "that committed such a murder in Honey

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Lane twenty years ago, for which a poor man was hanged wrongfully."

Upon this confession he was taken into custody and carried to a magistrate, before whom he again owned the same; and being committed to Newgate, was tried, condemned and executed also before the house where he had perpetrated the murder; after which he was carried to Holloway and hanged in chains.

Thus the just judgment of God at last overtook him for shedding innocent blood, when he thought himself secure from the stroke of justice. Neither was it wanting to punish his wife and posterity for being privy thereunto, and living upon the fruits thereof, for his wife ran distracted upon receiving the news of his shameful end, and died so. Two of his sons also were hanged in Virginia, for a robbery and murder they committed there; and what plantations he had purchased were seized upon for the Queen's use, as forfeited by his conviction of murder and felony; so that his posterity were reduced to beggary ever after, and died very miserable.

## ALISTER MACGREGOR

*Who, for slaughtering the Laird of Luss's Friends, caused the Name of Macgregor to be abolished. Executed in 1604*

THIS trial, relating to the Clan Gregor, affords characteristic evidence of the barbarous state of the Highlands in those times, of the lawless manners of the people, and the despicable imbecility of the executive arm.

The crimes with which the prisoner was charged resemble more the outrage and desolation of war than the guilt of a felon. He was accused of having conspired the destruction of the name of Colquhoun, its friends and allies, and the plunder of the lands of Luss; of having, on the 7th of February preceding, invaded the lands of Sir Alexander Colquhoun of Luss, with a body of four hundred men, composed

## ALISTER MACGREGOR

partly of his own clan and of the clan of Cameron, and of lawless thieves and robbers, equipped in arms, and drawn up on the field of Lennox, in battle array ; of having fought with Sir Alexander, who, being authorised by a warrant from the Privy Council, had convocated his friends and followers to resist this lawless host ; of having killed about one hundred and forty of Sir Alexander's men, most of them in cold blood, after they were made their prisoners ; of having carried off eighty horses, six hundred cows, and eight hundred sheep ; and of burning houses, corn-yards, etc.

The jury unanimously convicted the prisoner, who, in consequence of the verdict, was condemned to be hanged and quartered at the Cross of Edinburgh, his limbs to be stuck up in the chief towns, and his whole estate, heritable and movable, to be forfeited.

Four of the Laird of Macgregor's followers who stood trial along with him were convicted and condemned to the same punishment, eleven on the 17th of February, and six on the 1st of March. A statute was passed in the year 1633 ordaining that the whole of the Clan Macgregor, which should be within the realm on the 15th of March thereafter, should appear before the Privy Council, and give surety for their good behaviour ; that each of the clan, on arriving at the sixteenth year of his age, should appear before the Privy Council on the 24th of July and find surety as above required ; that the surname of Macgregor should be abolished, and the individuals adopt some other ; that no minister should baptize a child, or clerk or notary subscribe a bond or other security, under the name of Macgregor, under pain of deprivation ; but this Act was rescinded at the Restoration.

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### ROBERT CREIGHTON, BARON OF SANQUIRE

*Executed in 1612 for the Murder of John Turner, who  
had accidentally put out one of his Eyes*

**T**HE indictment charged the prisoner, as accessory before the fact, to the murder of John Turner, fencing-master.

Robert Creighton, Baron of Sanquire (or Sanchar, in Scotland), while playing at foils with John Turner, about five years before the murder, had an eye thrust out by one of Turner's foils; whereupon the baron, resolving to be revenged, tampered with several assassins to murder Turner.

He had not an opportunity of effecting it till the year 1612, when he prevailed on Gilbert Gray, one of his servants, and Robert Carliel, a dependent, both Scotsmen, to undertake it; but Gray afterwards declining the attempt, Robert Carliel associated himself with one James Irweng, another Scotsman, and these two, on the 11th of May, 1612, about seven in the evening, went to a public-house in the Friars, which Turner frequented as he came from his school, and finding Turner there they saluted him, and fell into conversation with him; when Carliel, on a sudden, fired a pistol at Turner, and shot him in the breast; and he immediately dropped down dead, saying only, "Lord have mercy upon me, I am killed."

After this, Carliel fled to Scotland, Lord Sanquire absconded, but Irweng and Gray were taken while endeavouring to make their escape; and Gray was afterwards made an evidence against the rest.

At length, Lord Sanquire surrendering himself, and Carliel, the principal assassin, being brought back from Scotland, Carliel and Irweng were tried at the Old Bailey, London, and being convicted of the murder, they were executed in Fleet Street, near the Friars; and Lord Sanquire being afterwards arraigned at the King's Bench bar as accessory before the fact, confessed the indictment, and was thereupon condemned, and executed in Palace Yard.





*SAWNEY BEANE at the Entrance of his Cave*

## SAWNEY BEANE

*An incredible Monster who, with his Wife, lived by Murder and Cannibalism in a Cave. Executed at Leith with his whole Family in the Reign of James I.*

SAWNEY BEANE was born in the county of East Lothian, about eight or nine miles eastward of the city of Edinburgh, some time in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, whilst King James I. governed only in Scotland. His parents worked at hedging and ditching for their livelihood, and brought up their son to the same occupation. He got his daily bread in his youth by these means, but being very much prone to idleness, and not caring for being confined to any honest employment, he left his father and mother, and ran away into the desert part of the country, taking with him a woman as viciously inclined as himself. These two took up their habitation in a rock by the seaside, on the shore of the county of Galloway, where they lived upwards of twenty-five years without going into any city, town, or village.

In this time they had a great number of children and grandchildren, whom they brought up after their own manner, without any notions of humanity or civil society. They never kept any company but among themselves, and supported themselves wholly by robbing; being, moreover, so very cruel, that they never robbed anyone whom they did not murder.

By this bloody method, and their living so retiredly from the world, they continued such a long time undiscovered, there being nobody able to guess how the people were lost that went by the place where they lived. As soon as they had robbed and murdered any man, woman or child, they used to carry off the carcass to the den, where, cutting it into quarters, they would pickle the mangled limbs, and afterwards eat it; this being their only sustenance. And, notwithstanding, they were at last so numerous, they commonly



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had superfluity of this their abominable food ; so that in the night-time they frequently threw legs and arms of the unhappy wretches they had murdered into the sea, at a great distance from their bloody habitation. The limbs were often cast up by the tide in several parts of the country, to the astonishment and terror of all the beholders, and others who heard it. Persons who had gone about their lawful occasions fell so often into their hands that it caused a general outcry in the country round about, no man knowing what was become of his friend or relation, if they were once seen by these merciless cannibals.

All the people in the adjacent parts were at last alarmed at such a common loss of their neighbours and acquaintance ; for there was no travelling in safety near the den of these wretches. This occasioned the sending frequent spies into these parts, many of whom never returned again, and those who did, after the strictest search and inquiry, could not find how these melancholy matters happened. Several honest travellers were taken up on suspicion, and wrongfully hanged upon bare circumstances ; several innocent innkeepers were executed for no other reason than that persons who had been thus lost were known to have lain at their houses, which occasioned a suspicion of their being murdered by them and their bodies privately buried in obscure places to prevent a discovery. Thus an ill-placed justice was executed with the greatest severity imaginable, in order to prevent these frequent atrocious deeds ; so that not a few innkeepers, who lived on the Western Road of Scotland, left off their business, for fear of being made examples, and followed other employments. This on the other hand occasioned many great inconveniences to travellers, who were now in great distress for accommodation for themselves and their horses when they were disposed to bait, or put up for lodging at night. In a word, the whole country was almost depopulated.

Still the King's subjects were missing as much as before ; so that it was the admiration of the whole kingdom how such villainies could be carried on and the villains not be

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found out. A great many had been executed, and not one of them all made any confession at the gallows, but stood to it at the last that they were perfectly innocent of the crimes for which they suffered. When the magistrates found all was in vain, they left off these rigorous proceedings, and trusted wholly to Providence for the bringing to light the authors of these unparalleled barbarities, when it should seem proper to the Divine wisdom.

Sawney's family was at last grown very large, and every branch of it, as soon as able, assisted in perpetrating their wicked deeds, which they still followed with impunity. Sometimes they would attack four, five or six foot men together, but never more than two if they were on horseback. They were, moreover, so careful that not one whom they set upon should escape, that an ambuscade was placed on every side to secure them, let them fly which way they would, provided it should ever so happen that one or more got away from the first assailants. How was it possible they should be detected, when not one that saw them ever saw anybody else afterwards? The place where they inhabited was quite solitary and lonesome; and when the tide came up, the water went for near two hundred yards into their subterraneous habitation, which reached almost a mile underground; so that when some who had been sent armed to search all the by-places about had passed by the mouth of their cave, they had never taken any notice of it, not supposing that anything human would reside in such a place of perpetual horror and darkness.

The number of the people these savages destroyed was never exactly known, but it was generally computed that in the twenty-five years they continued their butcheries they had washed their hands in the blood of a thousand, at least, men, women and children. The manner how they were at last discovered was as follows.

A man and his wife behind him on the same horse coming one evening home from a fair, and falling into the ambuscade of these merciless wretches, they fell upon them in a most furious manner. The man, to save himself

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as well as he could, fought very bravely against them with sword and pistol, riding some of them down, by main force of his horse. In the conflict the poor woman fell from behind him, and was instantly murdered before her husband's face; for the female cannibals cut her throat and fell to sucking her blood with as great a gust as if it had been wine. This done, they ripped up her belly and pulled out all her entrails. Such a dreadful spectacle made the man make the more obstinate resistance, as expecting the same fate if he fell into their hands. It pleased Providence, while he was engaged, that twenty or thirty from the same fair came together in a body; upon which Sawney Beane and his bloodthirsty clan withdrew, and made the best of their way through a thick wood to their den.

This man, who was the first that had ever fallen in their way and came off alive, told the whole company what had happened, and showed them the horrid spectacle of his wife, whom the murderers had dragged to some distance, but had not time to carry her entirely off. They were all struck with stupefaction and amazement at what he related, took him with them to Glasgow, and told the affair to the provost of that city, who immediately sent to the King concerning it.

In about three or four days after, his Majesty himself in person, with a body of about four hundred men, set out for the place where this dismal tragedy was acted, in order to search all the rocks and thickets, that, if possible, they might apprehend this hellish cure, which had been so long pernicious to all the western parts of the kingdom.

The man who had been attacked was the guide, and care was taken to have a large number of bloodhounds with them, that no human means might be wanting towards their putting an entire end to these cruelties.

No sign of any habitation was to be found for a long time, and even when they came to the wretches' cave they took no notice of it, but were going to pursue their search along the seashore, the tide being then out. But some of the bloodhounds luckily entered this Cimmerian den, and

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instantly set up a most hideous barking, howling and yelping; so that the King, with his attendants, came back, and looked into it. They could not yet tell how to conceive that anything human could be concealed in a place where they saw nothing but darkness. Nevertheless, as the bloodhounds increased their noise, went farther in, and refused to come back again, they began to imagine there was some reason more than ordinary. Torches were now immediately sent for, and a great many men ventured in through the most intricate turnings and windings, till at last they arrived at that private recess from all the world which was the habitation of these monsters.

Now the whole body, or as many of them as could, went in, and were all so shocked at what they beheld that they were almost ready to sink into the earth. Legs, arms, thighs, hands and feet of men, women and children were hung up in rows, like dried beef. A great many limbs lay in pickle, and a great mass of money, both gold and silver, with watches, rings, swords, pistols, and a large quantity of clothes, both linen and woollen, and an infinite number of other things, which they had taken from those whom they had murdered, were thrown together in heaps, or hung up against the sides of the den.

Sawney's family at this time, besides him, consisted of his wife, eight sons, six daughters, eighteen grandsons, and fourteen granddaughters, who were all begotten in incest.

These were all seized and pinioned by his Majesty's order in the first place; then they took what human flesh they found and buried it in the sands; afterwards loading themselves with the spoils which they found, they returned to Edinburgh with their prisoners, all the country, as they passed along, flocking to see this cursed tribe. When they were come to their journey's end, the wretches were all committed to the Tolbooth, from whence they were the next day conducted under a strong guard to Leith, where they were all executed without any process, it being thought needless to try creatures who were even professed enemies to mankind.

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The men had their hands and legs severed from their bodies; by which amputations they bled to death in some hours. The wife, daughters and grandchildren, having been made spectators of this just punishment inflicted on the men, were afterwards burnt to death in three several fires. They all in general died without the least signs of repentance; but continued cursing and venting the most dreadful imprecations to the very last gasp of life.

THOMAS WITHERINGTON, JONATHAN  
WOODWARD AND JAMES PHILPOT

*Who, in the Reign of King James I., were the first to hear the  
Exhortation of the Bellman of St Sepulchre's*

WITHERINGTON was the son of a very worthy gentleman of Carlisle, in the county of Cumberland, who possessed a plentiful estate, and brought up his children handsomely and suitably to his condition. Thomas, of whom we are going to speak, had extraordinary education given him, and was designed for a gentleman, to live at his ease, free from the toil and hazard of business. The good old gentleman dying, Thomas came into possession of a considerable estate, which soon procured him a rich wife; but she proving loose, and violating his bed, pushed him on, in revenge, to extravagances, which otherwise he had no inclination to. Her falsehood to his bed was a mortification to his thoughts he could never reconcile to his mind, and being resolved to requite her perfidy and treachery, he abandoned himself to the company of all manner of women. These by degrees perverted all the good qualities he possessed. Nor was his estate less subject to ruin and decay; for the mortgages he made of it, in order to support his profusion and luxury, soon reduced his circumstances to a low ebb, and made him miserably poor. What should a gentleman of Mr Witherington's late affluent fortune do in this wretched case? He was above the mean submission of stooping to either relations or friends for a dependence; and to ask

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charity or crave the benevolence of his brother men was a circumstance his soul abhorred. One way he must do to live; to starve presented nothing but frightful and melancholy ideas to the mind. Collecting money on the road was judged the best, though not the surest, expedient of raising his fortune. And with this view he committed robberies in most parts of England for six or seven years with admirable success.

But between Acton and Uxbridge he committed a robbery on the highway for which he was sent to Newgate, where he lived a very profligate life to the very day of his execution.

At the same time flourished one Jonathan Woodward and one James Philpot, two most notorious housebreakers, who, in the cities of London and Westminster, the suburbs thereof, Southwark, and most towns and villages in the counties of Middlesex and Surrey, had committed daily robberies for some years, for which they were sent to the Marshalsea, and condemned to be hanged upon St Margaret's Hill, in the borough of Southwark; but King James I. happening that year to come to the throne of England, they were both pardoned upon an Act then put out for all criminals, excepting for high treason and wilful murder. However, these villains, not making good use of this mercy, still pursued their old wicked courses, and committed frequent burglaries and robberies, till at last, being apprehended again, and sent to Newgate, they were tried, with the above-mentioned Thomas Witherington, at the Sessions House in the Old Bailey, and with eight other malefactors were condemned; but only these three, being most notorious offenders, were appointed for death. And while they continued in the condemned hold they led abominable lives, abandoning themselves to all manner of cursing and swearing, notwithstanding the extraordinary pains and cares of the ordinary to reclaim them.

At the same time there was living one Mrs Elizabeth Elliot, who having a son that about two or three years before was condemned to be hanged for the like practices, but received mercy, and became a good man, in compassion

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for other criminals, and in acknowledgment of the King's royal favour, on her death-bed willed two hundred and fifty pounds to the parish of St Sepulchre's in London to find a man who should for ever, betwixt the hours of eleven and twelve of the clock of the night before any prisoners were to die, go under Newgate, and giving them notice of his being come, by a solemn ringing of a hand-bell,<sup>1</sup> should then put them in mind of their approaching end, by repeating several godly expressions, tending to instruct them for a true preparation for death. After which he says to the prisoners appointed for death: "Gentlemen, are you awake?" Who from the condemned hold answering "Yes," he then proceeds thus:

"Gentlemen, I am the unwelcome messenger who brings you the fatal news that you must to-morrow die. Your time is but short, the hours slide away apace, the glass runs fast, and the last sand being upon dropping, when you must launch out into boundless eternity, give not yourselves to sleep, but watch and pray to gain eternal life. Repent sooner than St Peter, and weep before the cock crows, for now repentance is the only road to salvation; be fervent in this great duty, and without doubt to-morrow you may be with the penitent thief on the cross in Paradise. Pray without ceasing. Quench not the Spirit. Abstain from all appearance of evil. As your own wickedness has caused all this evil to fall upon you, and brought the day of tribulation near at hand, so let goodness be your sole comfort, that your souls may find perpetual rest with your blessed Saviour, Who died for the sins of the world; He will wipe all tears from your eyes, remove your sorrows, and assuage your grief, so that your sin-sick souls shall be healed for evermore. I exhort you earnestly not to be negligent of the work of your salvation, which depends upon your sincere devotion betwixt this and to-morrow, when the sword of justice shall send you out of the land of the living. Fight the

<sup>1</sup> This bell is still preserved in the church, hanging in a glass case on the north side.



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good fight of faith, and lay hold of eternal life whilst you may, for there is no repentance in the grave. Ye have pierced yourselves through with many sorrows, but a few hours will bring you to a place where you will know nothing but joy and gladness. Love righteousness, and hate iniquity, then God, even your God, will anoint you with the oil of gladness, above your fellows. Go now boldly to the throne of grace, that ye may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need. The God of peace sanctify you wholly, and I pray God your whole spirits, and souls, and bodies may be preserved blameless unto the meeting of your blessed Redeemer. The Lord have mercy upon you; Christ have mercy upon you! Sweet Jesus receive your souls; and to-morrow may you sup with Him in Paradise."

To all which the spectators cry "Amen."

Next day, on which they are to die, the bell in the steeple is to toll for them, and under St Sepulchre's churchyard wall, the cart or carts stopping, the aforesaid man, after ringing his hand-bell again from over the wall, repeats again some religious exhortations to the prisoners, which are as follows:—

### SAID BY THE BELLMAN OVER ST SEPULCHRE'S CHURCH WALL

"Gentlemen, consider now you are going out of this world into another, where you will live in happiness or woe for evermore. Make your peace with God Almighty, and let your whole thoughts be entirely bent upon your latter end. Cursed is he that hangeth on a tree; but it is hoped the fatal tie will bring your precious souls to a union with the great Creator of heaven and earth, to Whom I recommend your souls in this your final hour of distress. Lord have mercy upon you; Christ look down upon you, and comfort you. Sweet Jesus receive your souls this day into eternal life. Amen."

I thought inserting these particulars would not be unacceptable to the candid reader, since the three persons



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above mentioned were the first to whom these exhortations and warnings were given.

And thus ended the life of our adventurer, Thomas Witherington.

### ARTHUR NORCOTT AND MARY NORCOTT, HIS MOTHER

*Executed in 1629 for the Murder of the former's Wife after  
the Test of touching the Body*

THE following relation was found among the papers of Sir John Maynard, an eminent lawyer, and formerly one of the Commissioners of the Great Seal of England. We think proper to give it in his own words.

The case, or rather history of a case, that happened in the county of Hertford, I thought good to report here, though it happened in the fourth year of King Charles I., that the memory of it may not be lost, by miscarriage of my papers, or otherwise. I wrote the evidence that was given, which I and many others did hear; and I wrote it exactly according to what was deposed at the trial, at the bar of the King's Bench—viz.

Joan Norcott, wife of Arthur Norcott, being murdered, the question was, How came she by her death? The coroner's inquest, on view of the body, and depositions of Mary Norcott, John Okeman, and Agnes his wife, inclined to find Joan Norcott *felo-de-se*, for they informed the coroner and jury that she was found dead in her bed, the knife sticking in the floor, and her throat cut. That the night before, she went to bed with her child, her husband being absent; and that no other person, after such time as she was gone to bed, came into the house. That the examinants, lying in the outer room, must needs have seen or known if any stranger had come in.

The jury, upon these evidences, gave up their verdict to the coroner that she was *felo-de-se*. But afterwards, upon rumour among the neighbourhood, and their observa-

## ARTHUR AND MARY NORCOTT

tion, divers circumstances, which manifested that she did not, nor, according to those circumstances, could not possibly, murder herself, the jury, whose verdict was not yet drawn up in form by the coroner, desired the coroner that the body, which was buried, might be taken out of the grave, which the coroner assented to. So that thirty days after her death she was taken up in the presence of the jury and a great number of people; whereupon the jury changed their verdict. The persons, being tried at Hertford Assizes, were acquitted; but so much against the evidence, that Judge Harvey let fall his opinion that it were better an appeal were brought than so foul a murder escape unpunished. Whereupon, Pascha 4 Car., they were tried on the appeal which was brought by the young child against his father, grandmother, aunt and her husband, Okeman; and because the evidence was so strange, I took exact and particular notice, and it was as follows:—

After the matters above mentioned were related, an ancient and grave person, minister of the parish where the fact was committed (being sworn to give evidence according to custom), deposed that the body being taken out of the grave thirty days after the party's death, and lying on the grass, and the four defendants pressed, they were required each to touch the dead body. Okeman's wife fell on her knees and prayed God to show some token of her innocence, or to that purpose; her very words I have forgot. The appellees did touch the dead body, which was before of a livid and carrion colour (that was the verbal expression *in terminis* of the witness), whereupon the brow of the dead began to have a dew, or gentle sweat, arise on it, which increased by degrees, till the sweat ran down by drops on her face. The brow changed to a lively colour, and the dead opened one of her eyes and shut it again; and this opening of the eye was done three several times. She likewise thrust out the ring- or wedding-finger three times, and pulled it in again, and the finger dropped blood from it on the grass.

Sir Nicholas Hyde, Lord Chief Justice, seeming to doubt the evidence, asked the witness: "Who saw this besides you?"

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WITNESS : I cannot swear what others saw ; but, my Lord, I do believe the whole company saw it ; and if it had been thought a doubt, proof would have been made of it, and many would have attested with me.

Then the witness, observing some admiration in the auditors, spake further :

“ My Lord, I am minister of the parish, and have long known all the parties, but never had any occasion of displeasure against any of them, nor anything to do with them, or they with me, but as I was their minister. The thing was wonderful to me, but I have no interest in the matter ; only as I am called upon to testify the truth, I have done it.”

This witness was a very reverend person, as I guessed, about seventy years of age ; his testimony was delivered gravely and temperately, but to the great admiration of all the auditory ; whereupon, applying himself to the Lord Chief Justice, he said further :

“ My Lord, my brother here present is minister of the next parish adjacent, and I am assured he saw all done that I have affirmed.”

Here that person was also sworn to give evidence, and deposed the same in every point—viz. the sweating of the brow, the change of the colour, the opening of the eye, the thrice moving of the finger and drawing it in again.” Only the first witness added that he himself dipped his finger in the blood which came from the dead body, to examine it, and he swore that he believed it was blood.

I conferred afterwards with Sir Edward Powel, barrister-at-law, and others, who all concurred in the observation ; and for myself, if I were upon my oath, I can testify that these depositions, especially the first witness, are truly reported in substance.

The other evidence was given against the prisoners—viz. the grandmother of the plaintiff, and against Okeman and his wife—that they confessed that they lay in the next room to the dead person that night, and that none came into the house till they found her dead in the morning. Therefore, if she did not murder herself, they must be the murderers.

## ARTHUR AND MARY NORCOTT

To prove that she did not murder herself it was further deposed :

Firstly, that she lay in a composed manner in her bed, the bed-clothes nothing at all disturbed, and her child by her in bed.

Secondly, that her neck was broken, and she could not possibly break her neck in the bed if she first cut her throat, nor *contra*.

Thirdly, that there was no blood in the bed, saving a tincture of blood on the bolster whereon her head lay, but no substance of blood at all.

Fourthly, that from the bed's head there was a stream of blood on the floor, which ran along till it ponded in the bending of the floor in a very great quantity ; and that there was also another stream of blood on the floor at the bed's foot, which ponded also on the floor, to another great quantity, but no continuance or communication of blood, at either of these two places, from one to the other, neither upon the bed ; so that she bled in two places severally. And it was deposed, that upon turning up the mat of the bed, there were found clots of congealed blood in the straw of the mat underneath.

Fifthly, that the bloody knife was found in the morning sticking in the floor, at a good distance from the bed ; and that the point of the knife, as it stuck, was towards the bed, and the haft from the bed.

Lastly, that there was the print of a thumb and four fingers of a left hand.

Sir Nicholas Hyde, Lord Chief Justice, said to the witness :  
“ How can you know the print of a left hand from the print of a right in such a case ? ”

WITNESS : My Lord, it is hard to describe ; but if it please that honourable judge to put his left hand upon your left hand, you cannot possibly place your own right hand in the same posture. This was tried and approved.

The prisoners had now time to make their defence, but gave no evidence to any purpose ; whereupon the jury departed out of the court ; and returning, acquitted Okeman

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and found the other three guilty; who being severally demanded what they could say why judgment should not be pronounced, they only cried out after one another: "I did not do it, I did not do it."

Judgment was given, and the grandmother and the husband executed; but the aunt, being with child, had the privilege to be spared execution.

I inquired if they confessed anything at the gallows, but could not hear that they did.

## WALTER TRACEY

*To whom is attributed a poetic Encounter with Ben Jonson.  
Executed in 1634 after a Robbery on the Duke  
of Buckingham*

THIS person was the younger son of a gentleman worth nine hundred pounds per annum in the county of Norfolk. He was sent to the university to qualify him for divinity, and had a hundred and twenty pounds left him by his father when he died. But his studies not having a relish pleasing enough to his mind, and his estate being too little to support his extravagances, he, to uphold himself in his profuse expenses, would now and then appear well accoutred on the highway, and make his collections. But happening once to rob some persons who knew him, he was obliged to leave the college, and directly went down into Cheshire, where he put himself into the service of a wealthy grazier in the country, whose daughter he married and then, having obtained her estate, decamped.

Tracey made his way to Ware, where, taking up his lodgings for that night, he got into the company of a young Oxonian, who had brought a large portmanteau behind him. The student seemed very well pleased at his friend's conversation, as he thought, and, to increase a better understanding betwixt them, they supped together, and drank a couple of bottles of wine afterwards. They lay together in the same bed, and an hour or two before they went to sleep had

## WALTER TRACEY

a great deal of conversation about the ways of mankind, which terminated at last about the university, which Tracey pretended to be an entire stranger to. In the morning both drank sack posset, mounted, and pursued their journey together. Tracey endeavoured to amuse his fellow-traveller with a series of foreign adventures which he had never performed; the scholar, on his part, laid open the wicked practices of the colleges, so that both seemed to be fit and choice companions for each other. Tracey would now and then take hold of the student's portmanteau and tell him it was very heavy, and wondered he did not bring a servant along with him, so much undervaluing his profession by being master and man himself. The student constantly answered that the times were exceeding hard, and he travelled by himself to save charges. "How," replies the other, "charges!" "Why, the charges of a servant are vastly insignificant in comparison of the loss you may probably sustain on the road for want of one. I hope, sir, you have not got any great charge of money within your portmanteau, for I think you act a very unwise part if you carry much about you without having someone or other in company with you." The student told him he had no less than threescore pounds within it, which he was carrying to the university to defray the customary fees for taking up his degrees of Master of Arts. "Ah," says Tracey, "that's a round sum, on my word! and it is a thousand pities so much should be given away to persons that no way deserve a farthing of it. If I had known of your having threescore pounds about you when we were at the inn, I could have procured you a chap that would have sold you a place for it much more beneficial than anything you hope for by being a Master of Arts; but as we are too far a distance off from Ware to return in time, you shall be eased of your money and portmanteau presently; for I have an occasion at this very conjuncture for such a quantity of money, and there's no better person than myself you can lend it to." After which words Tracey unlooses the straps, takes the portmanteau, and puts it on his own horse. The student observing this, immediately

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cried aloud : “ Oh, dear sir, I hope your design is not to rob me ; I shall lose a pretty good personage that is offered me in Essex if you take away my money from me. Pray, sir, consider the crime you are going to act, for the loss of my threescore pounds will not only deprive me of a competent means of livelihood, but also the Almighty will lose a minister of His Word. And for the sake of heaven, I beseech you to be compassionate, and not so severe on a poor man who was obliged to borrow this money of several persons, who would not have lent it but through a view of being soon repaid. Sir, you commit a thing against the laws of your country, and the precepts of humanity, to wrest thus by force what belongs to another man, and I dare say you are not so much a stranger to the injustice of it but you know it is an error, and a great one. The sin, too, is vastly enlarged when a specious pretence of friendship is made use of for such a dishonourable deed ; for how will any man know he is safe in travelling if everyone he meets with on the road converses with him in the sincere manner (I mean outwardly) as you have pretended to me. But, sir, not to enlarge further, let me entreat you over and over again not to take my all from me ; for if so, I am inevitably ruined, and am an undone man for ever.” Tracey seemed to mind the student’s desire of having his portmanteau again with a grave attention ; but the thought of having obtained such a considerable booty made him banish every compassionate sentiment out of his breast, till, no longer able to bear with the tedious importunities of the scholar, he pulled out of his breeches pocket a leathern purse with four pounds odd money in it, and gave it the collegian, saying : “ Friend, I am not yet so much lost to the sense of compassion but I can extend my charity and generosity ; it is not customary for a gentleman of my fortune to give money, but your intercession has won me over to it. Here are four pounds odd money to bear your expenses to the university, so that you will not be all the loser, and when you come to the college, acquaint all those whom it may concern that you have paid your Master of Arts fees already to a collector on the road, who had a



## WALTER TRACEY

thousand times more occasions for the money than a parcel of old mollies, who live by whoring and stealing out of other authors' works." And so saying, he bid the poor collegian farewell, leaving him to pursue his journey and obtain his degree as well as he could, while he himself made the nearest way to the next village; where opening the portmanteau, he found nothing but two old shirts, half-a-dozen dirty bands, a threadbare student's torn gown, a pair of stockings without feet, a pair of shoes but with one heel to them, some other old trumpery, and a great ham of bacon, but not one farthing of money; which set him a-swearing and cursing like a devil, to think he should be such a preposterous ass, to give four pounds and more for that which was not worth forty shillings.

We have but two adventures more of Tracey which we find on record; the first relating to a robbery he committed on the famous poet, Ben Jonson, the other to another on the Duke of Buckingham, who was slain by Felton as he was going to embark at Portsmouth.

Ben Jonson had been down in Buckinghamshire to transact some business, but in returning to London happened to meet with Tracey, who, knowing the poet, bid him stand and deliver his money. But Ben, putting on a courageous look, spoke to him thus:

“Fly, villain, hence, or by thy coat of steel  
I'll make thy heart my leaden bullet feel,  
And send that thrice as thievish soul of thine  
To Hell, to wean the devil's valentine.”

Upon which Tracey made this answer:

“Art thou great Ben? or the revived ghost  
Of famous Shakespeare? or some drunken host  
Who, being tipsy with thy muddy beer,  
Dost think thy rhymes will daunt my soul with fear?  
Nay, know, base slave, that I am one of those  
Can take a purse, as well in verse, as prose,  
And when thou art dead write this upon thy hearse,  
'Here lies a poet who was robbed in verse.'”



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These words alarmed Jonson, who found he had met with a resolute fellow: he endeavoured to save his money, but to no purpose, and was obliged to give our adventurer ten jacobuses. But the loss of these was not the only misfortune he met with in this journey; for, coming within two or three miles of London, it was his ill chance to fall into the hands of worse rogues, who knocked him off his horse, stripped him, and tied him neck and heels in a field, wherein some other passengers were enduring the same hard fate, having been also robbed. One of them cried out that he, his wife and children were all undone, while another who was bound, overhearing, said, "Pray, if you are all of you undone, come and undo me." This made Ben, though under his misfortunes, burst out into a loud laugh, who, being delivered in the morning from his bands by some reapers, made the following verses:—

"Both robbed and bound, as I one night did ride,  
With two men more, their arms behind them tied,  
The one lamenting what did them befall,  
Cried, 'I'm undone, my wife and children all';  
The other hearing it, aloud did cry,  
'Undo me then, let me no longer lie';  
But to be plain, those men laid on the ground  
Were both undone, indeed, but both fast bound."

The last robbery he committed was on the Duke of Buckingham above mentioned; but some say he endeavoured to commit only one. Now as we have neither the place nor in what manner this attempt was made, nor how much he took from his Grace, nor any other circumstances to help us to a discovery of this adventure, we are obliged to be silent, and only say that he suffered for it at Winchester in 1634, aged thirty-eight years.





*SCUNNINGCHAMS Adventure with his Old Nurse and ASTROLOGER*

## SAWNEY CUNNINGHAM

*An abandoned Villain who inveigled and murdered his  
Wife's Lover, murdered his Uncle, terrorised the  
Country-side, and was executed at Leith,  
12th of April, 1635*

THIS person had no reason to say he was come of mean parents, or that good education or tuition was denied him, whereby he might have avoided the several pernicious actions and villainies he committed, as will presently be shown in the sequel. His family lived in tolerable good repute at Glasgow in Scotland, where he was born; but, in spite of all the learning his parents had given him, or good examples they had set before him to regulate his passions and direct his conduct right, he abandoned himself, from his earliest acquaintance with the world, to little shuffling and pilfering tricks; which growing habitual to him as he advanced in age, he increased in his wicked practices, till at last he became a monster of profaneness and wicked living. However, these (which one would take to be) great disadvantages hindered him not from making a very honourable match in wedlock. As his parents could not be blamed with any misconduct, but still kept up an honest and genteel character in the neighbourhood where they lived; and as it would have been infamous to have reproached them for those miscarriages in the son which they had strove all they could to root out of his mind, and could not help, so an old gentleman, who had preserved for a long time an inviolable friendship for the family, entered into an alliance with Mr Cunningham the elder, which at last terminated in giving his daughter to Sawney, and an estate in portion with her of above one hundred and forty pounds per annum, thinking that marriage might be a means to reclaim our adventurer from his ill course of life, and at last settle his mind, to the mutual satisfaction of both families, for which he thought his daughter's portion would be a good purchase, and well laid out. But how are

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mankind deceived, and, in short, all our foresight and consultation. Sawney no sooner found himself in possession of an estate able to support his extravagances but he immediately gave a more violent loose to his passions than he had hitherto done. He made taverns and alehouses the frequent places of his resort; and, not content idly to waste the day in debauches and drunkenness, the night too must come in to make up the reckoning. These destructive steps could not be attended but with hurtful consequences, and he was too soon an eye-witness of some of them; for not having always wherewithal to indulge his usual expenses and method of living, he was forced to have recourse to indirect measures, which ended in pawning everything he had, not only of his wife's but of his own. Melancholy things were unavoidably to follow, if some redress or care was not taken to put a restraint on this destructive course. Sawney laughed at his follies, and could not bring himself to believe he should ever want while he had either hands or heart to support him. He was determined to enter upon business as soon as possible—I mean such business as generally brings so many unhappy men to the gallows. His wife, who was vastly beautiful and handsome, saw this, but with a prudence that became her sex stifled her uneasiness so long, till, no longer able to bear the torment upon her mind, she first began with kind entreaties, since all they had in the world was gone, to fall into some honest way of livelihood to support themselves, for it was much and more commendable to do so than for him to give his countrymen every day so many instances of his riotous and profuse living.

Had Sawney been so good to himself as to have given ear to this remonstrance, without doubt things had succeeded well, and we should never have read the miserable end he suffered. But all admonition was lost on a man abandoned to wickedness, and determined to support his usual extravagances at any rate. The poor young gentlewoman, instead of being answered civilly for her love and affection to him, met with nothing but harsh and terrifying

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words, attended with a thousand oaths and imprecations. The parents on both sides, observing this, were in extreme grief and concern, and determined, after a serious consultation, to dissolve the couple; but the young and handsome wife would never consent to part from her husband, though so base to her.

Before we enter upon the first remarkable transaction of Sawney's life, we think ourselves under an obligation to lay before our readers some account of this young bride's rare qualifications. In the first place, as I have taken notice above, she was extremely beautiful, not only in a perfect symmetry of features, but likewise to these were joined an exquisite person. She was tall, finely shaped, full-breasted, and had all the other exterior ornaments of her sex. For her temper and the qualifications of her interior part or soul, she was sincere in her love to the last, ever patient under the greatest difficulties, and ready at all times to extricate her husband out of the misfortunes he involved himself in, by lawful and justifiable methods; she had a nice conduct, and an extraordinary restraint upon every passion that might betray her into unforeseen miscarriages. In Glasgow, where a university was, and consequently young gentlemen of fortune and address, it was impossible for Mrs Cunningham to hide the charms of her face and person so as not to be taken notice of. Several immediately offered their respects, and money was not wanting to promote their suits; but all were below the prudent sentiments of her mind. She could not endure to think of dishonouring the bed of her husband by a base compliance with the richest man in the kingdom, and always she put off her suitor with a frown and a seemingly disdainful air. But this only served to animate her lovers the more, who now seemed to attack her with a resolution not to quit the siege till she had either capitulated or surrendered herself. Amongst the rest was a certain lawyer, who was so frequent in his importunities that she was quite tired out. However, she was so discreet all the while as to conceal from her husband Sawney the importunities of her several lovers; but their solicitations

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increasing, and being determined to be delivered of them as soon as possible, she one night, as she lay in bed with her husband, began to discourse to him in words to the following effect:—"You are sensible, my dear, of the inviolable love I have, from the first day of my marriage to you, preserved for you, which shall still, let whatever will happen, be as chastely maintained; for the infernal regions shall sooner open and receive me alive than I will dare to break the laws of your bed, or bring dishonour to my person, by a shameless prostitution of my person in the embraces of any man alive. As a proof of what I tell you, you need only be acquainted that for these several months I have been strongly importuned by Mr Hamilton the lawyer to consent to his embraces, but still I have warded off from his addresses, yet cannot be free from him; which makes me now discourse thus, in order to hear your opinion in the matter, and see which will be the safest and best expedient to be delivered of his company." Here she ended, and Sawney, being thoroughly convinced of his wife's loyalty and fidelity, first answered her with a desire she should forget all his irregularities, confessing their present poverty had been the immediate consequences of his too liberal and profuse living, but that for the future she should see a good alteration in his conduct, and he would make one of the best of husbands. "As for Mr Hamilton," said he, "it is my advice that you do not give him an absolute refusal, but pretending a kind of love at a distance, make him think that a considerable sum of money will finish his expectations, and gain him what he so much longs for. You have youth and beauty on your side, and you may, consequently, command him as you please: for I am not so much a stranger to Mr Hamilton's temper and inclination but that I know love will influence him to perform generous things. My dear, I have no occasion to acquaint you with our poverty at this time, which, to my extreme grief, has been the consequence of my irregular and profane living; but our wants and necessities may be amply made up by dexterously managing this adventure, the prosecution of which I leave to your

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own prudence and conduct ; and for my part, I shall take effectual care to extricate you and myself out of any consequences that may happen upon it."

Mrs Cunningham, after this conference with her husband, had a thousand thoughts in her head how to manage this scheme so as to make the most advantage of it. She saw that the want of money in her family must oblige her to it, though never so much against the bent of her inclination to the contrary, and therefore, determining to put it in execution as soon as possible, she composed herself to rest for that night. The next day Sawney got purposely out of the way, but not without a longing expectation of receiving extraordinary matters from his wife's conduct. Hamilton appeared as usual ; and, protesting his love for her was the sincerest in the world, said that it was impossible for him to enjoy a moment's rest without tasting those joys she could so easily afford him. Mrs Cunningham at first reproved him for such a bare declaration of his desires, and said that so long as her husband lived she could not, without the most manifest breach of conjugal fidelity, and an eternal infamy to herself, give way to comply with his demands. "Your person, Mr Hamilton," said she, "is none of the worst, neither is your sense to be despised ; but, alas ! heaven has decreed it that I am already another man's wife, and therefore deprived from gratifying you as I would were the case otherwise. And I have apprehensions of my husband, who is a choleric person, and presently urged into a passion upon the most trifling affairs, which either he doth not like, or squares not with his happiness or interest." "Interest !" replied Hamilton. "Why, if that be the case, neither your husband nor you shall have any reason to complain ; for, let me tell you once and for all, I do not require a gratification from anyone without making a suitable return. Your circumstances, madam, are not unknown to me ; and I am sorry to think that, after having brought Mr Cunningham so plentiful a fortune, I should have a just occasion to say that you are poor. But mistake me not, I scorn to make a handle of your circumstances ;



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neither do I believe Mrs Cunningham would ever consent to my desires on such servile terms." Upon this madam answered him with a great deal of prudence and art: she told him that he pleaded handsomely for himself, and if she was not a married woman there should be nothing to obstruct their desires. Mr Hamilton, finding this, made her a long harangue, in which he endeavoured to show how weak her objection was, with respect to her husband, concluding that what they did might be so artfully contrived that neither Mr Cunningham nor the world should know anything of it. In fine, the lawyer pleaded as if it were for life for her consent, which madam observing, and not caring to prolong the time too far, but dispatch a great deal of business in a little time, she artfully told him that since her stars had so directed the actions of her life that she had no power of herself to contradict them, she resigned herself to him, and said that it was to no purpose to stifle her inclinations for him any longer; for, to be plain with him, she had loved him from their first acquaintance together, before all the men she had ever seen, and that she hoped there was no transgression in an affair which her destiny overruled; and if the world proved censorious, she did not care, and left her cause to be determined by the stars, who, together with Mr Hamilton's fine person, had influenced her to it. To be short, an assignation was made, and a porch of one of the churches in Glasgow designed to be the place where these two lovers were to meet. Nothing in the world gave the lawyer so much satisfaction as the thought of having obtained the consent of his fair mistress, who had declared her love to him, and resigned herself up to his arms. Hamilton promised to make her a present of a purse of a hundred pounds sterling before anything was done, and she on her side assured him she would please him to the utmost, and acquainted him that he might expect all the kindness she was able to afford him. Here they parted, and the lawyer thought the time contained a thousand days till the hour appointed was come, and he in the arms of his mistress. It arrives, and both appear in the porch; they caress and

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toy, but no further than the laws of modesty permitted. Hamilton wants to know where Mr Cunningham, her husband, is, and is acquainted that he has gone a short journey into the country, which, however, will take him up eight days; whereas madam has posted him, or he has done it himself, in a private place in his chamber at home. Hamilton seems extraordinarily pleased at his success, and the repose he should find in humouring his appetite, now his antagonist was out of the way, as he thought. In a little time both these lovers come to Sawney's house, and having entered his bed-chamber, where he was concealed, and a good fire burning, Mr Hamilton pulls out two purses of gold and gives them to her; and then, going to undress himself, Sawney springs out from his secret place, and with one stroke lays Mr Hamilton flat on the floor with a club he had in his hand; for, not contented with his wife's having received the two purses of gold, he must have the lawyer's clothes too; and therefore, to make sure of them, he redoubles his blows, till the poor gentleman gave up the ghost at Mrs Cunningham's feet. This was a sacrifice to love with a witness. The lawyer had contributed handsomely before for a night's lodging, and must he give his life into the bargain? I know not how mankind may think on it; but the affair was carried to a desperate length. Now Mrs Cunningham, not dreaming her husband would have carried matters to such an issue, seemed frightened to the last extreme at what had been done; but Sawney endeavoured to give her ease by telling her that he would work himself out of the scrape immediately, and, so saying, hoisted the body on his shoulders and went out at a back door which led directly to Hamilton's house, which easily opening, as a profound sleep in the family and the darkness of the night favoured him, he carried the lawyer to the vault, and placed him upright upon the seat, to the end that the first who found him there might conclude he had died in that place and posture.

Now it seems Mr Hamilton, the day before, had acquainted a particular friend who lived in his house with his success,

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and how he was to have a meeting with Mrs Cunningham that night. This friend had had the gripes upon him for three or four days, which made him have a very violent looseness, and being obliged to untruss a point about midnight, rises in his nightgown and steps down to the vault, where, opening the door, he spies Mr Hamilton sitting, as he supposed; and taking it that he was come there on the very same errand as himself, stays without a while to let him have a quiet play. But finding he made no motion to stir, after having waited a considerable time, to his own uneasiness, he opens the door again, and taking him by the sleeve of his coat was surprised to find him fall down. He stoops to take him up, but finds him dead; at which, being in a thousand perplexities, and fearing to be thought the murderer, he brings to mind his acquainting him with the assignation between him and Mrs Cunningham; upon which he concludes his friend had found no fair play there, knowing the husband to be none of the easiest of men. What should this lodger do in this case? Why, he takes up the body, throws it upon his shoulders, and carries it to Sawney's house door, where he sets it down. Madam, a little after midnight, having occasion to discharge, gets out of bed and, opening the door, lets the body of her late lover tumble into the house, which putting her into a fright, she runs upstairs into the chamber and tells Sawney how that the lawyer has come back. "Aye, aye," says he (just waking out of his sleep), "I'll warrant he shall come back no more, I'll secure him presently"; and so saying, gets immediately out of bed, puts on his clothes, and hoists the dead lawyer once more on his shoulders, with a design to carry him to the river and throw him in; but seeing some persons at some distance coming towards him, he steps up to the side of the street till they were got by, fearing his design might be discovered, and consequences were dangerous. But what should these persons be but half-a-dozen thieves, who were returning from a plunder they had made of two large flitches of bacon out of a cheesemonger's shop, and as they came along were talking of a vintner hard by,

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who sold a bottle of extraordinary wine. Sawney was somewhat relieved from his fears (for fears he could not miss from having) at hearing this conversation. He had not been in his post long before he had the satisfaction of seeing this company put their bacon, which was in a sack, into an empty cellar, and knock the master of the tavern up to let them in. The coast being now clear, Sawney conveys the dead lawyer into the cellar, and taking out the purloined goods, put his uneasy cargo in the room, and then marches home. Meanwhile the thieves were carousing, little dreaming what a change they should presently find in their sack. Little or no money was found amongst them, and the flitches were to answer the full reckoning, so that they continued drinking till they thought the bacon was become an equivalent for the wine they had drank. One of them, who pretended to be spokesman, addressing the landlord, told him that he must excuse him and his comrades for bringing no money in their pockets to defray what they had expended, especially at such an unseasonable time of night, when he had been called out of his bed to let them in; "but, landlord, in saying this, we have no design of doing you any wrong, or drinking your wine for nothing. For if we cannot answer the shot with the ready cole, we will make it up by an exchange of goods. Now we have got two flitches of bacon in a cellar hard by, which will more than answer our expenses, and if you care to have them, they are at your service; otherwise we must be obliged to leave word with you where we live, or you lie under a necessity of trusting us till the morning, when, on sending anybody along with us, you may depend on receiving the money." "Gentlemen," says the vintner, "you are all mere strangers to me, for to my eyes and knowledge I cannot say I ever saw one of you before; but we will avoid making any uneasiness about my reckoning. I do not care to purchase a commodity I never saw, or, as the saying is, to buy a pig in a poke. If the flitches of bacon you say you have are good, I'll take them off your hands, and quit scores with you, so they but answer my demands." Immediately one

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of them, who had drunk more plentiful than the rest, said he would go and fetch them, and accordingly coming into the cellar, strove to hoist the sack up. "Zounds," says he, "why, I think the bacon's multiplied, or I am damnably deceived. What a pox of a load is here to gall a man's shoulders! Tom might well complain they were heavy, and, by gad! heavy and large ones they are, and the vintner will have a rare bargain of them; much good go along with them!" And, so saying, he lugs the corpse on his shoulders to the tavern. On coming to open the mouth of the sack, lord! what a surprise were all in to see a man's head peep out. Mr Dash presently knew the lineaments of the deceased's face, and cried out: "You eternal dogs! did you think to impose a dead corpse on me for two flitches of bacon? Why, you rascals, this is the body of Mr Hamilton the lawyer, and you have murdered him, have you, you miscreants! But your merits shall soon be soundly rewarded, I'll warrant you." At this all the six were in the saddest plight that could be imagined; nothing but horror and dismay sat on their looks, and they really appeared as the guilty persons. But the vintner, observing them bustling to get away, made such a thundering noise of murderers, murderers, that immediately all the family were out of their beds, and the watch at the house door to know the reason of such an alarm. The thieves were instantly conveyed to a place of durance for that night, and in the morning were sent to the main prison, when after a little time they took their trials, were found guilty (though innocent) of Mr Hamilton's death, and executed accordingly.

Sawney came off very wonderfully from this matter, though neither his wife's admonitions nor his own frequent asseverations to her to leave off his irregular course of life were of any force to make him abandon it. The bent of doing ill, and living extravagantly, was too deeply rooted within him ever to suppose now that any amendment would come; nay, he began to show himself a monster in iniquity, and committed every wickedness that could exaggerate the

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character of a most profane wretch. For it is impossible to enumerate, much more to describe, the quantity and qualities of his villainies, they being a series of such horrid and incredible actions, that the very inserting them here would only make the reader think an imposition were put upon him in transmitting accounts so shocking and glaring. The money he had obtained of Mr Hamilton was a dear purchase; it was soon played away with and consumed, which made him throw himself on other shifts to support his pockets; to which end he visited the highway, and put those to death who offered to oppose him. His character was too well known in the west of Scotland to want any further information about him, which obliged him to retract towards Edinburgh, where, meeting with a gang of his profession who knew him to be most accomplished in their way, he was constituted *generalissimo* of their body, and each man had his particular lodging in the city. But Sawney, who ever chose to act the principal part in all encounters, industriously took lodgings at a house noted for entertaining strangers, where he was not long in insinuating himself into their acquaintance, by making them believe that he was a stranger as well as they, and was come to Edinburgh on no other account than purely to see the city, and make his observations upon its public buildings and other curiosities; and that his ambition had been always to procure honest and genteel acquaintance. Sawney, indeed, had a most artful method to conceal the real sentiments of his mind and hide his actions, which in a little time so gained upon the belief of these strangers, that they could not help taking him for one of the sincerest men breathing. For it was his custom sometimes to take them along with him two or three miles out of the city to partake of some handsome dinner or supper, when he was sure never to let them be at a farthing expense, but generously discharge the reckoning himself. The design of all this was to make his advantage of them, and force them to pay an extravagant interest for the money he had been out of pocket in treating them. For constantly were persons planted in one place



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or other of the road by his immediate direction, who fell upon them as they returned to the city, and robbed them of what they had. But the cream of all was, that to avoid suspicion they always made Sawney their first prize, and rifled him, who was sure in the morning to obtain his own loss back again, and a considerable share of the other booty into the bargain.

Some time after this our adventurer, with two of his companions, meeting on the road with three citizens of Edinburgh, affronted them in a very audacious manner, and threw such language at them as plainly discovered that either death or bloodshed was near at hand. He had the impudence to tell the person who seemed the genteeldest and best dressed of the three that the horse he rode on was his, and had been lately stolen from him, and that he must return it to him, or else the sword he wore should do him right. Sawney's companions began with the others after the same manner, and would needs force them to believe that the horses they rode upon were theirs. The citizens, astonished at this gross piece of impudence, endeavoured to convince them the horses they rode on were their own, and they had paid for them, and wondered how they durst pretend to dispute an affair which was so essentially wrong; but these words were far from having any effect on Cunningham, and the citizens, in the conclusion, were forced to dismount and give them their horses, and money into the bargain, being somewhat satisfied they had suffered no worse consequences, for Sawney, by this time, was drenched in all manner of villainy, and bloodshed was now accounted a trifle, so little value did he set on the lives of any persons.

Sawney having run a merry course of roguery and villainy in and about Edinburgh for some time, where he made a considerable advantage to himself, so that fortune seemed to have requited him for all the poverty and want he had before endured, determined now to go home to his wife, and spend the remainder of his days agreeably with her, on the acquisitions and plunder he had made on his countrymen. Accordingly he came to Glasgow, where,

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among a few acquaintances he conversed with, for he did not care to make himself too public, he gave signs of amendment, which struck those who knew him with such astonishment that at first they could hardly be brought to believe it.

One night, being in bed with his wife, they had a close discourse together on all their foregoing life, and the good woman expressed an extraordinary emotion of joy at the seeming alteration and change in her husband; she could not imagine what reason to impute it to, for she had been so much terrified from time to time with his barbarities that she had no room to think his conversion was real; neither, on reflecting on the many robberies and murders he had committed, could she persuade herself that he could so soon abandon his licentious and wicked courses; for she supposed, if his altered conduct (as she thought) was real, it was miraculous, and an original piece of goodness hardly to be met with. The sequel will prove that this woman had better notions of her husband than the rest of his acquaintance and those who knew him, and that she built all her fears on a solid and good foundation. The proverb says: "What is bred in the bone will never be out of the flesh"; and this will be remarkably verified in Cunningham, as we shall endeavour to show in its proper place. For all the signs he gave of an altered conduct, and all the plausible hints to rectify his former mistaken steps, were no other than only to amuse the world into a good opinion of him, that so he might make his advantage, through this pretended conversion, with the greater freedom and impunity. And he was not out in his aim; for it seems, whenever he committed anything sinister, or to the disadvantage of any of his countrymen, and he was pitched on as the transgressor, the town would say: "It could not be, for Mr Cunningham was too much reclaimed from his former courses ever to give in to them again." I shall insert a very notable adventure Sawney had with a conjurer, or fortune-teller, to which end I shall trace it up from the fountain-head, and give my readers the first cause that induced him to it. When Sawney was an infant, he was put out to nurse to a poor



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countrywoman in a little village a mile or two out of Glasgow. The woman, as the boy grew up, could not help increasing in her love for him, and he being an exceeding snotty child, would often say to her neighbours: "Oh, I shall see this lad a rich man one day!" This saying coming to the ears of his parents, they would frequently make themselves merry with it, and thought no more of it than as a pure result of the nurse's fondling. Sawney, having enriched himself with the spoils about Edinburgh, actually thought his old nurse's words were verified, and sent for her to give her a gratification for her prediction. She came, but Sawney had changed his clothes, so that the poor woman did not know him at first. He told her that he was an acquaintance of Mr Cunningham's, who, on her coming, had ordered him to carry her to Mr Peterson the astrologer's, where she would be sure to see and speak to him; for he was gone there to get some information about an affair that nearly concerned him. The nurse and her pretended conductor went to the fortune-teller's, where, desiring admittance, Peterson thought they were persons who wanted his assistance, and bade them sit down, when Sawney, taking a freedom with the reverend old gentleman, as he was known to use with all mankind, began to give a harangue about astrology, and the laudable practice of it. "I and this old woman," said he, "are two of the most accomplished astrologers or fortune-tellers in Scotland; but I would not, reverend sir, by so saying, seem to depreciate from your knowledge and understanding in so venerable a science. I came to communicate a small affair to you, to the end that, not relying on my judgment and this woman's, I might partake of yours. You are to know, sir, that from six years of age I have led a very untoward life, and been guilty of many egregious sins, too numerous to tell you at present, and what your ears would not care to hear; for my employment has been to lie with other men's wives, make a sharer of other people's money, bilk my lodging, and ruin the vintners; for a whore and a bottle I have sold the twelve signs in the zodiac, and all the houses in a horoscope;

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neither sextile, quartile, nor trine ever had power over me to keep my hands out of my neighbours' pockets; and if I had not a profound respect for the persons of my venerable order and profession, I should call Mercury the ascendant in the fourth house at this minute, to lug half-a-score pieces of yours. By my exceeding deep knowledge in astrology I can perfectly acquaint all manner of persons, except myself, with every occurrence of their lives; and were it not to frighten yourself, I would conclude, from the appearance and conjunction of Saturn and Vulcan, that your worship would be hanged for your profession. But, sir, though destiny hangs this unfortunate death over your head, it is at some distance from it, and may be some years before it strikes you. Is it not surprising that a man shall be able to read the fates of mankind, and not have any pre-knowledge of his own? And is it not extremely afflicting to think that one who has done so much good in his generation, and assisted so many thousands to the recovery of things that would have been inevitably lost, without his advice, should come at last to meet with an ignominious halter, as a fit recompense for his services? Good heavens! where is the equity of all this? Certainly, sir, if we are to measure the justice of things by the laws of reason, we must naturally conclude that laudable and good actions deserve a laudable and good recompense; but can hanging be said to be this good recompense? No: but the stars will have it so, and how can mankind say to the contrary?" Cunningham paused here a while, and the astrologer and old nurse wondered who in the devil's name they had got in company with. Mr Peterson could not help staring, and well he might, at the physiognomy of our adventurer, and, in spite of himself, began to be in a panic at his words, which so terribly frightened him. The nurse was in expectation of seeing Sawney come in every minute, little dreaming the person she was so near was the man she wanted. Cunningham's harangue was a medley of inconsistencies and downright banter. It is true the man had received tolerable education in his youth, and consequently might

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obtain a jingle in several sciences, as is evinced from the foregoing. "Well, venerable sir," says he, "do not be terrified at my words, for what cannot be avoided must be submitted to. To put you out of your pain, I'll tell you a story. A gentleman had a son who was his darling, and consequently trained up in all the virtuous ways that either money could purchase or good examples teach. The youth, it seems, took to a kind and laudable course of life, and gave promising signs of making a fine man; nor indeed were their expectations deceived, for he led a very exemplary life of prudence, excellent conduct and good manners, which pleased the parents so much, that they thought everything they could do for him too little. But the mother, out of an inexpressible fondness for him, must needs go to an astrologer, and inquire how the remaining part of his life must succeed. Accordingly the horoscope is drawn, but a dismal appearance results from it; it acquaints the mother that her son shall remain virtuous for two and thirty years, and then be hanged. 'Monstrous and incredible,' says she, 'but I'll take care to secure him in the right way; or all my care will be to no purpose.' Well, the family are all soon acquainted with this threatening warning. The person determined to be the sacrifice is already nine and twenty years old, and surely they suppose they can easily get the other three years, when all shall go well with their kinsman. But what avails all the precaution of mankind? This same son obtains a commission of a ship, goes to sea, and, acting quite contrary to his orders, turns pirate, and in an encounter happens to kill a man, for which, on his return to his native country, he is tried, condemned and hanged. What think you of this, venerable brother? Is not he a sad instance of an overruling influence of the stars? But, not to prolong too much time on a discourse of this nature, let us come to the purpose. You are now, as I cannot do it myself, to tell me my fortune, and this old woman is to confront you if you tell me a lie. There is no excuse to be made in the matter; for, by heavens, on your refusal, I'll ease this room of your damnable trumpery, and send you packing to the devil

## SAWNEY CUNNINGHAM

after them !” These words were enough to frighten any man out of his senses ; nor could Peterson well discover the intention or drift of his talkative and uneasy visitant. “ What would you be at ? ” says the astrologer. “ Why, do not you see what a terror you have put that good woman into, who trembles like an aspen leaf ? I am not used, friend, to have persons come into my house and tell me to my face that I am to be hanged, and then to confirm it, as you pretend, tell me an old woman’s cock-and-bull story of a young man who went to sea, and was hanged for robbing, for which he certainly deserved the punishment he met with. As for telling your fortune, I’ll be so plain with you, that you’ll swing in a halter, as sure as your name is Sawney Cunningham.” “ Sawney Cunningham ! ” quoth the mawk, who straightway throwing her arms about his neck, began to kiss him very eagerly, and then, looking earnestly in his face, cried aloud : “ O laird ! and art thou Sawney Cunningham ? Why, I thought thou wouldst come to be a great man, thou wast such a Scotty lad ! ” “ Do you see now,” says Sawney, “ what a damnable lie you have told me, in impudently acquainting me that I shall be hanged, when my good prophetess here tells me, I am a great man ; for great men can never be hanged.” “ I do not care for what she says, nor you neither, for hanged you’ll be, and that in a month’s time, or else there never was a dog hanged in Scotland.” “ Pray, brother, how came you to know this, without consulting my horoscope ? ” “ Know it ! Why, your very condition tells me you have deserved hanging these dozen years, but the laws have been too favourable to you, else Mr Hamilton’s death had been revenged before this time of day. Now, to convince you of my superior knowledge in astrology, I mean in telling how far their influence extends over any man’s actions, I will point to you the very action and persons that will bring you to the gallows. This very day month you shall go, in spite of all your foresight and endeavour to the contrary, to pay a visit to Mr William Bean, your uncle by the mother’s side, who is a man of an unblamable character and

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conversation. Him shall you kill, and assuredly be hanged." Was there ever such a prophetic or divining tongue, especially in these modern days, heard of? For the sequel will presently discover how every circumstance of this prediction fell out accordingly. Sawney, having observed the air of gravity wherewith Mr Peterson delivered his words, could not help falling into a serious reflection about them, and thinking the place he was in not convenient enough to indulge the thought he found rising within him, abruptly left the fortune-teller, and giving his old nurse five shillings returned home.

But what does he determine on now? After having seriously weighed on the several particulars of Peterson's words, he could not for his heart but think that the old man, in order to be even with him for telling him of being hanged, had only served him in his own coin; so that, after a few hours, every syllable was vanished out of his mind, and he resolved to keep up to his usual course of life.

King James I. sitting on the throne of Scotland at this time, and keeping his Court at Edinburgh, the greatest part of the Scottish nobility resided there, when our adventurer used frequently to go to make the best hand he could of what spoil he found there. The Earl of Inchequin, having a considerable post under the King, and several valuable matters being under his care, had a sentinel assigned, who constantly kept guard at this lord's lodgings' door. Guards were not much in fashion at this time, and about two or three hundred in the same livery were kept only on the establishment. Cunningham having a desire of breaking into this minister's lodgings, and having no way so likely to succeed as by putting on a soldier's livery, went in that dress to the sentinel, and after some little talk together they dropped accidentally into some military duty and exercise; which Cunningham so well displayed that the sentinel, seeming to like his brother's notions, and smile extraordinarily, it made Cunningham stay a considerable time, till in the end he asked the sentinel to partake of two mugs of ale, and put sixpence into his hand to fetch

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them from an ale-house at some distance from his post, giving some reason for it that it was the best drink in the city, and none else could please his palate half so well as that. Hereupon the sentinel acquainted him that he could not but know the consequences that attended leaving his post, and that he had rather enjoy his company without the ale, than run any risk by fetching it. "Oh!" says our adventurer, "I am not a stranger to the penalties we incur on such an action, but there can no harm come of it if I stand in your place while you are gone." And with that the sentinel gives Cunningham his musket, and goes to the place directed for the drink; but, on returning, he must needs fetch a pennyworth of tobacco from the same place, during which some of our adventurer's companions had broken into the lord's apartments, and rifled the same of three hundred pounds' value. Cunningham was, however, so generous as to leave the sentinel his musket. The poor soldier returns in expectation of drinking with his friend, and enjoying his company some time longer; but alas! the bird has flown, and he is taken up to answer for his forthcoming, and committed to the Tolbooth Prison, where he was kept nine months in very heavy irons, and had only bread and water all the while allowed him to subsist on. At length he is tried, condemned and hanged. Thus did several innocent persons suffer death for that which ought to have been the portion of our adventurer.

We draw on to his last scene now, which shall be dispatched with all the brevity we are masters of. Sawney having thus escaped so many dangers, and run through so many villainies with impunity, must needs go to his Uncle Bean's house, who was a very good Christian, and a reputable man, as we have before observed, to pay him a visit, with no other design than to boast to him of his late successes, and how fortune had repaired the injuries his former misconduct and remissness had done him. He went, and his uncle, with his moral frankness, bade him sit down, and call for anything his house could afford him. "Nephew," says he, "I have desired a long time to see an



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alteration in your conduct, that I might say I had a nephew worthy of my acquaintance, and one to whom I might leave my estate, as deserving of it; but I am acquainted from all hands that you go on worse and worse, and rather than produce an amendment, abandon yourself to the worst of crimes." The good old man followed this with a long exhortation, after which he issued a flood of tears, which pity and compassion had forced from his eyes; nor could Sawney forbear shedding a tear or two at hearing. But it was all pretence, and an imitation of the crocodile; for he was determined to take this reverend old gentleman out of the world to get possession of his estate, which, for want of male issue, was unavoidably to devolve upon him after his death. With this view, after he had made an end of his exhortation, he steps up and, without once speaking, thrusts a dagger to his heart, and so ends his life. Thus fell a venerable old uncle for pronouncing a little seasonable advice to a monster of a nephew who, finding the servant maid come into the room at the noise of her master's falling on the floor, cut her throat from ear to ear, and then to avoid a discovery being made, set fire to the house, after he had rifled it of all valuable things in it. But the divine vengeance was resolved not to let this barbarous act go unpunished; for the neighbourhood, observing a more than ordinary smoke issuing out of the house, concluded it was on fire, and accordingly unanimously joined to extinguish it, which they effectually did, and then going into the house, found Mr Bean and his maid inhumanly murdered. Our adventurer was got out of the way, and no one could be found to fix these cruelties upon; but it was not long before justice overtook Cunningham, who being impeached by a gang of thieves that had been apprehended, and were privy to several of his villainies, was taken up and committed a close prisoner to the Tolbooth, where so many witnesses appeared against him that he was condemned and hanged for his tricks at Leith, in company with the same robbers that had sworn against him.

When he went to the place of execution he betrayed no

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signs of fear, nor seemed any way daunted at his approaching fate. As he lived, so he died, valiantly and obstinately to the last, unwilling to have it said that he, whose hand had been the instrument of so many murders, proved pusillanimous at the last.

## ISAAC ATKINSON

*A Highwayman who specialised in robbing Lawyers. Hanged at Tyburn in 1640*

ISAAC ATKINSON was the only son of a gentleman of a good estate at Faringdon in Berkshire. His father took care to put him to the most celebrated schools in the country, where, with the doctrines, he imbibed the vices which are too apt to prevail in large seminaries. At sixteen years of age he was sent to Brazen Nose College in Oxford, together with others of his schoolfellows, where he soon learned to rail at the statutes of the university and lampoon the rulers, to wear his clothes after the mode, to curse his tutor, and sell his books. In a word, he forgot in the second year after his admittance what, for form's sake, he had condescended to learn in the first, concluding still that he had knowledge enough for himself and his posterity after him for ever.

Everyone may imagine the grief which the good old gentleman went through. There were no hopes, after such a discovery as this, that his son would ever get any advantage by being at school; so that, though he would have given half his estate to make young Isaac what in reality he once took him to be, he thought it was better to take him home and employ him in the management of his rural affairs, than suffer him to spend such a large income to no purpose. Accordingly he sent to the heads of the college, and procured his discharge, taking him now into his own care, and constituting him steward in ordinary.

Had there been the least spark of grace left in young Atkinson, his father's indulgence in not punishing his



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neglect at the university more severely must have had some effect on him, and have made him at least more dutiful for the future ; but he had hardened himself, before he was aware, against every tender sentiment, as is frequently the case with young extravagants ; so that this removal from the academy was but the forerunner of greater misfortunes to this unhappy youth. In the country he gave himself up to all manner of sports and diversions, to the entire neglect of his father's affairs. Nor did he only pursue pastimes in themselves innocent to excess, but abandoned himself to all manner of lawless delights. Not a maidservant could live with the old gentleman for the son's importunities, unless she gave up her honour to his desires. Not a handsome wife or daughter in the neighbourhood but either submitted to his pleasure or complained of him to his father. The scandal of these things was not all ; for the old gentleman perceived (what with bastard children, and paying for other mischievous actions, besides a continual round of expenses) he should let his son spend all the substance of the family before his eyes, unless he found some way to put a stop to these unwarrantable courses.

The last resource of an injured, abused father was the only one left for poor old Atkinson, which was to turn his only son out of doors, and disinherit him. This, to be sure, was hard work to a parent who hardly knew till lately what it was to be angry with his child. However, after frequent unsuccessful remonstrances, rather than be entirely ruined, he put the first part of this sentence in execution upon him, and threatened him very hardly with the other ; though in his mind he was determined to defer it till he saw what effect his exile would have upon Isaac's behaviour.

Now was our young hero turned into the wide world, with but a very small matter of money in his pocket, and not a friend to apply to ; such was the character which his extravagances had procured him amongst his relations. These desperate circumstances determined him, when the little he had was gone, to get possessed of more by any means whatsoever, whether lawful or unlawful.

## ISAAC ATKINSON

Atkinson came up to London, where the vices of the place soon drained him of all his money. Now was he so put to his shifts again, that he was obliged to return into the country, where he committed several petty robberies to support him till he came to his father's house. He had been long sensible that he must never expect to re-enter those once hospitable doors with his father's consent, at least till he had given manifest proof of a thorough reformation.

To enter the windows therefore, without asking any leave at all, was now his resolution. In order to this, he skulked about unobserved till the family was gone to bed, and then very easily got into the kitchen, as there were no shutters to oppose him. He found means here to get possessed of about fifty pounds in silver, and one hundred and twenty broad-pieces of gold; five of the latter he wrapped up in a copy of verses, which were ready written in his pocket, and put them into his father's clasped Bible. The verses were :

“ Sir, you your son did often bully,  
Because he never read in Tully ;  
What parents teach they ought to practise,  
And I confess your test exact is ;  
'Tis just to turn it on yourself :  
Your Bible stands upon the shelf ;  
The gold is yours, if you uncloze it ;  
Else I shall find the dear deposit  
Safe in a place by all forgotten,  
When you, good man, are dead and rotten.”

What a graceless, hopeless young heir was here !—first to rob his father, and then to banter him in this ludicrous manner. Anyone may imagine what was the consequence of all this, as soon as the old gentleman discovered the writing. A lawyer was sent for, and the estate was given, after old Atkinson's demise, to a near kinsman, who had a very large income before, and knew how to make use of it to his own advantage as well as any man in England.

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Shortly after this the old gentleman died with grief, and Isaac had the mortification to see another in possession of what he had forfeited by his extravagances.

Besides the money, he took the best horse in his father's stable to bring him to London. It happened to be Sunday when he came through Uxbridge, and a whim came into his head that he would put up his horse and go to church. The parson took for his text these words of the Apostle Paul: "For ye know that the day of the Lord cometh as a thief in the night" (1 Thes. v. 2). The sermon was full of zealous and pious exhortations to a timely preparation for the great and terrible day; so that any man less hardened in impiety than Atkinson was, must have gone away deeply affected. But he, instead of that, made it his business to dog the parson home after church was done; and was very well pleased when he saw him go across the fields alone. About half-a-mile out of town Isaac stops the reverend priest and demands his money. The good man was sufficiently surprised, and desired to know his meaning. "I mean," says Isaac, "to let you know that all thieves do not come in the night; so the next time you preach, you may tell the people that the day of the Lord cometh like a thief at noon, which, in my opinion, is a much better simile. For at night we are apt to expect thieves; but who the devil ever feared being robbed at noonday so near a town?" The parson, notwithstanding his logic, was obliged to concede both to his argument and demand. A good silver watch and about one pound eighteen shillings were delivered. After which Atkinson carried his reverence as far as he could out of the path, and there bound him, and left him, while he got off towards London unsuspected.

Another time he met with the famous Noy, Attorney-General to King Charles I., on horseback. As he knew him very well, he was resolved to accost him in his own language: "Sir," says he, "I have a writ of *Capias ad Computandum* against you, which requires an account of all the money in your pocket." Noy was a merry man naturally, and he was sure it would do him little service to

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be sour upon this occasion, so he pleasantly asked our desperado by what authority he acted. Isaac, upon this, pulled out a brace of pistols, and told him that those weapons had as much authority in them as any tipstaff in England, which he should be convinced of, if he made any delays. The Attorney-General had no more to say, but very contentedly gave him a purse well lined, and then they parted with mutual compliments.

Atkinson was in general the greatest plague to the lawyers of any highwayman that ever was in England. He had the impudence to follow the circuits, and rob all of that profession that ever came in his way. It is reported that once in less than eight months he stopped above one hundred and sixty attorneys only in the county of Norfolk, and took from them upwards of three thousand pounds. He was so intrepid as frequently to assault three, four or five men himself, and so successful as always to escape, till the unfortunate action that brought him to Tyburn. But almost all our celebrated robbers have been taken in a very silly manner.

He met a market-woman upon Turnham Green, with a bag of halfpence in her lap. He eyed the bag as he passed by her, and supposing it to be a larger booty than it really was, returned and bid her deliver. The woman, being of a bold daring spirit, immediately tossed the bag over a hedge on the roadside, and made the best of her way towards Brentford. Atkinson thought it much better to secure the money than to be revenged on the woman; so alighting, and hanging his horse's bridle to a stump, he went over the hedge. It seems his horse had taken a fancy to the poor woman's mare, for he instantly got loose and ran after her, neighing and snuffing up the wind. The market-woman looked back, and observed the particulars, which she related as soon as she came into Brentford. Half-a-score of men immediately went out after poor Isaac, and it was not long before they found him in a field, unable to make his escape by reason of a great pair of jack-boots which he could not get off; nor had he any knife to cut them down. When he

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saw himself surrounded he pulled out several pocket-pistols and discharged them ; so that he killed four of the men on the spot, and afterwards mortally wounded another with a hanger, which he wore by his side. But there were still enough left to secure him, which at last they did.

Being carried before a magistrate, he was committed to Newgate, where, and at the Old Bailey, he behaved with intolerable insolence. After condemnation he continued to scoff at the ordinary, and turn all his wholesome admonitions into ridicule.

When the day for his execution was come, he desperately stabbed himself with a pen-knife ; but the wound not proving mortal he was afterwards carried to Tyburn, and hanged, in the year 1640, being twenty-six years of age.

As he was such a noted highwayman, and was besides known to be a gentleman and a scholar, it was generally expected he would at least have left a speech behind him in writing ; but instead of that, he only stood up at the gallows and said : “ Gentlemen, there’s nothing like a merry life, and a short one.”

## PATRICK FLEMMING

*An Irish Highwayman who held Sway near the Bog of Allen  
and, after numerous Murders, was executed  
on 24th of April, 1650*

PATRICK FLEMMING was a native of Ireland, and born at Athlone, which is remarkably situated in the counties of East and West Meath, as well as in the provinces of Leinster and Connaught. His parents rented a potato-garden of about fifteen shillings per annum, upon the produce of which, and the increase of their geese, hens, pigs, etc., they wholly depended for the subsistence of themselves and nine children. They, and their whole family of swine, poultry and progeny, all took up their lodging at night not only under the same roof, but in the same room ; according to the practice of abundance of their country-

## PATRICK FLEMMING

people, who build only for necessity, without any idea of what we call beauty and order. One may guess from the circumstances of the father that the son had small share of liberal education, though he had the most claim to it of any one of the children, as he was the eldest. But what he wanted in acquirements was made up with impudence, a quality which in most ignorant people happily fills up their void of knowledge.

When he was about thirteen years of age the Countess of Kildare took him into her service, in the capacity of foot-boy; and finding him so utterly destitute of learning, she was so indulgent as to put him to school. But instead of being grateful to her ladyship in improving his time to the best advantage, he was entirely negligent, and discovered no inclination to his book. His lady admonished him frequently, but to no purpose; for he grew not only careless but insolent, till at last, being found incorrigible, he was discharged from the family.

It was not long, however, before he was so fortunate as to get to be a domestic of the Earl of Antrim's; but here his behaviour was worse than before. He was a scandal to the whole family, for the little wit he had was altogether turned on mischief. His lord bore it a pretty while, notwithstanding the repeated complaints of his fellow-servants, and took no notice so long as he could avoid it; but at last this nobleman also was obliged to turn him out of doors; and this was the occasion. The Earl of Antrim was a Roman Catholic, and kept a priest in the house as his chaplain and confessor, to whom every one of the servants was required to pay great respect. Patrick, on account of his disorderliness, was often reproved by this gentleman, and he received it very well, till one day he happened to find the holy father asleep in some private part of the house in a very indecent posture, whereupon he went and got all the family to that place, and showed them what he had discovered as a revenge upon the parson, who at that instant awoke. With respect to the servants this had the desired effect, and exposed the priest to ridicule. But the earl, when he heard it, took

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1650. After which Patrick Flemming was hanged in chains on the high road a little without the city.

### CAPTAIN ZACHARY HOWARD

*A Royalist who lost his Estates and turned Highwayman.  
Executed 1652*

THIS unhappy person was a gentleman born and bred. He came to an estate in Gloucestershire, of fourteen hundred pounds per annum, just about the breaking out of the Civil War in 1641, his father dying that year. A sincere love of loyalty and allegiance inspiring him with the gallantry of fighting for his King and country, he soon mortgaged his estate for twenty thousand pounds, with which he raised a troop of horse for the service of King Charles I., who gave him the command of them. He remained in the army till the republican party became sole conqueror, and triumphed over religion and monarchy, when he, with many other Cavaliers, was obliged to retire into exile, for fear of the prevailing power.

It was not long that he continued abroad before he returned to England with King Charles II., on whom he attended at Worcester fight, where he performed wonders to the honour of the Royal army, and more especially to his own glory and praise; for he was even taken notice of and applauded by his Majesty himself, who also that day showed himself worthy of the crown he fought for, by his uncommon courage. Everyone knows that the Parliamentarians carried the field in this engagement, and that his Majesty escaped with much difficulty, by hiding himself in an oak in Warwickshire, whence, after six weeks' wandering up and down, he at length found a passage into France. We need not add that he continued twelve years in foreign countries, and that he was afterwards restored to the throne of his ancestors by the general consent of the nation.

Zachary Howard, in the meantime, remained in England, and having lost his estate, and being out of all employment,



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he could find no other way of supporting himself than by robbing on the highway—a very indifferent method indeed, but what a great many gentlemen in those days were either obliged to take to, or to want bread.

It is said of Howard that when he resolved on this course of life, he did like Hind, and some others of his contemporaries, in swearing he would be revenged, as far as lay in his power, on all persons who were against the interest of his Royal master. Accordingly we are told that he attacked all whom he met and knew to be of that party. It appears too by the following accounts that he succeeded in hunting out those regicides.

The first whom he assaulted on the road was the Earl of Essex, who had been general-in-chief of all the Parliament's forces. His lordship was riding over Bagshot Heath, with five or six in retinue; nevertheless Zachary rode boldly up to the coach door, commanded the driver to stand, and my lord to deliver, adding, that if he did not comply with his demand without words, neither he nor any of his servants should have any quarter. It was unaccountable how a general, who had been always used to success, with so many attendants, should be terrified at the menaces of a single highwayman. But so it was, that his Honour gave him twelve hundred pounds which he had in the coach, and which had been squeezed out of forfeited estates, church lands and sequestrations, not being willing to venture his life for such a trifle at a time when the party had such a plentiful harvest to reap. Zachary was so well contented with his booty that he let the rebellious nobleman pass without punishing him any further for his disloyalty, only desiring him to get such another sum together against meeting him again in some other convenient place.

Another time he overtook, on Newmarket Heath, the factious Earl of P——, so famous for his comical speeches in the House of Commons. Only one footman attended his Honour, and Zachary, going in company with them, held his lordship in discourse for about half-a-mile, when, coming to a place proper for his design, he pulled out a pistol, and



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spoke the terrifying precept, with the addition of a whole volley of oaths, what he would do to him if he did not surrender that minute. "You seem," says the earl, "by your swearing, to be a ranting Cavalier. Have you taken a lease of your life, sir, that you dare venture it thus against two men?" Howard answered: "I would venture it against two more, with your idol Cromwell at the head of you, notwithstanding the great noise he has made." "Oh," says P——, "he's a precious man, and has fought the Lord's battles with success." Zachary replied with calling Oliver and all his crew a company of dastardly cowards; and putting his lordship in mind that talking bred delays, and delays are dangerous. "Therefore," says he, "out with your purse this moment, or I shall out with your soul, if you have any."

The earl still delaying, Howard dismounted him, by shooting his horse, and then took from him a purse full of broad-pieces of gold, and a rich diamond ring; then making him mount behind his man, he tied them back to back, and in that condition left them. My lord rode swearing, cursing and damning to the next town, with his face towards the horse's tail, when a great multitude of people gathered about him; some laughing, others wondering at his riding in that preposterous manner, till he declared the occasion, and the people very civilly released him.

One time Fairfax, who was also general of the Parliament army after Essex, being with some forces in the county of Northumberland, took up his own quarters at Newcastle-upon-Tyne at the same time that Howard chanced to be in the same town. It came to the captain's ear that Fairfax was about to send a man to his lady with some plate which had been presented to him by the mayor and aldermen of that corporation, so that when the day came that the fellow set out with the prize, our highwayman also took leave of Newcastle, and rode after the Roundhead servant. He overtook him on the road, and fell into deep discourse with him about the present times, which Howard seemed as well pleased with as the other, who took him really for

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an honest fellow, as he seemed, and offered still to bear him company. They baited, dined, supped and lay together, and so continued in this friendly manner till the messenger came within a day's journey of the seat where his lady resided. Next morning being the last day they were to be together, Howard thought it was now high time to execute his design, which he did with a great deal of difficulty. Being come to a place proper to act his part in, Zachary pulled out his commission, and commanded the fellow to deliver the portmanteau, in which was the plate, to the value of two hundred and fifty pounds. The other, being as resolute to preserve as Howard was to take it from him, refused to comply; whereupon a sharp combat ensued between them, in which the captain had his horse shot under him, after a discharge of two or three pistols on either side. The encounter still lasted, for our highwayman continued to fire on foot, till he shot his adversary through the head, which occasioned him to fall, and breathe his last in a moment.

When Howard saw the man dead, he thought it his best way to get off the ground as fast as he could; so nimbly mounting the remaining horse, which carried the treasure, he rode about five miles from the place where the fact was committed, and then deposited the portmanteau in a hollow tree, and went to dinner at the next town. From thence he made the best of his way to Faringdon in Berkshire, where Madam Fairfax was, and whither the fellow he had killed was bound. He reached thither that evening, and delivered the following letter to the lady, which he had found in the pockets of the deceased.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, *Aug.* 12, 1650.

MY DEAR,—Hoping that you and my daughter Elizabeth are in good health, this comes to acquaint you that my presence is so agreeable to the inhabitants of this place, that their mayor and aldermen have presented me with a large quantity of plate, which I have sent to you by my man Thomas, a new servant; whom I would have you treat very kindly, he being recommended to me by several gentlemen

## NEWGATE CALENDAR

as a very honest, worthy man. The Lord be praised, I am very well, and earnestly long for the happiness of enjoying your company, which I hope to do within this month or five weeks at farthest. In the meantime, I subscribe myself, your loving husband, till death,

FAIRFAX.

The lady, learning by the contents that a parcel of plate was sent by the bearer, inquired of him where it was. Her supposed man readily told her that he was in danger of being robbed of it on such a heath by some suspicious persons, and that therefore, lest he should meet with the same men again, or others like them, he had lodged his charge in the hands of a substantial innkeeper at such a town; from whence he could fetch it in two days. This pretence of his carefulness pleased his new mistress very much, and confirmed the character which her husband had sent; so that she made very much of him, and desired him to go to bed betimes, that he might rest from the fatigues of his journey.

The whole family at this time consisted only of the lady, her daughter, two maids, and two men-servants. No sooner were all these gone to their repose than Howard arose, dressed himself, and with sword and pistol in hand went into the servants' apartments, whom he threatened with present death if they made the least noise. All four of these he tied with the bed-cords, and gagged them. Having secured these, whom he most feared, he went into Mrs Fairfax's chamber, and served her and her daughter as he had done the servants: then he ravished them both, beginning with the daughter, and next proceeded to make a strict scrutiny into the trunks, boxes and chests of drawers, finding in all two thousand broad-pieces of gold and some silver, with which he departed to his portmanteau in the tree, which he also carried off.

After he had committed this robbery and murder there was a proclamation issued out by the Commonwealth, promising five hundred pounds to anyone who should

## CAPTAIN ZACHARY HOWARD

apprehend him ; whereupon, to avoid being taken, he fled into Ireland, where he continued his former courses till, being grown as notorious there as in England, he thought it advisable to return. He landed at Highlake, and came to the city of Chester at the same time that Oliver Cromwell lay there with a party of horse, putting up in the same inn where that arch-traitor had taken up his quarters. Here he passed for a gentleman who was going to travel into foreign countries for his improvement, and behaved himself agreeably to such a character, spending his money with a great deal of profuseness.

He moreover counterfeited himself a Roundhead, and frequently spoke against the Royal family, applauding the murder of King Charles I. up to the skies. By this means he got familiar with Cromwell, who was so taken with his conversation that he would seldom dine or sup without him, or hardly suffer him to be ever out of his company.

About a fortnight after this acquaintance between them was confirmed, Howard went one morning very early to pay old Nol a visit in his bedchamber, which was on the same floor with his own. He found an easy admittance, and the hypocritical villain desired, that as he had come before he had been at prayers, would he please to join with him in that exercise. Zachary consented ; but no sooner was Cromwell down upon his marrow-bones than he knocked him down with the butt-end of a pistol, presenting it afterwards to his breast, and swearing that if he did but attempt to make the least noise he would shoot him through the heart, though he were sure to be hanged for it the next minute on the sign-post before the door. These terrifying words struck the republican hero with such a panic fear that he permitted the assaulter to do what he pleased, who thereupon gagged him, and bound him hand and foot. After this he rifled a couple of trunks, out of which he took about eleven hundred jacobuses, and then taking the pan out of a close-stool that stood in the room, which happened to be pretty well filled, he clapped it on the head of the rebel, crowning him in such a manner as he deserved.

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Having finished what he designed, he went hastily downstairs and mounted his horse, which he had before ordered to be ready, under pretence of some urgent business a few miles out of town.

By this means he got clear off before Oliver, who fell to knocking as soon as he thought the enemy safe, could make anybody hear him.

At last several of the family went upstairs, and were guided by their noses to where the poor general sat, in the miserable pickle we have described, unable to move out of the place. Some of them, at first sight, thought he had put his headpiece on, till the nauseous filth, which ran down his face and shoulders, convinced them of their mistake, and made them speedily unbind him.

As soon as he was loose, and pretty well wiped, he fell upon his knees to give thanks for so signal a deliverance from the fury of a wicked Cavalier, for such he now believed Howard to be.

Within a week after this, Howard sent Oliver a letter, wherein he signified that he was in good health, and that what he had done was only to make him reflect that, notwithstanding his great successes, his life was still in the power of any single man who would be bold enough to execute justice. Then he made very merry with the old villain about the condition he had left him in, adding that he would have him for the future be more cautious how he entered into friendship with a man before he knew him. "For," says he, "the cruelties of you and your party have made us like yourselves; so that the bravest gentlemen in the kingdom are glad to turn hypocrites, either to secure themselves, or be nobly revenged, as I have been."

Our captain enjoyed his liberty but a very little time after this exploit, for venturing one day to attack half-a-dozen republican officers together, as they were riding over Blackheath, he was overpowered by their number; and though he vigorously defended himself, so as to kill one and wound two more of them, he was at last taken by the remaining three. These were soon assisted by several

## CAPTAIN ZACHARY HOWARD

passengers who came by, and joined in carrying this bold robber before a magistrate, who forthwith committed him to Maidstone Jail. Thither Oliver went to see him, and insulted him with a great many reproaches. To all which Howard replied with his usual bravery and wit, to the utter confusion of poor Nol.

When he came on his trial at the ensuing assizes he had evidences enough appear against him to have convicted him if he had had twenty lives to have lost. Not only the officers who took him, but even Cromwell himself, and General Fairfax's wife and daughter gave in their depositions, besides a vast number of others whom he had robbed at several times. So that he was sentenced for two rapes, two murders, and as many robberies, to be hanged till he was dead.

When he came to the place of execution, apparelled all in white, he confessed himself guilty of everything he stood charged with; but declared he was sorry for nothing but the murders he had committed. Yet even these, he said, appeared to him the less criminal when he considered the persons on whom they were acted. He professed further, that if he were pardoned, and at liberty again, he would never leave off robbing the Roundheads, so long as there were any of them left in England.

What was most remarkable at Howard's death was his smiling on Oliver, who came into the country on purpose to see the last of him, with an air of scorn and contempt, telling him that if he had had his reward he had been in the same circumstances as he himself was now in several years ago.

He ended his life in 1652, being thirty-two years of age.

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### CAPTAIN JAMES HIND

*A Famous Highwayman who robbed Roundheads and  
even made an Attempt on Cromwell. Executed  
24th of September, 1652*

THE father of Captain Hind was a saddler, an inhabitant of Chipping-Norton in Oxfordshire, where the captain was born. The old man lived there many years in very good reputation among his neighbours, was an honest companion, and a constant churchman. As James was his only son, he was willing to give him the best education he was able, and to that purpose sent him to school till he was fifteen years of age, in which time he learned to read and write very well, and knew arithmetic enough to make him capable of any common business.

After this he was put apprentice to a butcher in his native town, where he served about two years of his time, and then ran away from his master, who was a very morose man, and continually finding something or another to quarrel with him about.

When he made this elopement he applied immediately to his mother for money to carry him up to London, telling her a lamentable story of the hardships he had suffered from his master's severity. Mothers are generally easily wrought upon with stories of that kind; she therefore very tenderly supplied him with three pounds for his expenses, and sent him away with tears in her eyes.

He had not been long in London before he got a relish of the pleasures of the place (pleasures I call them in compliance with the opinion of gentlemen of the captain's taste) —I mean the enjoyment of his bottle and his mistress; both which, as far as his circumstances would allow, he pursued very earnestly. One night he was taken in company with a woman of the town, who had just before picked a gentleman's pocket of five guineas, and sent with her to the Poultry Compter till morning, when he was released for want of any evidence against him, he having in reality no hand in





Capt. Hind Robbing Col. Harrison in the Coach - The End





## CAPTAIN JAMES HIND

the affair. The woman was committed to Newgate. The captain by this accident fell into company with one Thomas Allen, a noted highwayman, who had been put into the Compter upon suspicion of some robbery, and was released at the same time with Hind, and for the same reason. These two men going to drink together after their confinement, they contracted a friendship which was the ruin of them both.

Their first adventure was at Shooters Hill, where they met with a gentleman and his servant. Hind being perfectly raw and inexperienced, his companion was willing to have a proof of his courage, and therefore stayed at some distance while the captain rode up and, singly, took from them fifteen pounds ; but returned the gentleman twenty shillings, to bear his expenses on the road, with such a pleasant air that the gentleman protested he would never hurt a hair of his head if it should at any time be in his power. Allen was prodigiously pleased both with the bravery and generosity of his new comrade, and they mutually swore to stand by one another to the utmost of their power.

It was about the time that the inhuman and unnatural murder of King Charles I. was perpetrated at his own palace gate, by the fanatics of that time, when our two adventurers began their progress on the road. One part of their engagement together was like Captain Stafford's resolution, never to spare any of the regicides that came in their way. It was not long before they met the grand usurper, Cromwell, as he was coming from Huntingdon, the place of his nativity, to London. Oliver had no less than seven men in his train, who all came immediately upon their stopping the coach and overpowered our two heroes ; so that poor Tom Allen was taken on the spot, and soon after executed, and it was with a great deal of difficulty that Hind made his escape, who resolved from this time to act with a little more caution. He could not, however, think of quitting a course of life which he had just begun to taste, and which he found so profitable.

The captain rode so hard to get out of danger after this

## NEWGATE CALENDAR

adventure with Cromwell that he killed his horse, and he had not at that time money enough to buy another. He resolved, therefore, to procure one as soon as possible, and to this purpose tramped it along the road on foot. It was not long before he saw a horse hung to a hedge with a brace of pistols before him; and looking round him, he observed on the other side of the hedge a gentleman untrussing a point. "This is my horse," says the captain, and immediately vaults into the saddle. The gentleman calling to him, and telling him that the horse was his—"Sir," says Hind, "you may think yourself well off that I have left you all the money in your pockets to buy another, which you had best lay out before I meet you again, lest you should be worse used." So he rode away in search of new adventures.

There is another story of the captain's getting himself remounted, which I have seen in a printed account of his life. Being reduced to the humble capacity of a footpad, he hired a common hack from a man who made it his business to let out horses, and took the road on his back. He was overtaken (for he was not able to overtake anybody) by a gentleman well mounted, with a portmanteau behind him. They fell into discourse upon such topics as are common to travellers, and Hind was very particular in praising the gentleman's horse, till the gentleman repeated everything his horse could do. There was upon the side of the road a wall, over which was another way, and the gentleman told Hind that his horse could leap that wall. Hind offered to lay a bottle of it; upon which the gentleman attempted and accomplished what he proposed. The captain confessed he had lost his wager, but desired the gentleman to let him try if he would do the same with him upon his back, which the gentleman consenting to, the captain rode away with his portmanteau, and left him to return his horse to the owner.

Another time Captain Hind met the celebrated regicide, Hugh Peters, in Enfield Chase, and commanded him to deliver his money. Hugh, who had his share of confidence,

## CAPTAIN JAMES HIND

began to lay about him with texts of Scripture, and to cudgel our bold robber with the eighth commandment. "It is written in the Law," says he, "that thou shalt not steal. And furthermore, Solomon, who was surely a very wise man, speaketh in this manner: 'Rob not the poor, because he is poor.'"

Hind was willing to answer the finished old cant in his own strain; and for that end began to rub up his memory for some of the scraps of the Bible which he had learned by heart in his minority. "Verily," said Hind, "if thou hadst regarded the divine precepts as thou oughtest to have done, thou wouldst not have wrested them to such an abominable and wicked sense as thou didst the words of the prophet, when he saith, 'Bind their kings with chains, and their nobles with fetters of iron.' Didst thou not, thou detestable hypocrite, endeavour from these words to aggravate the misfortunes of thy Royal master, whom thy accursed republican party unjustly murdered before the door of his own palace?"

Here Hugh Peters began to extenuate that horrid crime, and to allege other parts of Scripture in his defence, and in order to preserve his money. "Pray, sir," replied Hind, "make no reflections on my profession; for Solomon plainly says, 'Do not despise a thief'; but it is to little purpose for us to dispute. The substance of what I have to say is this: deliver thy money presently, or else I shall send thee out of the world to thy master in an instant."

These terrible words of the captain frightened the old Presbyterian in such a manner that he gave him thirty broad-pieces of gold, and then they parted. But Hind was not thoroughly satisfied with letting such a notorious enemy to the Royal cause depart in so easy a manner. He therefore rode after him, full speed, and overtaking him, spoke as follows:—"Sir, now I think of it, I am convinced that this misfortune has happened to you because you did not obey the words of the Scripture, which say expressly, 'Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses for your journey'; whereas it is evident that you had provided a pretty deal of gold. However, as it is now in my power to

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make you fulfil another command, I would by no means slip the opportunity. Therefore pray give me your cloak." Peters was so surprised that he stood neither to dispute nor to examine what was the drift of Hind's demand; but Hind soon let him understand his meaning when he added: "You know, sir, our Saviour has commanded, that if any man take away thy cloak, thou must not refuse thy coat also; therefore I cannot suppose you will act in direct contradiction to such an express direction, especially now you can't pretend you have forgot it, because I have reminded you of your duty." The old Puritan shrugged his shoulders for some time before he proceeded to uncase them; but Hind told him his delay would do him no service, for he would be punctually obeyed, because he was sure what he requested was consonant to the Scripture. Accordingly Hugh Peters delivered his coat, and Hind carried all off.

Next Sunday when Hugh came to preach he chose an invective against theft for the subject of his sermon, and took his text in the Canticles, chap. v. 3: "I have put off my coat, how shall I put it on." An honest Cavalier who was present, and knew the occasion of his choosing these words, cried out aloud: "Upon my word, sir, I believe there is nobody here can tell you, unless Captain Hind was here!" Which ready answer to Hugh Peter's scriptural question put the congregation into such an excessive fit of laughter that the fanatic parson was ashamed of himself, and descended from his prattling box without proceeding any further in his harangue.

It has been observed before that Hind was a professed enemy to all the regicides; and, indeed, fortune was so favourable to his desires as to put one or other of those celebrated villains often into his power.

He met one day with that arch-traitor, Sergeant Bradshaw, who had some time before the insolence to sit as judge of his lawful Sovereign, and to pass sentence of death upon his Majesty. The place where this rencounter happened was upon the road between Sherborne and Shaftesbury, in

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Dorsetshire. Hind rode up to the coach side and demanded the sergeant's money; who, supposing his name would carry terror with it, told him who he was. Quoth Hind: "I fear neither you nor any king-killing son of a whore alive. I have now as much power over you as you lately had over the King, and I should do God and my country good service if I made the same use of it; but live, villain, to suffer the pangs of thine own conscience, till Justice shall lay her iron hand upon thee, and require an answer for thy crimes in a way more proper for such a monster, who art unworthy to die by any hands but those of the common hangman, and at any other place than Tyburn. Nevertheless, though I spare thy life as a regicide, be assured that, unless thou deliverest thy money immediately, thou shalt die for thy obstinacy."

Bradshaw began to be sensible that the case was not now with him, as it had been when he sat at Westminster Hall, attended with the whole strength of the rebellion. A horror, naturally arising from a mind conscious of the blackest villainies, took possession of his soul, upon the apprehensions of death, which the pistol gave him, and discovered itself in his countenance. He put his trembling hand into his pocket and pulled out about forty shillings in silver, which he presented to the captain, who swore he would that minute shoot him through the heart if he did not find coin of another species. The sergeant at last, to save a miserable life, pulled out that which he valued next to it, as of two evils all men choose the least, and gave the captain a purse full of jacobuses.

Hind, having thus got possession of the cash, made Bradshaw yet wait a considerable time longer, while he made the following eulogium on money; which, though in the nature of it, it be something different from the harangues which the sergeant generally heard on a Sunday, contains, nevertheless, as much truth, and might have been altogether as pleasing had it come from another mouth:—

"This, sir, is the metal that wins my heart for ever! O precious gold, I admire and adore thee as much as either

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Bradshaw, Pryn, or any other villain of the same stamp, who, for the sake of thee, would sell their Redeemer again, were He now upon earth. This is that incomparable medicament which the republican physicians call 'The Wonder-working Plaster.' It is truly Catholic in operation, and somewhat of a kin to the Jesuits' powder, but more effectual. The virtues of it are strange and various: it makes justice deaf as well as blind, and takes out spots of the deepest treason as easily as Castle soap does common stains; it alters a man's constitution in two or three days, more than the Virtuoso's transfusion of blood can do in seven years. It is a great alexipharmic, and helps poisonous principles of rebellion, and those that use them. It miraculously exalts and purifies the eyesight, and makes traitors behold nothing but innocence in the blackest malefactors. It is a mighty cordial for a declining cause; it stifles faction and schism as certainly as the itch is destroyed by butter and brimstone. In a word, it makes fools wise men, and wise men fools; and both of them knaves. The very colour of this precious balm is bright and dazzling. If it be properly applied to the fist—that is, in a decent manner and a competent dose—it infallibly performs all the abovesaid cures, and many others too numerous to be here mentioned."

The captain, having finished his panegyric, pulled out his pistol and said further:

"You and your infernal crew have a long while run on, like Jehu, in a career of blood and impiety, pretending that zeal for the Lord of Hosts has been your only motive. How long you may be suffered to continue in the same course, God only knows. I will however, for this time, stop your race in a literal sense of the words." With that he shot all the six horses which were in the sergeant's coach and then rode off in pursuit of another booty.

Some time after, Hind met a coach on the road between Petersfield and Portsmouth, filled with gentlewomen. He went up to them in a genteel manner, told them that he was a patron of the fair sex, and that it was purely to win the favour of a hard-hearted mistress that he travelled

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the country. "But, ladies," added he, "I am at this time reduced to the necessity of asking relief, having nothing to carry me on in my intended prosecution of adventures." The young ladies, who had most of them read a pretty many romances, could not help conceiving they had met with some Quixote or Amadis de Gaul, who was saluting them in the strain of knight-errantry. "Sir Knight," said one of the pleasantest among them, "we heartily commiserate your condition, and are very much troubled that we cannot contribute towards your support; but we have nothing about us but a sacred *depositum*, which the laws of your order will not suffer you to violate." Hind was pleased to think he had met with such agreeable gentlewomen, and for the sake of the jest could freely have let them pass unmolested if his necessities at this time had not been very pressing. "May I, bright ladies, be favoured with the knowledge of what this sacred *depositum*, which you speak of, is, that so I may employ my utmost abilities in its defence, as the laws of knight-errantry require?" The lady who spoke before, and who suspected the least of any one in the company, told him that the *depositum* she had spoken of was three thousand pounds, the portion of one of the company, who was going to bestow it upon the knight who had won her good will by his many past services. "My humble duty be presented to the knight," said he, "and be pleased to tell him that my name is Captain Hind; that out of mere necessity I have made bold to borrow part of what, for his sake, I wish were twice as much; and that I promise to expend the sum in defence of injured lovers and the support of gentlemen who profess knight-errantry." At the name of Captain Hind they were sufficiently startled, there being nobody then living in England who had not heard of him. Hind, however, bid them not be affrighted, for he would not do them the least hurt, and desired no more than one thousand pounds out of the three. This the ladies very thankfully gave in an instant (for the money was tied up in separate bags), and the captain wished them all a good journey, and much joy to the bride.



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We must leave the captain a little, to display the corruption of human nature in an instance which the captain has often protested was a great trouble to him. The young lady, when she met her intended husband, told him all that had passed upon the road, and the mercenary wretch, as soon as he heard of the money that was lost, adjourned the marriage till he had sent to her father to ask whether or no he would make up the original sum agreed upon, which he refusing (partly because he had sufficiently exhausted his substance before, and partly because he resented the sordid proposal), our fervent lover entirely broke through all his vows, and the unfortunate young lady died of grief and indignation.

Another time Hind was obliged to abscond for a considerable time in the country, there being great inquiries made after him; during this interval his money began to run short, and he was a great while before he could think of a way to replenish his purse. He would have taken another turn or two on the highway, but he had lived so long here that he had spent his very horse. While he was in this extremity, a noted doctor in his neighbourhood went to receive a large sum of money for a cure which he had performed, and our captain had got information of the time. It was in the doctor's way home to ride directly by Hind's door, who had hired a little house on the side of a common. Our adventurer took care to be ready at the hour the doctor was to return, and when he was riding by the house he addressed himself to him in the most submissive style he was master of, telling him that he had a wife within who was violent bad with a flux, so that she could not live without present help; entreating him to come in but two or three minutes, and he would show his gratitude as soon as he was able. The doctor was moved with compassion at the poor man's request and immediately alighted, and accompanied him in, assuring him that he should be very glad if it was in his power to do him any service. Hind conducted him upstairs, and, as soon as they were got into the chamber, shut the door and pulled out a loaded

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pistol and an empty purse, while the doctor was looking round for his patient. "This," quoth Hind, holding up the purse, "is my wife; she has had a flux so long, that there is now nothing at all within her. I know, sir, you have a sovereign remedy in your pocket for her distemper, and if you do not apply it without a word, this pistol shall make the day shine into your body." The doctor would have been glad to have lost a considerable fee, provided he might have had nothing to do with the patient; but when he saw there was no getting off, he took forty guineas out of his pocket, and emptied them out of his own purse into the captain's, which now seemed to be in pretty good health. Hind then told the doctor that he would leave him in full possession of his house, to make amends for the money he had taken from him. Upon which he went out and locked the door upon poor Galen, mounting his horse, and riding away as fast as he was able, to find another country to live in, well knowing that this would now be too hot to hold him.

Hind has often been celebrated for his generosity to all sorts of people, more especially for his kindness to the poor, which it is reported was so extraordinary, that he never injured the property of any person who had not a complete share of riches. We shall give one instance, instead of a great many which we could produce, which will sufficiently confirm this general opinion of his tenderness for those who were needy.

At a time when he was out of cash (as he frequently was, by reason of his extravagance), and had been upon the watch a pretty while, without seeing any worth his notice, he at last espied an old man jogging along the road upon an ass. He rode up to meet him, and asked him very courteously where he was going. "To the market," said the old man, "at Wantage, to buy me a cow, that I may have some milk for my children." "How many children," quoth Hind, "may you have?" The old man answered ten. "And how much do you think to give for a cow?" said Hind. "I have but forty shillings, master, and

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that I have been saving together these two years," says the poor wretch. Hind's heart asked for the poor man's condition, at the same time that he could not help admiring his simplicity; but being in so great a strait as I have intimated, he thought of an expedient which would serve both him and the old man too. "Father," said he, "the money you have got about you I must have at this time; but I will not wrong your children of their milk. My name is Hind, and if you will give me your forty shillings quietly, and meet me again this day sevensnight at this place, I promise to make the sum double. Only be cautious that you never mention a word of the matter to anybody between this and that." At the day appointed the old man came, and Hind was as good as his word, bidding him buy two cows, instead of one, and adding twenty shillings to the sum promised, that he might purchase the best in the market.

Never was highwayman more careful than Hind to avoid bloodshed; yet we have one instance in his life that proves how hard it is for a man to engage in such an occupation without being exposed to a sort of wretched necessity some time or other to take away the life of another man, in order to preserve his own.

Hind had one morning committed several robberies in and about Maidenhead Thicket, and, among others, had stopped Colonel Harrison, a celebrated regicide, in his coach and six, and taken from him seventy odd pounds. The colonel immediately procured a hue and cry for taking him, which was come into that country before the captain was aware of it. However, he heard at a house of intelligence, which he always had upon every road he used, of the danger he was in, and thereupon he instantly thought of making his escape, by riding as fast as he could from the pursuers, until he could find some safer way of concealing himself.

In this condition, as anyone would imagine, the captain was apprehensive of every man he saw. He had got no farther than a place called Knole Hill, which is but a little way of the thicket, before he heard a man riding behind

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him full speed. It was a gentleman's servant endeavouring to overtake his master, who was gone before, with something he had forgotten. Hind just now thought of nothing but his own preservation; and therefore resolved either to ride off or fire at the man, who, he concluded, was pursuing him. As the other horse was fresh, and Hind had pretty well tired his, he soon perceived the man got ground of him; upon which he pulls out a pistol, and just as the unfortunate countryman was at his horse's heels, he turns about and shoots him through the head, so that he fell down dead on the spot. The captain, after the fact, got entirely off; but it was for this that he was afterwards condemned at Reading.

After King Charles I. was beheaded, the Scots received and acknowledged his son King Charles II., and resolved to maintain his right against the reigning usurpation. To this end they raised an army, and marched towards England, which they entered with great precipitation. Abundance of gentry, and others, who were loyal in their principles, flocked to the standard of their Sovereign, and resolved to lose their lives in his service, or restore him to his dignity. Among these Hind, who had as much natural bravery as almost any man that ever lived, resolved to try his fortune. Cromwell was sent by the Parliament into the north to intercept the Royal army, but in spite of that vigilant traitor's expedition the King advanced as far as Worcester, where he waited the enemy's coming.

Oliver came to Worcester soon after, and the consequence of the two armies meeting was a very fierce and bloody battle, in which the Royalists were defeated. Hind had the good fortune to escape at that time, and came to London, where he lodged with one Mr Denzie, a barber, over against St Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street, and went by the name of Brown. But Providence had now ordered that he should no longer pursue his extravagances; for he was discovered by a very intimate acquaintance. It must be granted that he had sufficiently deserved the stroke of justice; but there yet appears something so shocking in a

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breach of friendship that we cannot help wishing somebody else had been the instrument.

As soon as he was apprehended he was carried before the Speaker of the House of Commons, who then lived in Chancery Lane, and after a long examination was committed to Newgate, and loaded with irons. He was conveyed to prison by one Captain Compton, under a strong guard; and the warrant for his commitment commanded that he should be kept in close confinement, and that nobody should be admitted to see him without orders.

On Friday, the 12th of December, 1651, Captain James Hind was brought to the bar of the sessions house in the Old Bailey, and indicted for several crimes; but nothing being proved against him that could reach his life, he was conveyed in a coach from Newgate to Reading in Berkshire, where on the 1st of March, 1651, he was arraigned before Judge Warberton for killing one George Sympson at Knole, a small village in that county. The evidence here was very plain against him, and he was found guilty of wilful murder; but an Act of Oblivion being issued out the next day, to forgive all former offences but those against the State, he was in great hopes of saving his life, until by an Order of Council he was removed by habeas corpus to Worcester Jail.

At the beginning of September, 1652, he was condemned for high treason, and on the 24th of the same month he was drawn, hanged and quartered, in pursuance of the same sentence, being thirty-four years of age. At the place of execution he declared that most of the robberies which he had ever committed were upon the republican party, of whose principles he professed he always had an utter abhorrence. He added that nothing troubled him so much as to die before he saw his Royal master established on his throne, from which he was most unjustly and illegally excluded by a rebellious and disloyal crew, who deserved hanging more than him.

After he was executed his head was set upon the Bridge Gate, over the River Severn, from whence it was privately taken down and buried within a week afterwards. His

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quarters were put upon the other gates of the city, where they remained till they were destroyed by wind and weather.

## CAPTAIN PHILIP STAFFORD

*Whose Patrimony being sequestered by the Roundheads,  
took to the Highway and was hanged at Reading*

CAPTAIN STAFFORD was born about the year 1622, at a small village in Berkshire, about seven miles from Newbury. His father was a sort of gentleman farmer, having about fifty pounds a year of his own estate; upon which, by the help of his industry, he lived in a very comfortable manner. Our Philip was an only child, which made the farmer very careful to bring him up as handsomely as he was able. He sent him to school first in the country, afterwards to the free school at Reading, at both of which places his improvements were as considerable as could be expected from one of his age; and indeed might have been much greater had his application been equal to the sprightliness of his wit and the uncommon vivacity of his temper. These qualifications, however, showed themselves more to advantage in the other parts of his life than they did in a sedentary course of study. His conversation, even almost in his childhood, was very agreeable, as his resentment was generally fatal to those of his own age and stature. Never a lad in all the parishes round but would shudder at the name of Philip Stafford, and if he was not always the best scholar, he was indisputably the head boy in every school he went to.

His father designed him for the heir of his industry, as well as of his estate, and therefore put him out to no trade; but when the time generally allotted for the education of young men of a moderate fortune was expired, he took him home to the plough, and, as soon as he conceived him equal to the burden, gave him the whole management of his affairs. Philip was a tolerable good farmer, but a much better ringer, wrestler and back-sword player; in all which

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exercises he was looked upon as the hero of the whole country.

He had imbibed in his infancy such principles of religion and loyalty as are common to men in his father's circumstances; these were strengthened by the company he afterwards kept, and the manly amusements he daily followed; so that when the Civil War broke out between King Charles I. and his Parliament, Stafford was one of the first of his country who voluntarily entered into the service of his Sovereign. He continued in the army through the whole series of that unnatural rebellion; and we have no reason to doubt but he behaved with a great deal of bravery, though his actions are buried and lost in the universal confusion of the times. We have not only all the other particulars of his life which are recorded to support such a presumption, but the military honours he received are an undeniable proof that he distinguished himself on some extraordinary occasion; for the title of Captain, which he afterwards bore, was really conferred on him while he was in the service.

Everyone is acquainted with the dismal catastrophe of those unhappy troubles. As soon as the King was dead, and the rebels had got all into their hands, the Royalists were obliged to shift from place to place all over the nation, and to use all the cautionary means they could invent to secure themselves. The small patrimony of Mr Stafford was sequestered, among the many larger estates of gentlemen who had continued in their duty to the last; and he soon found himself in no capacity of getting a moderate subsistence. What was to be done in such a situation as this? He looked every way and could see no prospect of an honest livelihood. This at last determined him in the course which he immediately fell into, and which entitles him to a place in this collection. The resolution he set out with was to raise contributions among the enemies of his master only, whom he vowed never to spare in anything wherein he had an opportunity of doing any damage either to their persons or estates.

It happened that Stafford was riding along very solitary



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on the Western Road one miserable cold day. His design was only to go and see his relations, having at that time money enough; and it was not customary with him to rob anybody while the stock was high. But fortune threw a very considerable prize in his way in the following manner.

Just as he came to the entrance of Maidenhead Thicket he espied an old formal gentleman trotting before him. As he looked upon him, by his plain coat and broad-brimmed hat, to be one of the godly, as they were then universally called, he immediately resolved, contrary to his intention in travelling, to take hold of the opportunity, and try the depth of the old man's pocket. He soon came up with Mr Primitive, and began such conversation as is common to travellers, more particularly the severity of the season occasioned pretty many reflections, as they both felt it to a high degree. "I hope," says Stafford, "after such a terrible journey as this, I shall meet with a very good lodging at night, or else I shall think the stars are against me indeed." The old man upon this assumes an air of piety, and begins to reprehend the captain for his profaneness in mentioning the stars as if they had any influence over a man's circumstances. He told him it was a heathenish manner of expressing himself, and very unbecoming the mouth of a Christian. "For my part," says he, "I ascribe everything that befalls me to a wise Providence, and am always content with my lot, as being assured in myself that all things are for the best, and work together for the good of the elect." "And do you believe yourself to be one of those elect?" says Stafford. "It is the earnest desire of my soul," replied the old man, "to find the evidences of it in myself; it is what I pray for earnestly day and night; and I truly hope that my prayers ascend with a savour sweet-smelling and acceptable, and that I shall receive an answer of joy and peace. Of this I am the more confident, as I have hitherto found that the pious ejaculations of my heart have not been in vain upon particular occasions." Here the captain endeavoured to reform his phiz, and to look as demurely as his companion. "Verily, brother,"



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said he, "whoever thou art, thy reproof is just; but as I was upon a journey, and uncertain what the company was that I was thus providentially fallen into, I was willing to conform myself to it, for the security of the outward man. If I had found thee speaking in such a manner as had discovered the corruption of thy heart, and proved thee to be one of the unregenerate, I should have endeavoured, as far as it would have appeared consistent with my high character as a Christian, to have given thee thine own way in conversation. But since, to my unspeakable joy and consolation in this desert place, I have found thee such as my heart would wish, I make no scruple to unbosom myself unto thee, begging that thou wouldst extend thy bowels of Christian compassion unto my weakness, which occasioned me to conceal the real sentiments of my soul, through timidity of thy person, to me unknown. I would furthermore entreat that thou wouldst endeavour to make our journeying together profitable unto our mutual edification, by a relation of some of those experiences which thou hast hinted to, as the effect of thy being found in the way of thy duty." The old hypocrite was transported to hear such a speech as this, and made no question but he was luckily fallen into company with a stone of the spiritual building, and a brother member of the sacred body of the Church. "Forasmuch," replied he, "as it seemeth to be thy desire that I should communicate unto thee something of what I have done in the course of my duty, and inwardly experienced as the return of my humble petitions, know that I have always, since I have been made sensible what heart work and the divine influence mean, constantly called for a blessing upon what I have undertaken. In an especial manner, when I have set out on a journey, as at present, I have been more earnest in entreating that I might pass the road in safety; and that at night in a good inn I might take up my quarters, and repose upon a bed of down. Not so much that I desire to indulge my tenement of clay in the course of this my pilgrimage, as that I look upon it to be typical of that eternal rest into which I hope to be received when I shall put off

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this outward man, this earthly tabernacle of flesh. It is, my friend, a help to my meditation on these things, when I lie extended at ease in the night; and I never yet found but that every particular has been answerable to my desires, and, indeed, proportioned to the degree of warmth with which I have expressed them. It is for this reason, that when I have been diligent in my duty, and taken such a quantity of money in my pocket as will bear my expenses in a comfortable manner, I am under no apprehensions of any danger that may attend me." "I hope then," quoth Stafford, "thou wert not at all wanting this morning in thy exercises, both for thy sake and my own; forasmuch as with thy good liking I am determined to accompany thee this evening." Hereupon the old man assuring him that he was never in all his life more fervent than that morning, the captain seemed pretty contented, till they came to the middle of the thicket, when he thought it very proper to take advantage of the place, and ease the old hypocrite of his money, which was of more service to him in his getting good lodging than all his boasted piety, the latter being only superficial. To this end he addressed him in the following manner:—"Brother, I perceive by what you have related that you are a man favoured by heaven in an extraordinary degree, and that it is impossible to hinder you of anything that you have once prayed for. To what purpose then should you carry money with you? Now, for my part, I cannot pretend to any such particular token of the divine regard, and therefore I have no room to expect anything out of the common way; so that I think what money you have about you will be much more serviceable to me than to you, who are certain of the best usage wherever you go." The old man began to stare upon his new companion, and wondered what he was driving at; but he did not remain long in suspense, for Stafford told him very plainly that it would be to no purpose for him to make many words, since he was now in earnest. "Therefore," says he, "without ceremony deliver your money." At these words he clapped a pistol to his breast, which terrified

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the venerable saint to such a degree that he pulled out a purse with forty guineas in it and gave it with a trembling hand. It was now plain that, how sure soever our good man was of heaven, he was not willing to leave the world on a sudden, which is no uncommon case. Stafford being willing to spoil the old man's lodging entirely, shot his horse, after he had rifled him of everything that he had which was valuable, and then forced him a considerable way into the thicket, where he bound him fast, and left him on the cold ground. In this condition he lay till next morning, when he was taken up half dead.

The captain, after this robbery, was very sensible that, how bad soever the lodging of his Roundhead companion might be, his own would be as little to his satisfaction if he were taken; he therefore thought it most advisable to get out of the main road as fast as he could. This he did by crossing the country into Buckinghamshire, and riding till he thought he was out of all danger for that night.

Having, upon a certain time, got together a considerable quantity of money, and being under some apprehensions of a discovery, he made off into the north of England, and took shelter in a country village, so obscure that it was next to impossible he should ever be detected. He was afraid in this place to make any great figure, or to seem extravagant, because he well knew that country people are apt to be very inquisitive into the circumstances of such men; and as he was resolved to be as godly as he was able while he resided here, it was not expedient for him to put the congregation to any trouble; for he had now joined himself to a people who assembled in the neighbourhood, and it was customary in those days for a new member, if he was in any respect suspicious, to give a very particular account of himself. By this prudent management the captain not only avoided their inquisition, but made his ready cash last a great deal longer than it otherwise would have done.

In this place Stafford soon got the reputation of a very good man; he attended constantly at public service, and not only that, but also at all their private meetings and

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conferences, when he would frequently exercise his own gift, and pour out a tedious rhapsody of unintelligible jargon, with a great deal of seeming warmth and affection. As it was no difficult thing for a man of the captain's good sense to be the greatest orator in such a congregation as this, it was but a very little while before his talents were everywhere talked of; he was sent for to all the meetings round about, and public thanks were frequently returned to Providence, who had sent such an eminent Christian among them. It was not above a year that he had been in this place before their venerable pastor, who had formerly been an indifferent good tailor, departed this life. The sorrow on this melancholy occasion was universal, and the cause of religion a thousand times said to be in danger, by the loss of such a substantial pillar of the Church (for so they called themselves) as their dear glorified minister. When the general lamentation was a little over, the flock began to look round for one to feed them in the room of the deceased. All their eyes were immediately fixed on Stafford, who was esteemed the most able brother for the important charge. The captain had by this time wasted his capital stock pretty considerably, and he must very soon have been under an absolute necessity of recruiting by some means or other; he durst not as yet appear on the road again, for he had made himself so notorious just before his retirement that a large reward had been offered for taking him, and his person had been so particularly described that it was in vain to think of disguising himself. An offer of forty pounds a year, besides a prospect of other acquisitions, was not, it may be imagined, at this time very unacceptable; so when the elders of the congregation waited on him in a body with their resolution he consented, after due form, to accept of the proposal. The ceremony of his ordination is foreign to our purpose, and therefore we omit it. Behold Captain Philip Stafford, our hero, in a stiff band, a black coat and skull-cap, mounted behind a velvet cushion, holding forth, with all the eloquence he was master of, against all sin, and even the very appearance of sin; advising them to crush the first

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motions of it in their hearts, and never suffer it to break forth into practice. Hear him describe the pleasures of a good conscience, void of offence towards God and man! What a load of accusations he lays upon his friend Satan, the grand enemy of souls—enough to break the back of any poor devil in Christendom! Never was preaching more effectual, or more weeping and repentance than among the old women of Stafford's congregation. Everyone exerted herself to the utmost that the circumstances of their minister might be as easy as possible, and that such a faithful labourer in the vineyard of the Church might not go without his reward. Presents were sent him continually, he was invited to dinner every day by one or another of the members; and he has often protested since that, bating the hypocrisy he was obliged to use, the time he was a teacher was the pleasantest part of his life.

At last, as the revenue did not now answer his purpose, he took an opportunity to leave his little flock, without giving them any warning, carrying off with him all the sacramental plate and linen, to a pretty large value.

The last adventure which we shall relate of the captain is that for which he suffered. A farmer of considerable note in Berkshire had been at Reading to sell his corn at a time when that commodity was very dear. The farmer had the reputation of being a very honest good man; but as the price of corn was very advantageous to him he could not help being elated by the success he had met with at market, and he was now riding home in a very pleasant temper, meditating (as he himself confessed) on the riches he was about to get for his family. The captain overtook him about four miles from Reading, and accosted him in a very friendly manner with "Pray, farmer, what is it a-clock?" The farmer being, as I said before, pretty full of his good fortune, immediately thought Mr Stafford had known him, and when he asked him what corn was a load he therefore very readily answered: "Sixteen pound ten the best wheat." Stafford guessed the honest countryman's mistake; but at that time thought their conversation was likely to turn upon a subject

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that would be to his advantage. "And have you, farmer," said he, "sold any wheat for that price to-day?" "Yes," says the countryman, "I have sold two loads, and I thank God I have got the money for it in my pocket." This was spoken very innocently, for the farmer thought all the while he was with somebody who asked him these questions out of kindness; but he soon found to the contrary, for the captain pulled a pistol out of his pocket, and clapping it to the farmer's breast, he made him refund the thirty-three pounds he had received a little before.

The captain's good fortune this day began to leave him, for he was scarce got three hundred yards from the ground where he committed the robbery before two gentlemen came up to the farmer, who told them how he had been used. The gentlemen being well mounted rode after him with all the speed they could, and in less than a quarter of an hour overtook and dismounted him. The money was all found upon him, and several of the pieces were very remarkable; so that he was carried to the next Justice of the Peace, and by him committed to the county jail, where he lay till the ensuing assizes, which were not for a great while afterwards.

At the assizes the farmer, who was a very conscientious man, refused to appear against the prisoner, because he was not certain whether or no it was the same man who had robbed him. The evidence, nevertheless, of the two gentlemen, and the money, which answered exactly to the account which the farmer had given of what he had lost, together with the bad character of the captain himself in his own country, where he now was, were thought sufficient to condemn him; and the sentence passed accordingly, and a day was fixed for his execution.

While Stafford was in prison, before his condemnation, he lived in a very grand manner. He had a wicket made before the jail porch to hide his fetters, where he used to sit frequently with one of the keepers, and converse with gentlemen of the best fashion in the whole town. He had, moreover, settled a correspondence with several of his own



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profession, who came to see him in prison. These, then, undertook to rescue him from the gallows, and afterwards to constitute him their head. The report of this compact, by some means or other, took wind before the time, and the post-boy was ordered what to say if any man should ask him any questions on the road. This charge to the post-boy was thought to be the only reason why they did not come as they had promised; for two or three men well-mounted one day demanded of him when Stafford was to be executed, and the boy told them the usual day, which was now changed to another purely upon the account of this report.

The captain had a new light-coloured suit of clothes made to go to the gallows (for he did not expect to be hanged), in which he appeared as though he had been going to a wedding. He had a nosegay in his bosom, and his countenance was without the least appearance of concern all the way. As he passed by a tavern he ordered the cart to stop, and called for a pint of wine, which he drank all off, and told the vintner he would pay him when he came back. At the gallows he stood up and looked round him very wistfully some minutes, still desiring more time. At last, when the sheriff bid him prepare, and he saw no remedy, his colour was observed to change, and he trembled very much, but said nothing. Just at the instant that the cart was ordered to be drawn away he delivered a paper to the sheriff, and then was turned off in a great deal of confusion. The contents of the paper were as follows:—

“It is not merely in compliance with the common custom of malefactors that I write anything to leave behind me in the world; if there had not seemed a more than ordinary necessity for this declaration from me, upon the account of my having been so universally talked of, I should have been contented to have suffered in silence what the justice of the law has required.

“I confess not only the fact for which I die, but also almost all those that are laid to my charge by common fame, besides innumerable others of the same nature; yet

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I hope that what I am about to offer will plead a little in my favour, and in some measure abate the horror which many sober people are apt to conceive at the bare recital of my crimes.

“I was brought up in principles of honour and virtue by my parents, and I continued to act agreeably to those principles for many years, as several worthy gentlemen now living can testify. I can moreover call upon a greater witness than any mortal to attest that I have always thought in my soul nothing so mean and so unworthy of human nature as fraud, of what kind soever it might be. It was only the iniquity of the times in which it has been my unhappiness to have lived that occasioned my abandoning in practice what my judgment always approved of, notwithstanding the pains I have taken to work myself into a belief that virtue is nothing but a vain chimera.

“The cruelty with which all the loyal party was prosecuted during the late Civil War gave me a very despicable opinion of those who executed it. This opinion was afterwards strengthened when I beheld the same people dividing among themselves, and using an equal severity towards each other, as any one party got uppermost. I soon found that their religion was but a pretence, and their appearance of sanctity nothing more than hypocrisy; that interest was the only point they pursued, and their hyperbolical cant concerning another world a mere engine to draw to themselves larger possessions in this, which they had the confidence to affirm they had learned entirely to despise. These things made me determine, when my estate was quartered, and my principles prevented my getting an honourable subsistence, to take openly from some of those hypocrites what they unjustly, though more craftily, had taken from better people.

“What lies most heavily upon my conscience is my having ever condescended to deal with these men in their own way, by imposing upon them under a show of piety. May God forgive me in this particular! I must, however, take the freedom to say that I was never able to match



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several that I have met with, to whom I have not thought myself inferior as to my genius in this their darling vice, hypocrisy; and that when I most succeeded in my impostures, it was more owing to a fluency of words, which I always had, than to my art in counterfeiting their formality in my common behaviour.

“I shall not trouble the world with any more of these things, which only relate to my Maker, and my own conscience. Give me leave to say that as I have not been a common offender, I would hope my remains will be treated with a little more decency than the bodies of the unhappy wretches who suffer at this place commonly are.

“As I die justly, I have no occasion to say anything concerning the instruments of my death, who only exercise what the law demands. If there are any other persons who are conscious that they have given me just cause of offence, let them know that I forgive them from my very heart; and that I die in peace with all the world, to which I can very calmly bid farewell.”

In compliance with Mr Stafford's request concerning his body, the sheriff ordered him to be buried under the tower of St Mary's Church at Reading. Several persons of fashion honoured his funeral with their attendance, and the women in particular were observed to shed abundance of tears.

## MAJOR GEORGE STRANGWAYES

*Executed 28th of February, 1658, for the Murder of the  
Man who married his Sister*

MR GEORGE STRANGWAYES was the second son of Mr James Strangwayes, of Mussen in Dorsetshire, a gentleman of an ancient and unblemished family. He was a person that had a brave and generous soul in a stout and active body, being tall of stature, and framed to the most masculine proportion of man. The virtues of his father he rather seemed to improve than degenerate from,

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till he was hurried on by an ungovernable passion to commit the horrid fact which we are going to relate.

As his constitution in his youth made him fitter to follow Mars than the Muses, he attained to the degree of a major in the service of King Charles I., which military office he executed with a great deal of bravery and gallantry during the whole course of the Civil War. Yet was he not a stranger to those arts that finish a gentleman; for (as Mr Dryden says of my Lord Roscommon) he had made both Minerva's his own. In the most important consultations he had always a head as dexterous to advise, as a heart daring to act. Only in love he appeared either unskilful or unsuccessful, for he was never married.

The father of Mr Strangwayes died about ten years before the unhappy accident happened which brought destruction upon his son. At his death the major was left in possession of Mussen Farm, and his eldest sister, Mrs Mabellah Strangwayes, was constituted executrix by will.

This sister, being then an ancient maid, rented her brother's farm, and stocked it at her own cost; engaging herself to him in a bond of three hundred and fifty pounds, which she borrowed towards the procuring of the said stock. The major, presuming upon her continuance of a single life, and expecting that the greatest part, if not all, of her personal estate would in time revert to him as her heir, entrusted her not only with the bond, but also with that part of the stock, and such utensils of the house, as, by his father's will, properly belonged to him. His reason for doing this was, that they would be more secure by passing for hers, forasmuch as his whole estate was liable to sequestration; by which, at that time of day, a great many thousand loyal gentlemen were ruined. Sad times, indeed, when honesty, which, by those who have just notions of Providence, is esteemed a common preservative against calamity, was the principal means that made people obnoxious to it! But this was not the only age in which that noble principle has been out of fashion.

His estate being thus in a fair probability of being

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preserved from those vultures of the Commonwealth who had then the administration of public affairs, he lived for some time very happily with his sister, of whose prudence and discretion he had a very high opinion, at his farm of Mussen.

But all of a sudden the scene altered, and she, whom he thought sufficiently proof against all inclinations to matrimony, began to express some affection for Mr Fussel, a gentleman well esteemed at Blandford, the place of his residence, and of much repute for his eminent abilities in matters of law.

Mrs Mabellah Strangwayes had now contracted an intimacy with Mr Fussel, and she made it the least part of her care to disguise her sentiments concerning him; so that it was not long before her brother came to a perfect knowledge of their mutual resolutions. Whether it was that he had any former dislike to the man, or that he imagined one of that profession might injure him in his property; or whether it was only the being disappointed in the hopes he had conceived of enjoying after his sister the whole substance of the family, is not easy to determine; but certain it is, that he no sooner heard of a proposal of marriage between this gentleman and his sister than he showed himself absolutely against it, and took an opportunity of telling his sister privately how much he disapproved her design. Mrs Mabellah as freely told him how steadfast she was in her purpose; upon which he broke out into the most violent expressions of passion, affirming with bitter imprecations that if ever she married Mr Fussel he would certainly be the death of him soon afterwards.

These family quarrels soon occasioned a separation between our unhappy brother and sister; and the rupture was still increased by mutual complaints between them. She pretends that he unjustly detains from her much of the stock of the farm, which, either by her father's will, or her own purchase, was lawfully hers; at the same time she denies that ever she sealed the aforementioned bond, insinuating that it was only a forgery of her brother's. The major, on the other hand, cried out as loudly against his sister,

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accusing her with nothing less than a design to defraud him of part of his estate, besides the money due by the bond. These were the differences which first fomented a rage that was not to be quenched but by blood.

Soon after their parting Mrs Mabellah and Mr Fussel were married, and the grievances between the brother and sister commenced a lawsuit; for the prosecuting of which, as well as for the carrying on of several other causes which he was employed in, he being a man of great business, Mr Fussel was come up to London, it being Hilary Term, at the unhappy time when he lost his life, in the following manner.

Mr Fussel lodged up one pair of stairs, at the sign of the George and Half Moon, three doors from the Palsgrave's Head tavern, without Temple Bar, opposite to a pewterer's shop. He came in one evening between nine and ten, and retired to his study, which fronted the street, sitting behind a desk, with his face towards the window, the curtains being so near drawn that there was but just room enough left to discern him. In this manner he had not sat above a quarter of an hour before two bullets shot from a carbine struck him, the one through the forehead and the other in about his mouth; a third bullet, or slug, stuck in the lower part of the timber of the window, and the passage by which the two former entered was so narrow that little less than an inch over or under had obstructed their passage.

He dropped down upon his desk without so much as a groan, so that his clerk, who was in the room at the same time, did not at first apprehend anything of what was done; till at last, perceiving him lean his head, and knowing him not apt to fall asleep as he wrote, he imagined something more than ordinary was the matter. Upon this he drew near, to be satisfied, when he was suddenly struck with such horror and amazement at the unexpected sight of blood that, for the present, he was utterly incapable of action. As soon as he had recollected himself, he called up some of the family, by whose assistance he discovered what an unhappy accident had bereaved him of his master. Instantly

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they all ran down into the street, but could see nothing that might give them the least information, everything appearing, as they conceived, more silent and still than is usual at that time of night in the public parts of the city. Officers were sent for, and Mr Fussel's son (for he had been married before) was acquainted with the melancholy news; who immediately made use of all the means he could think of to discover the authors of this horrid fact.

Several places were searched in vain, and a barber, who lodged in the same house with Mr Fussel, was apprehended on suspicion, he having been absent at the time when the deed was perpetrated.

While they were considering what could induce anybody to such an action, young Fussel called to mind those irreconcilable quarrels which had for some time subsisted between his father and his Uncle Strangwayes; and thereupon proposed the apprehending of him to the officers, which motion they, in general, approved of.

They now proceed to put it in execution, and between two and three in the morning the major is apprehended in his bed, at his lodging, over against Ivy Bridge in the Strand, at the house of one Mr Pym, a tailor, next door to the Black Bull Inn, which is now Bull Inn Court.

Being in the custody of the officers, he was had before Justice Blake, before whom he denied the fact with an undaunted confidence. However, as there was so much room for suspicion, the justice committed him to Newgate, where remaining till next morning, he was then conveyed to the place where Mr Fussel's body was. When he came there, he was commanded to take his dead brother-in-law by the hand, and touch his wounds before the coroner's inquest—a method mightily relied on by the defenders of sympathy.

But there having been nothing discovered by this experiment, he was remanded back to prison, and the jury proceeded in their inquiry, though with little hopes of satisfaction. Several ways were propounded by the foreman for the detection of the murderer; one of which was, that all

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the gunsmiths in London, and the adjacent places, should be examined what guns they had either lent or sold that day. This, in the opinion of most of the jurymen, was an unpracticable task ; and one Mr Holloway, a gunsmith in the Strand, who was one of the number, told them all that the men of his profession were so numerous that he thought it next to impossible for them to make such an inquiry without missing many ; that, for his own part, he had that day lent a carbine, and did not question but several of the trade did the same every day that passed. This saying of Mr Holloway's was presently taken hold of by the foreman, who desired him, for the satisfaction of them all, to declare to whom he had lent the said piece. Mr Holloway, after some small recollection, answered : " To one Mr Thompson in Long Acre, who had formerly been a major in the King's army, and was now married to a daughter of Sir James Aston." Upon this a speedy search was made after Major Thompson, who being abroad, his wife was taken into custody, and detained a prisoner till her husband should be produced, though she cleared herself very handsomely from having any knowledge of borrowing or even seeing any such thing as a gun.

Mr Thompson had that morning gone into the country on some urgent occasions ; but on the first news of his wife's confinement he returned hastily to London, where being examined before a justice of the peace, he confessed that he had borrowed a carbine from Mr Holloway at the time mentioned, for the use of Major Strangwayes, who told him that all he intended to do with it was to kill a deer ; and that having loaded it with a brace of bullets and a slug, he delivered it to the said Major Strangwayes, in St Clement's churchyard, between the hours of seven and eight at night.

This was all the certain intelligence they could get of what passed before the firing of the gun. Who did the desperate deed was never known ; for Mr Strangwayes carried that great secret with him to the grave, refusing to confess anything before man, and reserving this discovery for the general assize hereafter, when the inmost recesses of

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men's hearts shall be laid open. Thus much further they learned of Major Thompson, that between the hours of ten and eleven Major Strangways brought back the gun to his house, left it, and retired to his lodging.

These circumstances were enough to increase the suspicion of the inquisitive jury, and when they were told to Mr Strangways he seemed to be struck with terror, so that he continued some moments in a profound silence; afterwards he acknowledged in a very pathetic manner that the immediate hand of God was in the affair, for nothing less could have brought about such a wonderful detection. He further owned that, the night the murder was committed, he left one at his quarters to personate him, whom he took care to introduce about seven in the evening, while the people of the house were employed in their necessary affairs, and not at leisure to take any notice of his actions. This friend, he said, walked about the chamber, so as to be heard by all the family, which occasioned them to give a wrong deposition concerning Major Strangways being at home when he was examined before the magistrate. He added, that when the fact was committed (by whom, as we have observed already, he would never confess) he returned to his lodging, found means to discharge his friend, then hastened to bed, and lay there till he was apprehended at three in the morning.

On the 24th of February, 1658, Major George Strangways was brought to his trial at the sessions house in the Old Bailey; where, his indictment being read, and he commanded to plead, he absolutely refused to comply with the method of the Court unless, he said, he might be permitted, when he was condemned, to die in the same manner as his brother-in-law had done. If they refused this, he told them, he would continue in his contempt of the Court, that he might preserve his estate, which would be forfeited on his conviction, in order to bestow it on such friends as he had most affection for, as well as to free himself from the ignominious death of a public gibbet.

Many arguments were urged by the Lord Chief Justice



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Glyn, and the rest of the bench, to induce him to plead ; particularly the great sin he committed in refusing to submit to the ordinary course of the law, and the terror of the death which his obstinate silence would oblige them to inflict upon him. But these, and all the other motives they made use of, were ineffectual ; he still remained immovable, refusing either to plead or to discover who it was that fired the gun ; only affirming, both then and always afterwards till his death, that, whoever did it, it was done by his direction.

When the Court perceived they could work nothing on him, the Lord Chief Justice read the following dreadful sentence :—

“ That the prisoner be sent back to the place from whence he came, and there put into a mean room, where no light can enter ; that he be laid upon his back, with his body bare, save something to cover his privy parts ; that his arms be stretched forth with a cord, one to one side of the prison, and the other to the other side of the prison, and in like manner his legs shall be used ; that upon his body be laid as much iron and stone as he can bear, and more ; that the first day he shall have three morsels of barley bread, and the next day he shall drink thrice of the water in the next channel to the prison door, but no spring or fountain water ; and this shall be his punishment till he dies.”

Sentence being passed upon him, he was remanded back to Newgate, where he was attended by several eminent and pious divines till the day of his death—namely, Dr Wild, Dr Warmstrey, Mr Jenkins, Mr Watson and Mr Norton.

Monday, the last day of February, was the fatal day appointed for executing the judgment passed on him, when, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, accompanied with several of their officers, came to the press-yard in Newgate. After a short stay, Major Strangwayes was guarded down, clothed all in white, waistcoat, stockings, drawers and cap, over which was cast a long mourning cloak. From whence he was

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conducted to the dungeon, the dismal place of execution, being still attended with a few of his friends, among whom was the Reverend Dr Warmstrey, turning to whom he said : “ Sir, will you be pleased to assist me with your prayers ? ” The doctor answered : “ Yes, Major, I came on purpose to officiate in that Christian work. The Lord strengthen your faith, and give you confidence and assurance in Jesus Christ.”

After they had spent some time in prayers, the major addressed himself to the company in general, and with a voice something more elevated than ordinary spoke as follows :—

“ I thank my God I never had a thought in my heart to doubt the truth of the religion I profess. I die a Christian, and am assured of my interest in Christ Jesus, through whose merits I question not but ere long my soul shall triumph over her present afflictions in an eternity of glory, being reconciled to God by the blood of my Saviour. The Lord bless you all in this world, and bring you at last to a world of blessedness, which is the reward of the elect. The Lord bless me in this last and dreadful trial. So let us all pray, Jesus, Jesus, have mercy on me ! ”

Having said this, he took his solemn last leave of all his lamenting friends, and prepared himself for the dreadful assault of Death, with whom he was speedily to encounter. He desired his friends, when he gave the signal, to lay on the weights, and they placed themselves at the corners of the press for that purpose.

His arms and legs were extended, according to the sentence, in which action he cried out : “ Thus were the sacred limbs of my ever blessed Saviour stretched forth on the Cross, when He suffered to free the sin-polluted world from an eternal curse.” Then crying with a sprightly voice, “ Lord Jesus receive my soul,” which were the words he had told them, his mournful attendants performed their dreadful task. They soon perceived that the weight they laid on was not sufficient to put him suddenly out of pain, so several of them added their own weight, that they might the sooner

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release his soul. While he was dying, it was horrible to all who stood by, as well as dreadful to himself, to see the agonies he was put into, and hear his loud and doleful groans. But this dismal scene was over in about eight or ten minutes, when his spirit departed, and left her tortured mansion, till the great day that shall unite them again.

His body having lain some time in the press, was brought forth and exposed to public view, so that a great many beheld the bruises made by the press, one angle of which being purposely placed over his heart, he was the sooner deprived of life, though he was denied what is usual in these cases, to have a sharp piece of timber under his back to hasten the execution. The body appeared void of scars, and not deformed with blood, save where the extremities of the press came on the breasts and upper part of the belly. The face was bloody, not from any external injury, but the violent forcing of the blood from the larger vessels into the veins of the face and eyes. After the dead corpse had been thus examined it was put into a coffin, and in a cart that attended at the prison door conveyed to Christ Church, where it was interred.

While he was under sentence he wrote the following letter to Major Dewey, a Member of Parliament, who had married one of his sisters :—

DEAR BROTHER,—I hope for forgiveness from you and the rest of my friends ; for my conscience bears me witness that I was grievously provoked by my brother-in-law's wrongs. It was after he had abused me by prosecutions, and refused to fight me in single combat, that I suffered myself to be tempted to do what I did, though I intended only to have terrified and not killed him. In a word, each hath his desert ; he fell to my revenge, and I to the law. I suffer willingly, being satisfied that my crime is cancelled before the Almighty. From your dying brother,

G. STRANGWAYES.

It is said the major had often fallen into most impetuous storms of rage at the sight of Mr Fussel, and had offered

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him odds in length of weapon, to fight with him. Once in particular he met him in Westminster Hall, when they had a cause there depending, and told him that Calice Sands was a much fitter place for them, who were both Cavaliers, to dispute in, than that court, where most of the judges were their enemies. But Mr Fussel not only refused that way of deciding their quarrel, but indicted him as a challenger, which added fuel to his former rage, and put him upon the dreadful manner of satisfying his passion for which he suffered.

### GILDER-ROY

*A most barbarous Murderer of his Mother and Sister, who led a bloodthirsty Gang of Outlaws in Scotland and hanged a Judge. Executed in April, 1658*

THIS offender was descended of a very good family in the Highlands of Scotland. His father died just when he had seen his son reach that age at which the law supposes a man capable to manage his own affairs, and left him an estate in Perthshire of about eighty marks per annum. But though Gilder-roy was twenty-one years old, he was a worse economist than the old gentleman expected ; so that in about a year and a half all his substance was destroyed, his estate sold, and himself reduced to the most extreme necessity, notwithstanding the frequent admonitions of his friends against his profuseness, and their honest entreaties that he would reflect upon his condition before it would be too late.

His mother had a small jointure, with the income of which she supplied him, till she saw it was to no purpose, he still consuming all she could raise in a little time. At last she withheld her hand, and let him for the future shift for himself. This so irritated the villain that nothing but the death of the good old woman could pacify him ; in order to accomplish which, he arose one night and burst into his mother's bed-chamber violently while she was asleep, who had still been so unhappily tender as to let him lodge

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in her house. The rest of this action is shocking to relate. He cut the throat of his indulgent parent from ear to ear, ravished his own sister and a maidservant, left them both bound, took everything valuable out of the house, then set fire to it, burning that and the two deflowered maidens all together.

This almost unparalleled piece of barbarity filled the whole country round with horror; the author of it was suspected, and a considerable reward was offered in a proclamation issued out for apprehending him. The money, with the abhorrence everybody had of his crime, made it unsafe for him to stay any longer in his native country; so he fled into France, where he lived upon the spoil of his murdered mother until it was all spent, and he was obliged to make use of his wits for a livelihood.

Being once at St Denis, he went to the cathedral, a mausoleum for the kings of France, situated not far from the city of Paris, where during the solemnisation of High Mass several of the best quality were present. Here he applied himself to one who was seated most suitably for his design, and immediately with an air of assurance, as though he had known the gentleman, pointed to several of the fairest ladies, and endeavoured to make himself pass for a gallant to the ladies; which he might well enough do, he being as well dressed as anybody there. The French gentleman had by this time directed his attention more to his new acquaintance than to the devotion of the day; which Gilder-roy perceiving, he made signs that he intended to take a fine gold watch of great value from a lady's side just by, whom he perceived to be acquainted with monsieur. There being no mistrust of anything more than a joke (the Frenchman little thinking a thief had made him his companion), they whispered together where they should meet after service was over, and carry their prize to the fair owner, when she had been sufficiently grieved for her loss.

Satisfied with this fallacy, the French gentleman made the best of his way out of the church when High Mass

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was over, and left Gilder-roy to take care of himself, not doubting in the least but his new acquaintance would punctually meet him at the place appointed. But Gilder-roy was far enough in two hours' time, and the French gentleman did not suspect any treachery before, but imagined his delay might be occasioned by meeting a friend, or the like. However, being impatient, he went at last in confusion enough to inform the lady of what had passed. It was agreed the sharper had outwitted him, and that by his connivance he had stolen the watch in earnest; so he humbly asked her ladyship's pardon, and entreated her to accept of another watch of equal value from him, which he owned was but a just penance for the folly he had been guilty of in so credulously placing too much confidence in a stranger. In short, the lady, though full of resentment, accepted of the present, but discarded him from his former capacity of being her suitor, telling him she would never have a man so tame as to sit by and see her robbed, without taking her part.

From France he took a tour over the Pyrenean mountains into Spain, committing several notorious robberies in divers parts of that kingdom, particularly in Madrid. In this capital he found means to get a large quantity of plate from the Duke of Medina Celi, when all his servants were busied in an entertainment for foreign ambassadors. This trick was performed by a previous acquaintance with the steward, who introduced him at his pleasure.

Gilder-roy, after he had been about three years abroad, had the confidence to venture home again, supposing that though the horrible crime he had there committed would never be forgotten, yet the heat of inquiry after him was pretty well over. He now got together a great company of men, and made his name almost as terrible in some of the remote parts of Scotland as that of Robin Hood was formerly about the forest of Sherwood in England. Particularly in the counties of Athol, Loquabe, Angus, Mar, Baquahan, Moray and Sutherland, he was dreaded as much as a common enemy in time of war. The confusion of affairs

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in these kingdoms, we may conclude, contributed a great deal towards the establishing him in this manner, and his evading the stroke of justice so long as he did. All the common people he laid under contribution, and obliged them to allow him so many head of cattle quarterly for his protection, which he was so impudent as to grant them in form, by the means of which they might travel without molestation from him or any of his gang. It was in vain to think of not coming into his articles ; for those who were not willing to allow him part of their substance were sure to lose it all without any ceremony.

Among the persons said to be robbed by Gilder-roy we find the Earl of Linlithgow, from whom he took a gold watch, a diamond ring, and eighty broad-pieces. Oliver Cromwell is another mentioned on this occasion ; but the writers of that time, who endeavoured to throw all the indignities they could on the republican party, have probably made this usurper and his friends to be served in this manner much oftener than they really were. One gentleman, however, who fell in Gilder-roy's way, made a stout opposition with two of his servants, till one of the men was killed, and the master himself wounded ; Gilder-roy shot all their horses, mounted the gentleman upon an ass, and sent him to seek his fortune.

Three of this company were at last apprehended and sent to the Tolbooth in Edinburgh, out of which prison they broke, but were soon retaken, condemned, and executed at a distance without the city, where their bodies were left hanging as a terror to others, till they should drop down of themselves.

These three men were part of Gilder-roy's particular favourites ; whereupon he vowed revenge, and communicated his design to the rest of the gang, who all agreed to join with him in the execution of it. Their business was to waylay the judge—or Lord of Session, as they are there called—who had passed the sentence, and who was soon after so unhappy as to fall into their hands. His coachman and two footmen they stripped stark naked, tied them hand



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and foot, and threw them into a great pond, where they were immediately drowned. Then they killed the four coach horses, cut the coach all to pieces, and rifled his lordship of everything about him that was valuable. This was not, however, half the punishment they designed him, for they kept him confined in a wood till dead of night, and then they put him on horseback and brought him to the gallows where their comrades were hanging. The form of a gallows or gibbet in Scotland is something like our turnstiles, and consists of two beams that cross one another upon the top of a high post, so that they point four several ways. It was upon such a machine as this that those fellows were hung, and there was one of the points vacant. When they arrived at the place, Gilder-roy told the judge that, forasmuch as the structure was not uniform without a fourth person, his lordship must fill the vacancy, and take a swing upon the empty beam. As soon as he had delivered his jest he let the poor judge see that he intended to act in earnest, for a rope was instantly put round his lordship's neck, and he was fairly tucked up to keep the malefactors company.

We have not been informed of the name of this judge ; but the action, we are assured, was the occasion of a law that was soon after passed in Scotland for the hanging of a highwayman as soon as ever he was taken. This statute was afterwards often put in force against gentlemen of the pad, whom they convicted and condemned after their death, to keep up the form of justice.

A long series of success made Gilder-roy so insolent that he thought nothing of killing those who disputed the delivery of their money. He ravished almost all the women that he could get into his power, set fire to houses and barns upon the least affront, and spread an inexpressible fear in every part where he haunted. The great complaints that were raised were the occasion of a second proclamation for the taking of him either dead or alive, in which the reward offered was no less than one thousand marks. This obliged him again to take a little more care of his conduct,

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and live privately as often and as much as his money would permit.

One Peg Cunningham, whom he kept for a mistress, hearing of the proclamation, and perceiving that it hindered him from bringing her so much money as usual, thought it her best way to lay hold of this opportunity, play the down-right whore, and betray him. This she accomplished in her own house, which she caused to be surrounded with a body of men one night when he was with her. Gilder-roy heard a noise, and perceived that he was trepanned; nor was he at a loss to think by whom. Seeing therefore that he could no way escape, he resolved to be revenged on his betrayer; which he was before the guards could seize him. He took a knife and ripped up her belly as she lay in bed, where she kept, to prevent his suspecting her. After this he made as desperate a defence as ever was heard of, killing several of his adversaries as they attempted to come to him. But all this served only to aggravate his crimes; for he was taken and put into prison, where his hands, feet and waist were all loaded with irons for the greater security. Having been kept three days in this condition, he was conveyed to Edinburgh by a strong guard, and there executed, according to the law just now mentioned, on a gibbet thirty feet high, in April, 1658. He was thirty-four years of age, and died in a sullen temper, without any confession. His body was hung in chains on another gibbet erected for that purpose between Edinburgh and Leith.

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*Nephew to the Exeter Hangman, who turned Thief and Highwayman, and ended by marrying an Heiress.*

*His Autobiography written about 1660*

WE here present our readers with the remarkable life of a very great thief and cheat, as written by himself above fourscore years ago. This witty rogue is much talked of at this time in the west of England, where he was

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born, and where he wrote his life and actions—a life famous in those parts, and which we believe will prove diverting and agreeable to our readers here. The account which he gives of himself is as follows :

I was born in Exeter, a city in the county of Devon. My father's name was Thomas Gray, a native of the same city, and by trade a barber. His wife (who I believe was my mother) was a good-natured woman, and one who never denied a handsome spark any favour. My father was accused of keeping a younger brother of mine always at hand to pick his customers' pockets whilst they were shaving ; but the little diver was caught, and died in prison under the penance of a discipline applied to him with a little too much rigour. My father was much afflicted at it, for he drove a pretty trade with him, and he never had been a prisoner before, but always came off with honour. As to my own part, after many disputes between my parents about placing me out in the world, and they not agreeing to what trade, I was furnished with the first rudiments of Art, vulgarly called the Horn Book, and sent to school. I had not been there above eight days, before my mistress, who was a likely lass, perceived I was a lad of mettle, and might be proper to go her errands, and for that reason was kinder to me than the rest of the scholars, which made them envy me. From that time I began to keep company with those who were bigger than myself, and became intimate with a gentleman's son of the city, whose name was Mr Robert Langdon. Every holiday we went to play together ; hens' nests and orchards we robbed together. In short, I was never out of his company, which made my fellow-scholars either angry that I slighted them, or, thinking me presumptuous, they twitted me with my father's trade. One would call me Lord of the Razor, another Little Trimmer, and a third Young Soapsuds ; but these I did not regard, until one of my comrades, with whom I was playing, called me son of a whore. Upon which I threw a stone hard at him and broke his head, then took to my heels, ran to my mother, and told her the case, who commended my

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valour, and rejoiced to see how great an empire honour had already obtained over me. Away goes my father to seek out the boy, that he might wipe off this reproach, who asking his pardon, and peace being made, I was returned to school again.

Whilst I remained here I was always in company with the scholar before-mentioned, with whom I had contracted a great friendship. I used to exchange my tops and marbles with him, though mine were better. I gave him pictures, and complied so with his humours, that at last his father and mother, who knew nothing of the ill-repute of mine, finding their child took such delight in my company, were very well pleased when I dined, supped, or lay with their son, who in a short time was removed to a grammar school at Cullumpton, with myself to accompany him, to wean him from his parents' fondness, which commonly makes children dunces.

At this school we remained about five years, during which time nothing extraordinary intervened, but such tricks as are usually played at school. I and my young master made pretty good progress in our learning, and he being now arrived to the age of eighteen, his father took him from the school, and after he had kept him at home about three months, desirous of making his son a scholar, resolved to send him to Oxford, and I was asked if I thought fit to wait on him. My consent was easily obtained. Our clothes were packed up, and we mounted on horseback, accompanied by an old servant to carry our portmanteaus, defray the expenses of our journey, and bring back the horses. Nothing remarkable happened on the road; we arrived safe at Oxford. My young master was entered of B—— College, and I had lodgings at a private house (with several other gentlemen's servants), and waited on him only by day. My landlady was a mighty woman for what she called country affairs; so that the yard was well stocked with fowls of all sorts, sucking-pigs, etc.

On an evening, being at play in my room with some of the other servants, we heard a grunting without the door,

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which we opened, and presently in came a brace of young pigs, which we punished severely for their presumption in coming so near us ; and that night carried them to an ale-house, and made a brave feast of them. My master heard of it, and was very angry, but most of the gentlemen of the college laughed at it, and interposed in my behalf. It was not long before my young master came into the like opinion with me of now and then borrowing some of our neighbours' goods ; for he, with three more of his fellow-collegians, being apprised of a very fat calf which belonged to a farmer a little way from their college, made bold to take it away, but could not for a long time contrive how to get it into the college ; for it being late, and the gates shut, the porter would inevitably see them. But one more cunning than the rest bids two of them lift the calf upon the hind feet, then put his gown and cap on it, and thus supported the calf was led in. The porter, inquiring what was the reason they supported the gentleman so, was told it was a scholar a little in liquor, and by that stratagem they made many good meals on veal.

These and many other pranks we played there, when my master received a letter from his father, wherein was enclosed one for myself from an uncle of mine, the most noted man in Exeter ; for he was a finisher of the law, alias the hangman. This was the person who sent me the letter, a copy of which I have here transcribed, that you may see what a great affection he bore me.

TO MY DEAR NEPHEW, MR THOMAS GRAY

The great employment which I have under his Majesty has hitherto hindered me from writing to you. I am much afflicted to be the conveyancer of such news unto you as cannot be very welcome. Your father died eight days since, but the most generously I ever saw man. I will say this of him everywhere ; for I myself trussed him up. He mounted the ladder with a good grace ; but spying one of the rounds broken, and being a lover of order, he turned about to the

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sheriff and desired it might be mended for the next comer, who perhaps might be less active than himself. I cannot describe to you how handsomely he appeared in the eyes of all spectators. He sat himself down in a most becoming posture, took the cord himself and fastened the knot to it, and seeing the parson who attended him beginning to exhort him to repentance—"Sir," says he, "I have long since prepared myself for this action. Let us only sing a penitential psalm, and make an end, for I would not be troublesome to the company." Which done, he threw himself off the ladder, without making any ugly faces, and so continued near an hour with a most incomparable gravity. As for your mother, she was tried for a bawd, and convicted; was condemned to follow a cart through the city; but never received her punishment, dying of the jail distemper. I am extremely afflicted she should so dishonour our family, in which I have no small interest, being an officer of the King's; for the relation I had unto her is no mean discredit to me amongst persons of quality. I have your father's effects in my hands, which he bequeathed to you. I believe they will be worth about fourscore pounds. I am your uncle, and have no children, and design to resign my office to you. You may therefore on sight hereof provide yourself to come hither; for I persuade myself you will make a very worthy successor to me. I desire your speedy answer, and am, your affectionate uncle,

ROGER GRAY.

I must confess I was out of countenance at the shame and discredit of my parents, and the only comfort I had left was that I should shortly receive the money. I went to my young master, whom I still found reading his letters, in which his father commanded him to turn me off. He told me of it with some concern, and that he did not dare to disobey him; but offered to recommend me to a gentleman of his acquaintance. "Sir," says I to him, "my thoughts are higher than serving anybody; I renounce the meanness of all those conditions. I intend to scale honour, and if

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hitherto I have had one foot upon the ladder, as everyone knows, be pleased to understand that my father has mounted to the very top of it." I expounded my meaning to him by showing my uncle's letter; for he knowing who I was I might the more freely, and with less shame, discover the whole affair unto him. He was sorry at it, and asked me what I intended to do. I acquainted him with my designs. He paid me my wages, and made me a handsome present besides. I took my leave of him with a great deal of reluctance, went to my lodgings, dissembling my grief the best I could. I burnt my letter, fearing somebody might find it and discover my shame. Then I resolved to go to Exeter and take possession of my legacy, and also to know my relations, that I might the better avoid them, and shun the place of their habitation.

At length the day came when I was to abandon the most pleasant life I had yet known. God knows with what regret I bade adieu to so many friends and companions. I told what things I could, and by that and some other means had got above twenty pounds in my pocket. I bought a horse for about three pounds, and mounting him, left Oxford. Now being at large, I was willing to take a little pleasure, and for that reason visited Bath on my way home. There it was I met with a very ignorant self-conceited fellow, who called himself a poet. Our acquaintance began at supper, by his asking me (according to the custom of travellers) from whence I came. I told him from Oxford. "A curse light upon that place," replied he; "there's hardly a man of understanding there." "I wonder," says I, "you should so undervalue them; for I assure you there are many ingenious men at that university." "Ingenious men, say you!" replied he, all in a fury. "Who are they? I am sure I have been a country schoolmaster above these ten years, and am the author of several Christmas carols, yet none of your famous university ever took any notice of me. To convince you further, I will read one of them." Which he accordingly did. The subject was, *The Shepherds Meeting at Bethlehem*; but not one good line in it. However I flattered



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him, and commended what he called verses to the skies, and told him I entirely agreed with him that there was no comparison between the Oxonians and him, and asked him if he had ever read the Ordinances made lately against poets. He answered in the negative, and desired me to let him see them. The company joining with him in his request, I condescended; and taking them out of my pocket began to read them as follows:—

### ORDINANCES AGAINST A SET OF CRACK-BRAINED FELLOWS, COMMONLY CALLED OR KNOWN BY THE NAME OF POETS

I. Although we are credibly informed that there is a certain kind of vermin, called poets, who are much given to idolatry, worshipping ribbons, fans, gloves, shoe-strings, and the like; as also who daily commit infinite other sins much more heinous, as if they were barbarians, or Pagans; yet in regard they are Christians, and our neighbours, we are charitably inclined to work their reformation, and do therefore ordain that, in Easter Week, they be assembled together in some public place, then and there to be admonished of their errors. And in case any are touched with a sense of their errors, and willing to renounce their superstition, we shall discharge such with a proper certificate, and the rest we shall send with an order to the keeper of some eminent madhouse.

II. Forasmuch as divers have forsaken their idolatrous life (though they yet retain some relics of it) and delight in groves and woods, we ordain they leave off such foolish notions, or that such as affect to be solitary shall go and build cottages in the deserts of Arabia; and as for those who will not submit hereunto, we give them liberty to hire themselves out to old nurses, to sing and rock their children asleep in their cradles.

Here the pedant could no longer hold, but up he rose in a fury, and protested against the Ordinances, and appealed

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to Apollo in his Court of Parnassus. I had much ado to forbear laughing; but that I might be kept up no longer, for it was pretty late, I told him the Ordinances were only made in jest, and that he might choose whether he would obey them; which quieted him for the present, and then I proceeded:

III. We do adjudge that all women who shall fall in love with these kind of poets shall be comprised within the number of wilful murderers. And we further command that they be not buried in holy ground, but in the highway.

IV. Considering the great numbers of plays, songs, and miscellanies—of which collections have been made of late years—we ordain that all such bundles of copies as the pastrycooks' and chandlers' shops have saved shall be forthwith carried to the houses of office, there to be used as occasion shall require, any prohibition or injunction to the contrary notwithstanding.

V. Considering that there are three sorts of people in the kingdom who are so extremely miserable that they cannot live without poets, as lovers, ballad-singers, and stage-players, we, being charitably inclined to supply their wants, do permit that there be a certain number of poets tolerated for their use, provided they subscribe their works, and give notice of their dwellings, that they be brought to give an account of their misdemeanours and detractions, which for the most part they commit against persons of honour in their lampoons.

VI. Lastly, we command all poets in general to correct and amend their style; and that for the future they cease profaning of heavenly things, or adopting the names of angels, stars, suns and divinities unto such women as are ready for all comers; and this under pain of being sentenced to transportation for fourteen years.

They who heard those Ordinances read, desired copies of them, except our exasperated poet, who cried out in a pet that he need not make any defence, but appealed to all men of sense. At this passage all the company laughed very

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heartily, which made the jingler ten times worse. He called for the reckoning, paid his share, and left us ; and for my own part, seeing it was late, I made an end of our liquor, and went to bed.

Day came. I rose and took leave of the company—I mean such as were out of their beds—and proceeded on my journey. But nothing extraordinary happened till I got to Exeter, where I inquired of several people for my uncle, but could get nothing from them but a command to go and look for him, until I accosted a beggar in St Peter's churchyard, who informed me where he lived, and that he was for the present employed in brushing the shoulders of a brace of females who would not leave other people's shirts upon their hedges. I went to a neighbouring ale-house and gave a boy twopence to go and tell my worshipful relation I waited for him ; for I did not much care for his expressions of joy at my arrival in the open streets. In about two hours he came, and seemed extraordinary glad to see me, conducting me to his house, which was near a very large slaughter-house, the most noisome place in the whole city. "This is not a palace," said he, as he went into his house ; "but I can assure you, my dear nephew, it is very commodious for my office." We went in together to a place he called his parlour, which was hung round with the utensils of his trade, as whips, cords, branding-irons, etc. Never was galley-slave more astonished than myself. He asked me to sit down, which I did without much ceremony. "You are very lucky," says he, "in coming to-day. You will meet with a good supper, there being some friends of mine to sup with me." In the midst of his discourse in came a certain man in a tattered coat, and by what I could find by his discourse he was one of the jail solicitors. He laid down a bag he brought with him in a corner, which, instead of being filled with papers, was stuffed with goose, roast beef, etc. "Is not old Twister come yet ?" said he. "No," quoth my uncle ; but the word was hardly out of his mouth before a great scoundrel fellow entered the room. His face was all chequer-work, flat-nosed, with a hat the crown of which would have almost

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cased a steeple, and the brims were so large it might have served for a pent-house for three or four in rainy weather. "I must needs confess, dear godfather," said he to my uncle, "you have served your penitents to-day like good children indeed." With that the twig of the law took up the discourse. "They were poor sneaky rascals, who had not anything to buy a favour. I gave six shillings to the beadle of Launceston to befriend me as he did when I was forced to dance a couranto there." "For my part," said the other, "I did not grudge the money I gave at Salisbury, and yet the old thief made me sensible that one of more credit than myself had recommended me to him." "These officers," said my uncle, interposing, "are not men of honour as I am; for when I treat with anyone, I know how to acquit myself as becomes my quality." I listened to their discourse with abundance of regret, which one of them perceiving—"Is that one of the young men who passed through your hands last?" said he. "No, no," said my uncle, "it is a nephew of mine, a Master of Arts at Oxford, and a very ingenious young man." He begged my pardon, and proffered me his service; for which I thanked him very kindly, he being my uncle's assistant, who helped him at a pinch. In the meantime I was almost mad to get my money out of my uncle's hands, that I might be gone from him. To be short, the cloth was laid, and a boy they had got to attend them was sent for a lusty jug of ale. This boy was an ingenious lad, who knew how to get sixpence clear when they sent him for a groat's worth of ale. The case was, he would sell the pitcher for twopence, and pretend he had broken it and spilt the liquor.

They sat themselves down at the table, and I, being a stranger, was placed at the upper end. In a word, they stuffed their bellies so full that, what with the meat, and what with the wine, the vapours crept up into their pericraniums. They began to see double, and some to see such things as were not near them; for the ragamuffin lawyer took a plate of fried tripe, which swam in butter as black as ink, and thinking it to be broth, clapped it to his mouth to sup it up, saying, "It is good to have something of one's

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own ” ; and thinking to put it to his mouth, spilt one half in his bosom and the other on his clothes. Perceiving himself in that pickle, he rose from the table to clean himself, but his head was too heavy for his body, so that at the first step his nose kissed the ground ; with that he took hold of the leg of the table and, endeavouring to rise, upset it upon the other two. My uncle tried to get up, but being as far gone as the others, fell upon his colleague, who, finding himself down before he expected it, asked my uncle why he pushed him, and whether he was used to entertain his guests so ; and with that he took up a bone, intending to slay my uncle, who lay at full length dead drunk.

About a fortnight passed much after the above manner, during which time I was daily talking to my uncle about the money left by my father ; but he, being a man who understood little of good behaviour, put me to a great deal of trouble before I could bring him to my own bow. But at length he yielded, though with some reluctance ; for I could only make him bleed three of the four score pounds left me by my father, which he got by his industry, and entrusted to a person of honour, who was the depositary of all the thefts committed within ten miles of Exeter. To her we went, who received us with many welcomes, and wishes I might prove as honest and as able a man as my deceased father.

The money was tolled out, and my uncle seeing me take possession of my fortune—“ My dear nephew,” said he, “ you will do very ill should you squander away this money. Did I not know you to be a person of understanding, and withal mindful of the family from whence you are descended, I should be very cautious of delivering it into your hands ; but you have it, and God give you grace to make good use of it, and then, perhaps, you may enjoy part of my labours.” I returned him thanks for his kind offers, and having drunk sufficiently, took leave of the good woman, and with my uncle returned home, where we found his two companions, to whom we gave an account of what he had done. I perceived by their countenances and their discourse they expected a treat. I accordingly sent for a large jug of ale ;

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but not contented with that, my uncle was for a walk to Topsham the next day to see the ships, and I was to bear the expense of the day.

The morning being come, my uncle, his two pot-companions and myself took a walk to Topsham, and got into company with some sailors, who would have us go on board their ship and drink some flip; and my uncle, who was never backward in drinking, agreed to it, though in the sequel it proved but bad for him, for here he died a watery death, though he never delighted in that element. But the fault was in his tongue, and thinking himself as great as a lord (especially when drunk), he gave the captain of the ship some very scurrilous language, who, in return, tipped him over the side of the ship, and the water, which he had so naturally abhorred whilst living, took revenge on him at his death.

At first we made a great noise, and swore to hang the captain; but he soon quieted us, by getting us into his cabin. He plied us well with punch; and applying some gold to me and my companions, we signed a paper wherein we acknowledged that nobody had hurt my uncle, or touched a hair of his head (which was true, because he was bald), but that he, being very much in liquor, had tumbled overboard by accident. The coroner summoned a jury the next morning, who, after they had separately examined me and the two ragamuffins, found that my uncle's death was by accident. All that now remained was to lay him underground, desiring the earth, as it conceals so many gross faults committed by doctors, apothecaries, surgeons, etc., to hide one small fault of a captain and a little salt water. I shall give no further account of my relations or ancestors; but I suppose the latter descended from some great Norman who came over with William the Conqueror. Those who desire to know more of them may search the Heralds' Office, where, perhaps, they may satisfy their curiosity.

After the funeral was over (at which I did not shed one tear, because I saw nobody else do it), I took possession of my uncle's house and effects, the latter of which I sold off

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for about three and twenty pounds ; and not caring to stay any longer in my native place, I was resolved to make the best of my way to London ; and accordingly, hearing that the carrier had a spare horse, I hired him, and on we jogged the next morning.

Nothing remarkable happened till I got to Hounslow Heath, where it was my ill-fortune to meet as great a rogue as myself. I could not be contented to follow the wagon, but being in a hurry to view the metropolis of the kingdom, I rode on before, and about the middle of the heath met one of your highway collectors, who dismounted me, and robbed me of all my money ; and though I told him I was as great a rogue as himself, it would not save my money, for he demanded my credentials—that is, my pistols—but I had none. However, after much entreaty, he returned me about fifteen shillings, and in lieu of it took away the horse with him. The devil had a long time owed me a spite, and took this opportunity to pay it. I was left in a sweet condition. I did not dare to stay for the carrier, fearing he might stop me for the horse, and money I had none to pay him for it, except what the highwayman so charitably returned me. I even resolved to foot it the rest of the way, and got to London that evening, very weary and heavy-hearted. All I had to depend on was my industry, which is the only philosopher's stone, and converts all things to gold.

“ A man by art, and by deceit,  
Half a year may live complete.  
By the same deceit and art,  
He may live the other part.”

It was my fortune to take up my quarters in a street pretty famous for furnishing young apprentices with women's flesh, and for being the common receptacle of bullies. Here in less than four days I got acquainted with as great a rogue as ever was hanged, and he was my master of the ceremonies to introduce me to a gang of fellows like himself. I found them in a cellar, drinking and carousing, and was welcomed by three loud huzzas, and a stool ordered for me. Scarce



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was I sat down but in came one of the fraternity with a good cloak on his back, which he had exchanged for his own at a billiard-table, where he made as if he would play, but having the industry not to make one, he got to the place where the cloaks lay, and very dexterously borrowed the best of them, leaving his own in its stead. This was nothing in comparison with the next that came, who was always attended by a number of children all troubled with one disease or another.

That which drew such a rout after him was his pretending to cure and charm all diseases, either by saying some magical words, or giving them scrolls of paper to carry about them; by which means he got a pretty income.

After him came another, a grave demure man, who looked like a saint. His business was to go about the streets and sell little books of prayers and hymns. He had always some text of Scripture ready to vindicate what he said. He was thought to be a very holy man by the vulgar, and by this device got good store of money. If in his walk he chanced to find any door open, he went in with a great deal of confidence; if he found no one within, or if they were asleep, he never came away empty-handed. In case he found anyone, or if they happened to awake, he told them he came in, finding the door open, to advise of it, and that they had need be careful of night-walkers; and always concluded with some hypocritical advice.

I passed one month in observing the many ways of stealing practised by the society, but never went out upon the shark by myself, having always for my companion the person who first brought me acquainted with their ways. We two made a pretty good hand of it, and brought as much to the common stock as any. We had an old woman who sold everything we stole. She used to go from house to house, saying she was a poor woman forced to sell her goods by piecemeal to buy bread for herself and family. She would weep at every word, and sob and cry like a child, with which, and her other industry, she cheated charitable people, and sometimes to good purposes. This right



( HIGHWAYMEN *Hard Labour on the* ROADS )



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venerable and no less reverend old woman was grand protectress of our society, and chief treasuress. But upon a certain day, as the devil (who is never idle in such things as concern his good subjects) would have it, our good woman, going to sell a suit of clothes, and some other things, fell upon one who knew, among the rest, something that once belonged to himself. Presently he got a constable, who took her into custody. She soon squeaked, confessed all, and impeached our whole order; upon which we were soon secured, and guarded to Newgate.

At length the sessions came; we were arraigned at the bar, and after a pretty long trial our poor old woman was condemned to follow a cart's tail from Newgate to Tyburn, with a fellow to brush her shoulders. My comrades were condemned to live seven years in another country. My innocence appeared, God-a-mercy horse—gold I mean; and so I got clear for that bout.

I resolved to leave London and go to Bristol. The first stage I went was to Reading, where it was my fortune to meet with a company of players, and amongst the rest one who had been an acquaintance of mine at Oxford. He embraced me very kindly, and so far prevailed upon his friends that they admitted me into the company, and gave me several parts to get by heart. I had got such a trick, that I could not forbear walking up and down the chamber with the same earnestness as if I had been upon the stage.

It happened that the maid of the house was coming up with dinner just as I was upon a description of the hunting of wild beasts, and of a man being pulled down by a bear, as if it had been my own self; I began to cry out in a pitiful tone:

“ Save thyself, and fly this grisly bear,  
Or else thy body he will surely tear:  
Fast in my flesh are fix'd his direful claws;  
I fall a prey to his rapacious jaws.  
O fly away; for this I plainly see,  
As soon as I am dead, he'll murder thee.”

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The poor wench was so terrified with my cry, and action, that she verily believed I had really advised her to save herself from being devoured. The great haste in which she was in to be gone made her make but one step from the top to the bottom of the stairs: down she went, and the dishes with her. Away she got into the street, crying there was a bear in the house, killing and eating a man. I heard a noise, and, apprehending whence it came, went out to disabuse the girl; but notwithstanding all my haste, I found about a dozen men at the door, some with spits, some with halters, and others with swords, swearing and staring, and inquiring for the bear. I told them the whole story, and repeated the lines. They were mad and vexed at being made such fools of, and cursed the verses, and the poet too, to the pit of hell. But that little troubled me; that which concerned me most was, I was forced to lose my dinner.

My companions hearing of this adventure made the town ring with it, and I had the honour of being the subject of several ballads. Not long after, another accident happened which confounded us all. The master of our company had run into debt with a tailor for a very considerable sum for clothes and other necessaries for our use, and he, perceiving there was no likelihood of getting his money, arrested him, and his other creditors coming in, he lay under so many locks and keys that there was no likelihood of his getting out. By this means our company dwindled, and everyone shifted for himself. The truth is, I might have got into another company, but I was quite tired with that way of life.

My friend (who, I told you before, first introduced me into the above set of strollers, and with whom I had contracted a very intimate friendship) was resolved to accompany me to whatever part of the world I went. His name was Richard Brown. By his advice I took a resolution to revisit London, and on comparing our stock, found we could muster up two hundred pounds, by which we hoped to improve our fortune.

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Brown was a genteel, well-made fellow, had a tongue as smooth as oil, and a good address, and could cog a die or slip a card with anyone. We were both desperate as to our fortunes, and therefore resolved to make a bold push, either to gain more or be stripped; and if the latter happened, we thought of nothing but the last resort of gamesters, which was, either to hang ourselves, or get the county to furnish us with a proper officer.

We had not been in London above a week before we lost all our money, and almost all our senses; but recalling some of the latter, we (by pawning part of our clothes) got each of us a brace of pistols, and took an airing towards Barnet. On the road we met a chariot and four horses, furnished with an elderly gentleman and his daughter, from whom we took about forty pounds in money, a brace of watches and a silver snuff-box, the last of which the young lady begged very hard for; but we were inexorable, and lucky for us that we were so, for when we got to our lodgings we found a diamond ring in the box, which we sold for ninety-three pounds. This being my first setting out as a highwayman, I was unwilling to be caught, so that to prevent being pursued I shot one of the wheel-horses, which vexed the old gentleman more than his money; for he lost all patience, calling us rogues, villains, highwaymen and murderers. "What harm," says old crusty, "has the horse done you? Can you get anything by killing him, or do ye think he has got any money hid about him?" My companion did not like the old chap's expressions; so with a great oath commanded him to come out of the chariot, that he might search him. "For," said he, "you old fox, I'll rummage you all over." We found nothing about him but a tobacco-box, a silver dram-bottle and a pocket-book; the last of which we returned, on his promising not to give such scurrilous language any more to gentlemen of our profession; and the same night we got safe to London.

Flushed with our success, we often ventured out in the evening; but the worst was, whatever we got on the road, the dice swallowed. Our last exploit was near Richmond,

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where we attacked a gentleman and his man, well armed. We had no sooner bid them stand than the gentleman fired at us, but luckily missed us. The servant rode off as fast as his horse could go, whilst my comrade lodged a ball in the gentleman's arm, which made him yield. We robbed him of near three hundred pounds, wished him good-night, and rode off. Not far had we got before we found ourselves pursued, for the gentleman's servant had raised the county ; but, however, after a pretty deal of difficulty, we again got safe home.

This last adventure frightened both of us so much we did not venture at that sport any more ; for by a kind turn of fortune my friend got, in one night, above nine hundred pounds. It was then my advice that we should buy each of us a good horse, and go into the country for some time. My companion agreed to it, and pitched upon Bath and Bristol to pay a visit to ; and because we would set out with a good grace, we hired a servant to attend us, who proved an excellent one, for he was one of the most arch dogs I ever knew. He was by trade a saddler ; he sung tolerably, and played upon the violin. In short, we could put him upon nothing but he would undertake it ; so that we did not keep long upon the reserve of our servant, but let him into our designs, which were, to go a-fortune-hunting.

At last we arrived at Bath, where we pushed into all company, and had not been there a fortnight before our dexterous servant had got acquainted with a young girl who waited on two sisters, who were guarded by their mother and watchful uncle ; but, however, I made my addresses to one of them, wrote letters, and received answers, by help of my man, and found they were ten thousand pounds fortunes. My friend Brown cried me up in all places for a person of a great estate ; but the mother and uncle were inexorable. However the young lady was not ; for by means of a strolling clergyman, well daubed in the fist, we were married and fairly bedded in my own lodgings, nobody being privy to it but my spouse's sister, my landlady, my



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friend Brown, and my servant. My spouse's sister was a brisk lass, and, as I thought, wanted something. I persuaded Brown to address her, which he did, and the same parson joined them. However, this might have happened but poorly at last, had not the young ladies' father died, who was a Bristol merchant. He went over some time before to Jamaica to settle some affairs, but on his return was unfortunately (but fortunately for me and my brother adventurer) drowned; the news of which I received about a month after marriage. Hitherto all this had been secret, but on this news our marriages were publicly owned, and we demanded our spouses' fortunes. At first we were roughly treated; but the mother and uncle, both considering the indissoluble knot could not be untied, were reconciled, and in a little time we had their fortunes, and now both of us live happily.

It was but reason we should make some amends to our man for his services, so we proposed a match between him and his sweetheart, the latter of whom was very glad; for he had been pretty busy with her, she being then with child, which she confessed to her mistresses. When we asked our faithful servant the question, and told him of her confession, says he: "I fancy the sin is worth the owning, the creature is a sound piece of mortality. 'Tis but supposing the first night we lie together that we have been married four or five months, and all is well; so that, gentlemen, I am ready to obey your commands." In short, they were married, and we and our spouses gave them nigh on a thousand pounds. They have lately set up an inn within fifteen miles of Bristol, have good business, and live comfortably.

Thus far the wheel of fortune has gone round with me; what may hereafter happen I cannot foresee, but at present I'm resolved to live easy, and repent my former follies. Perhaps, gentle reader, you might have expected a tragical end had been my fate, but as yet I have got no further than matrimony and hanging; and that, you know, goes by destiny.

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### JOHN, RICHARD AND JOAN PERRY

*Mother and Sons, executed in 1661 on the false Statement  
of the First for the alleged Murder of Mr William  
Harrison, who appeared alive two Years later  
after strange Adventures*

ON the 16th of August, 1660, Mr William Harrison, aged seventy, steward to Lady Campden of Campden, in Gloucestershire, walked from Campden to Charringworth to receive her ladyship's rents. As he did not return at the usual time, his wife, about nine o'clock in the evening, sent her servant, John Perry, to meet him ; but neither Harrison nor the servant returned that night. On the following morning Edward Harrison, son of the aforesaid William Harrison, went towards Charringworth, and meeting the servant Perry on the road, he learned that his father was not to be found there. They next went together to Ebrington, a village between Charringworth and Campden, where they were told by one Daniel that a Mr Harrison called at his house the previous evening, but stayed there only a few minutes. They then went to Paxford, about half-a-mile distant, where, hearing nothing of Mr Harrison, they returned to Campden. On their road thither they accidentally heard that a hat, band and comb had been recently picked up by a poor woman on the highway between Ebrington and Campden. They therefore sought for the woman, in whose possession these articles were said to be, and having found her, and identified the hat, band and comb to be the property of Harrison, they were conducted to the precise spot where they were picked up. Adjoining the road was a large furze field, which they searched, supposing that Mr Harrison might have been murdered there, as the hat, band and comb were much hacked, and the latter stained with blood. Their search was, however, in vain ; and the news soon reaching Campden, so alarmed the inhabitants, that men, women and children commenced a general search for Mr Harrison, but with no success.

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Mrs Harrison's fear for her husband's safety now increased, and as her servant Perry, whom she had sent on the previous evening, had not duly returned, suspicion fell upon him as the murderer. On the next day Perry was apprehended, and examined before a Justice of the Peace concerning his master's absence, and his reason for staying from home all night—when he gave this account: that in consequence of his mistress sending him to meet his master between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, he went down Campden field towards Charringworth, where meeting one William Reed, of Campden, he apprised him of the object of his journey; and further told him that, as it was growing dark, he durst not venture on his journey on foot, but would return and saddle his young master's horse. He accordingly returned with Reed to Mr Harrison's gate, where they parted. He (Perry) remained there till, on one Pierce passing by, he joined him, walked a short distance into the fields, and returned with him also to Mr Harrison's gate, where they also parted. That he, John Perry, then went into his master's hen-roost, where he lay about an hour, but slept not. That when the clock struck twelve he rose and went towards Charringworth, till a great mist rising he lost his way, and so lay the rest of the night under a hedge. That at the break of day on Friday morning he went to Charringworth, where he inquired for his master of one Edward Plaisterer, who told him that he had paid him twenty-three pounds on the previous afternoon, but that he remained with him only for a short time. He then went to one William Curtis of the same town, who likewise told him that he had heard of Mr Harrison having been there the day previous, but being from home he did not see him. He then returned home, it being about five o'clock in the morning, when on the road he met his master's son, with whom he went to Ebrington and Paxford, as before stated.

Reed, Pierce, Plaisterer and Curtis, in their examination, corroborated the whole of Perry's statement.

On Perry being asked by the justice why he was afraid

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to go to Charringworth at nine o'clock, and so willing to go at twelve, he replied that at nine o'clock it was dark, but at twelve the moon shone. And on being further asked why, on returning home twice, after his mistress had sent him to meet Mr Harrison, and staying till twelve o'clock, he did not inquire at home whether his master had returned before he went a third time to seek him, he answered that he knew his master was not come home, because he saw a light in his chamber window, which was usual during Mr Harrison's absence from home. Notwithstanding this explanation, it was not thought prudent to discharge Perry till further inquiry was made after his master; and accordingly he remained in custody six days, during which time he was again examined at Campden, but nothing further was elicited.

Various reports now obtained circulation, one of which was that Perry, on being again pressed to confess what he knew of the matter, said that a tinker had killed his master. He told others that a gentleman's servant of the neighbourhood had robbed and murdered him; and to others he said that he was murdered and hid in a certain beanrick, where search was made for the body, but in vain. At length he promised to disclose the whole affair if he were examined by the justice before whom he had deposed his former statement. On Friday, the 24th of August, he was again examined, when, in reply to the question whether he would confess what had become of his master, he said that he was murdered, but not by him. On the justice telling him that if he knew him to be murdered it was most probable that he knew the murderer, he confessed that he did; and further, that his mother and brother had murdered Mr Harrison. The justice warned him of the serious nature of the charge, but he persisted in his assertion, which he justified by the following circumstances.

The prisoner now deposed that his mother and brother had depended on him ever since he entered into his master's service, telling him that it was in his power to relieve them, by apprising them of the day on which Mr Harrison went

## JOHN, RICHARD AND JOAN PERRY

to collect his rents, when they proposed to waylay him and rob him. That accordingly he acquainted his brother of the day, and walked with him a short distance on his leaving home to search for Mr Harrison in the evening. That they then parted; but meeting again near Campden church, he proposed that his brother should pursue his master through some adjoining gardens, while he walked in the fields. That he soon afterwards found his master on the ground in the middle of the garden, his brother leaning over the body, and his mother standing beside him. That on being asked whether his master was dead he answered No; and that after he came up to them Mr Harrison cried: "Ah, rogues! will you kill me?" He now told his brother he hoped he would kill his master, when he replied: "Peace! peace! you're a fool," and then strangled him. Which being done, he took a bag of money out of Mr Harrison's pocket and threw it into his mother's lap. Then he and his brother agreed to throw the body into a great sink by Wallington's Mill, behind the garden; but his mother and brother requesting him to watch at a distance, and listen if all were safe, they undertook to dispose of the body accordingly.

On being asked whether it was thrown there, he replied that he knew not; but that his mother and brother having promised to dispose of it, he left them, and went into the village of Campden. Here he met John Pierce, with whom he went into the fields, and returned to his master's gate; after which he went into the hen-roost, as before stated. Having brought with him his master's hat, band and comb, after cutting them in pieces, he threw them into the high-road, that it might be believed that his master was murdered there.

Upon this confession and accusation, warrants were issued against Joan and Richard Perry, the mother and brother of the aforesaid John Perry; but all attempts to find the body proved ineffectual. On Saturday, 25th of August, the three prisoners were examined, when Joan and Richard, on being confronted with John, denied the charge in the most positive terms; as also an accusation made by John

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of their having broken open Mr Harrison's house, and robbed him of a hundred and forty pounds in the previous year. At the next assizes two indictments were accordingly found against the three. As the body had not been found, the judge refused to try them for the murder. They were, however, induced to plead guilty to the indictment for the burglary. John still persisted in the story that his mother and brother had murdered Harrison, and further, that they had attempted to poison him while in prison.

At the following spring assizes they were again indicted for the murder, and severally pleaded not guilty, when John's confession being produced in evidence, he said that he was mad at the time when such confession was made. They were, however, found guilty, and were executed shortly afterwards on a hill near Campden, John Perry being hung in chains.

About two years after the execution of these unfortunate persons Mr Harrison returned to Campden, in good health. As the case excited considerable interest, Mr Harrison explained the whole of the circumstances which had thus detained him, in the following letter to Sir Thomas Overbury, a magistrate of the county of Gloucester :—

FOR SIR THOMAS OVERBURY, Kt.

HONOURED SIR,—In obedience to your commands, I give you this true account of my being carried away beyond the seas, my continuance there, and return home.

One Thursday, in the afternoon, in the time of harvest, I went to Charringworth, to demand rents due to Lady Campden, at which time the tenants were busy in the field, and late before they came home, which occasioned my stay there till the close of the evening. I expected a considerable sum, but received only three and twenty pounds. In my return home, in the narrow passage amongst Ebrington furzes, there met me one horseman, and said, "Art thou there?" and I, fearing he would have rode over me, struck his horse on the nose. Whereupon he struck at me with his

## JOHN, RICHARD AND JOAN PERRY

sword several blows, and ran it into my side, while I, with my little cane, made my defence as well as I could. At last another came behind me, ran me into the thigh, laid hold on the collar of my doublet, and drew me to a hedge near to the place, when another came up. They did not take my money, but mounted me behind one of them, drew my arms about his middle, and fastened my wrists together with something that had a spring lock to it, as I conceived; they then threw a great cloak over me, and carried me away. In the night they alighted at a hayrick, which stood near a stone-pit, by a wall side, where they took away my money. About two hours before daybreak, as I heard one of them tell the other he thought it to be then, they tumbled me into the stone-pit. They stayed, as I thought, about an hour at the hayrick; when they took horse again, one of them bid me come out of the pit. I answered, they had my money already, and asked what they would do with me. Whereupon he struck me again, drew me out, put a great quantity of money into my pockets, and mounted me again after the same manner; and on the Friday, about sunset, they brought me to a lone house upon a heath, by a thicket of bushes, where they took me down almost dead. When the woman of the house saw that I could neither stand nor speak, she asked them whether they had brought a dead man. They answered No; but a friend that was hurt, and they were carrying him to a surgeon. She answered, if they did not make haste, their friend would be dead before they could reach one. There they laid me on cushions, and suffered none to come into the room but a little girl. We stayed there all night, they giving me some broth. In the morning, very early, they mounted me, as before, and on Saturday night they brought me to a place where were two or three houses, in one of which I lay all night on cushions by their bedside. On Saturday morning they carried me from thence, and about three or four o'clock they brought me to a place by the seaside, called Deal, where they laid me down on the ground; and one of them staying by me, the other two walked a little off to meet a man,



## NEWGATE CALENDAR

### COLONEL JAMES TURNER

*A Spendthrift London Merchant, against whom three Robberies  
from other Merchants were proved. Executed  
21st of January, 1663<sup>1</sup>* .

A gentleman was born in the city of Worcester, in the year 1609, of very wealthy parents, who placed him with a goldsmith of reputation in London as soon as of years for a trade. With this man he served his apprenticeship very faithfully, and had the character of being a young man well qualified for business. When his father thought proper to put him into trade for himself he gave him a stock of no less than three thousand pounds, to which he soon added two thousand pounds more by marriage. He had great success in business for some years, and was esteemed the wealthiest man in his neighbourhood, so that his word would have passed for almost any sum.

Mr Turner had always a considerable inclination for pleasure and company, taking peculiar delight in associating himself with the gentlemen who were officers of the city Militia. Among these he was complimented with a captain's commission, then a major's, then a lieutenant-colonel's, and at last with the command of one of the regiments, in which he continued till the unhappy action that brought him to his end was discovered, to the surprise of all the world.

The colonel's temper was very generous and noble, which, it is thought, in some measure brought on him that decay of his fortune which he afterwards laboured under. In his post, particularly, whenever he marched out with his regiment, he was very liberal in his entertainments, and commonly ran himself to four times the expense that was necessary. It was the same on every other occasion; no man was more free with his money, or more ambitious of living in splendour and reputation, than Colonel Turner.

This disposition had with him the same effect as it commonly has with others who ruin themselves by their

<sup>1</sup> For trial, see Borrow, vol. ii.

## COLONEL JAMES TURNER

generosity. He had no notion of retrenching his expenses when he perceived his substance waste, but was resolved to support himself with the same pomp as usual, however he came by the money. It was easy for such a man to commit a great many little secret actions that were in themselves dishonourable, before he lost his character, on account of his great business. Several of these things discovered themselves after he was convicted, which even the persons who were wronged did not suspect before. One instance in particular will be well worth relating, and was as follows.

He applied himself one day to a merchant, and bought of him as much train oil and rice as came to three hundred and sixty pounds, which he promised to pay for as soon as the goods were delivered. Accordingly the day after he went to the merchant's house, and gave him the full sum in money and notes; for which the merchant wrote a receipt while it all lay on the desk. Two of Turner's accomplices (for he made use of assistants) came just at this time, and pretended some urgent business with the merchant, and, in short, played their part so well that one of them got off with the greatest part of Turner's payment while the other kept the innocent man in discourse. Neither of them took any more notice of the colonel than if they had not known him, nor did the merchant imagine he had any concern in the matter till he was found guilty of another crime, of which take this short account.

There was one Mr Francis Tryon, a great merchant, who lived in Lime Street, whom Colonel Turner knew to be very rich. In order to rob this man, one of the above-mentioned fellows conveyed himself into his cellar in the dusk of the evening, and as soon as Mr Tryon was abed and, as he thought, asleep, he let the colonel in at the door. They went up together to his bedchamber, bound him, gagged him, and used him in a very barbarous manner; and then, going into his warehouse, they took from thence a large quantity of diamonds, sapphires, rubies, etc., which Turner knew where to find. Then they took all the money in the house, which amounted to a very large sum; so that

## NEWGATE CALENDAR

the whole booty was reputed to be of the value of five thousand nine hundred and forty-six pounds four shillings and threepence. They made off with all this quietly. Mr Tryon had a man and a maidservant, but they both lay abroad this night by permission, of which the colonel had before received information.

Strict inquiry was made after the thieves, and all such jewels as were remarkable were particularly described. Turner thought himself secure in his character, which had so long screened him, but some of the things described were seen in his house, and the discoverers were resolved to examine further. Whereupon the colonel, his wife and three sons, John, William and Ely, were apprehended, and upon search almost all the jewels were found. There was now no room for evasion; the whole family were carried before Sir Thomas Allen, Knight and alderman, and all committed to Newgate.

At the next sessions they were all indicted for the said robbery; but after a full examination of what evidence they had, and considering what the colonel himself said in his defence, it was thought proper by the Court to acquit the wife and sons, and to bring the colonel in guilty. Whereupon the usual sentence of death was passed on him, and he was executed on the 21st of January, 1663, when he was drawn in a cart from Newgate to the end of Lime Street in Leadenhall Street, and there hanged on a gibbet erected for that purpose, being fifty-three years old.<sup>1</sup>

The colonel left a paper behind him full of expressions of piety and contrition, too long to be inserted here. We would only observe that though all who knew him wondered at the fact, yet everyone believed him guilty, because the proofs were so clear.

There was a robbery in his lifetime which nobody could then find out, but after his death it was generally thought he was the manager. A letter was sent to a wealthy dealer at Chichester, signed with the name of a merchant his acquaintance in London, informing him of a profitable pur-

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix No. 3.

## MOSES DRAYNE

chase in his way, and inviting him to town. The Chichester man had before received advices of this kind from the same friend, and found them of service, therefore scrupled not, but set out the next day with what money and notes he had in the house ; but before he got half-way to London he was robbed of all by two men in disguise. He soon found his correspondent had not sent to him, and was astonished. Colonel Turner's death cleared all, he knowing both their circumstances.

## MOSES DRAYNE

*Ostler, hanged at Brentwood in 1667 for the Murder (by a Chelmsford Innkeeper and his Family some Years before) of Thomas Kidderminster, a Guest*

THOMAS KIDDERMINSTER was the only son of Walter Kidderminster of Tupsley, in the county of Hereford ; but being wronged out of his paternal estate by the intrigues of his stepmother, he was compelled very early in life to enter into the service of the Bishop of Ely, who at length employed him as his steward till the commencement of the Civil War and the commitment of that prelate to the Tower for his unshaken loyalty.

Mr Kidderminster was employed in the management of other gentlemen's estates in Cambridgeshire till, thinking it prudent to convert his property into money, and endeavour to settle upon or sell his estate which he claimed in Herefordshire, after sending his wife to London, who was then pregnant, and telling her he would return in about ten days, he departed from Cambridgeshire, through Essex, with a number of writings, taking with him about five or six hundred pounds in gold.

Travelling in a by-road for safety, Mr Kidderminster took a guide with him ; but on reaching Chelmsford at night he was discharged. Mr Kidderminster then put up at the White Horse Inn, where it appears he had lain at other times, and was very well known ; but there he was

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murder committed. A blow upon the side of the head was the cause of the person's death.

Mr Turner, to vindicate the reputation of the house, had applied to the Justices of the Peace of the county. These had issued out warrants against Sewell, who formerly kept the inn, and his wife, who were taken before the justices; but upon their examination they had denied all knowledge of the matter. The magistrates, however, had bound them to appear at the next assizes. Sewell had died about a fortnight before the assizes, but it was suspected that he had been poisoned by his wife. He had shown visible signs of a troubled mind. He had often desired his wife to allow him to speak to some of the chief men of the town, for otherwise he could not die; which his wife would not permit.

At the assizes Mrs Sewell had appeared, and nothing being positively proved against her, she had been continued under bail till the next assizes, at which time the Lord Chief Justice, Sir Orlando Bridgman, had gone the circuit, and finding that no clear account of the person murdered could be ascertained, nor who were the murderers, he had ordered that notice should be inserted in the newspapers, at Lent Assizes, by which means Mrs Kidderminster had the first intimation of it.

Mrs Kidderminster, returning from Chelmsford, made inquiry at Romford for the ostler, Moses Drayne.

She asked him to describe a man who left his horse behind him when he was ostler at the White Horse, in Chelmsford—what clothes he wore—for she had some suspicion it might be her husband. He answered that the gentleman was a tall, big, portly man, with his own hair, dark brown, not very long, curled up at the ends; that he wore a black satin cap, and that his clothes were of a dark grey; which she found agreed with her husband's figure. She then asked him what hat he wore. He replied, "A black one." "Nay," said she, "my husband's was a grey one." At which words he changed colour several times, and never looked up in her face afterwards, but told her that one Mary Kendall, who had been a servant at Chelmsford

## MOSES DRAYNE

at the time of the gentleman's stay there, could inform her much better.

The justice (Mildmay) now issued out a warrant for the apprehension of Moses Drayne, the ostler, who was immediately committed. After which Mary Kendall was traced to London, and was committed to Newgate. Here she was told by the prisoners that her running away was an argument of guilt, and that therefore she would be hanged; upon which she confessed all to Mrs Kidderminster, and told her she would not have continued so long in an obstinate denial, but that Sewell's daughters had threatened her that if she confessed, they would swear against her, and have her hanged first.

Sewell's wife in the meantime died of the plague; but Mrs Kidderminster, with the special consent of the Lord Chief Justice Bridgman, caused Mary Kendall to be removed from Newgate to Brentwood the day before the assizes.

On the arraignment of Drayne, Mary Kendall gave in evidence that she was a servant-maid in the inn where the gentleman was murdered, and that she, having dressed herself in her best clothes, had leave of her master to go to Kilden, where her father lived; and upon her return home that night her mistress bid her fetch a pair of sheets, and lay them upon the bed in the room called the King's Arms. When she came into the room she found the gentleman standing with his back towards the fire, and with his hands behind him. He drank to her, and made her drink up her glass of beer, and bid her go and fetch him a napkin, to make him a cap. He asked her whether she was the man of the house's daughter, or his maid. She answered she was his servant. The master and mistress being in the room all this while, and having supped together with the gentleman, he, in the presence of the maid and the mistress, delivered his cloak-bag to the master of the house, and told him there was in it near six hundred pounds and writings of considerable value. Then her mistress bade her go to bed, and lie with the younger children in the farther end of the house, that being not her usual lodging, where she was locked in

## NEWGATE CALENDAR

that night, and her mistress unlocked the door in the morning. She said that between one and two of the clock in the morning she heard a great fall of something, and that it shook the room where she lay, though it was at the farthest part of the house. When she came down in the morning she found her master and mistress, and the ostler, sitting very merrily at the fire, with a flagon of drink before them, none of them having been in bed that night, nor the two daughters, Betty and Priss, who were appointed to lie in the same room where the maid used to lie. She not seeing the gentleman stirring in the morning, after some time asked her mistress if the gentleman had gone. "Yes," answered she, "though you were so good a housewife that you could not get up"; and blamed her for lying in bed so long. She asked her mistress whether the gentleman left her anything. "Yes," said her mistress, "he left you a groat," and put her hand in her purse and gave it her. "Then," said the maid, "I will go and make clean the chamber." "No," said the mistress, "my daughters and I have set that to rights already; do you what you are about, and then go to your flax-wheel." The chamber door was kept locked for eight or nine weeks afterwards, and no person admitted to enter it but themselves. Once she asked her mistress why that room was locked, and not kept clean for guests as usual: the mistress answered they had no guests fit for that room, for it was kept for gentlemen.

Some time afterwards, on a Sunday, her master gave her the key to fetch his cloak out of his chest in his chamber; there she saw the gentleman's suit of clothes, and his cloak-bag, which she saw him deliver to them. About nine weeks afterwards her mistress sent her up into the room where the gentleman had been murdered to fetch something, it being the first time she had been in that room since it had been locked. She searched over the room, and looked upon the tester of the bed, and there she saw the gentleman's hat, his hanger, boots, and the satin cap which she took off the gentleman's head and hung upon his hat and laid it upon the table, when she made a cap of the napkin, and



## MOSES DRAYNE

put it on the gentleman's head. She took the gentleman's hat, his hanger, boots and cap, and carried them down to her mistress and the ostler. She said to her mistress: "You said the gentleman was gone to London in a coach; did he go without clothes, or did you lend him some? For I saw his clothes in my master's chest, and these things are his too." The ostler said: "You lie like a w——; those things are mine." The maid answered: "You are a rogue; I am sure they were the gentleman's; I know not whose they are now." Her mistress hearing the maid and the ostler quarrelling, she fell upon the maid, and there arose violent words betwixt them, when her mistress broke her head in three several places, so that the blood ran about her ears. The maid talked the louder, and asked her mistress whether she intended to murder her, as she did the gentleman. Then her master hearing this disturbance came to them, and persuaded her to hold her tongue and be quiet. She further deposed that the ostler had from his master sixty pounds of the gentleman's money, for that some short time after the murder he lent sixty pounds to a woman who kept the Greyhound Inn in the same town; and that that must be the money, for the ostler was worth nothing of his own at the time of the murder; and that the ostler had the gentleman's clothes, which she had seen in her master's chest; and that the ostler sent them to one Clarke, a dyer in Modsam, to have them dyed into a liver colour. The dyer asked him why he would have the colour altered, since they were of a better colour before: the ostler answered that he would have them dyed because he did not like the colour; and that about a twelvemonth after he dyed the grey hat black. Then she deposed further, that her master raised himself to a good condition on a sudden; for before, he was so poor that his landlord would not trust him for a quarter's rent, but would make him pay every six weeks; and that he could not be trusted for malt, but was forced to pay for one barrel under another. That shortly after, they bought a ruined malt-house and new built it, and usually laid out forty pound in a day to buy barley. There was seen,

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upon a sudden, a great change in the daughters' condition, both as to their clothes and otherwise; and if she bought but a hood for one of the daughters, there was a piece of gold changed; and they were observed to have gold in great plenty.

There were two women, one of them a washerwoman of that town, and the other a Quaker, that lived next house to Mr Sewell, who both gave evidence at the trial. The washerwoman was going by the house very early, between one and two in the morning, to wash in the town, and the Quaker was sitting up for her husband, who was not then come home. They both of them made oath that about those hours they heard a noise in Mr Sewell's house, and a man's voice crying: "What! will you rob me of my money, and murder me too? If you take my money, spare my life." Then they heard something that fell very heavy, and a noise as it were of chairs and stools thrown about the room, and all the lights put out, and after that no further noise was heard.

The next morning these women inquired at the inn what might be the occasion of the noise the night before, for they thought they heard somebody cry out "Murder!" But they were answered they must be mistaken, for there was no noise there, nor was any person in the house but their own family.

William Denton, Mr Kidderminster's servant in the Isle of Ely, was produced as evidence to prove the horse and the gentleman's clothes and hat, which he did.

Upon this evidence the jury found Moses Drayne, the ostler, guilty; and after sentence he was remanded to prison, where he was about to make a sincere confession, but his wife, coming in in the meantime, took hold of him, and bade him hold his tongue and confess no more, for if he died for it he should hang nobody else.

Moses Drayne having confessed that Betty, the eldest daughter, had a share in the murder, and Mary Kendall having sworn at the trial that the two sisters were not in bed that night the murder was committed, moved the coroner to procure a warrant from a Justice of the Peace

## MARY FRITH OTHERWISE MOLL CUTPURSE

to apprehend the two sisters ; which being done, they were bound over to appear at the next assizes. When the assizes came, both the daughters appeared, and a bill of indictment was preferred against them to the grand jury ; against whom Mary Kendall gave the same evidence that she had done before at the trial of Moses Drayne, and also what he had confessed in the prison. But the grand jury, thinking the evidence not sufficient to find the bill, returned an *ignoramus*, and the two sisters were discharged by proclamation.

## MARY FRITH OTHERWISE MOLL CUTPURSE

*A famous Master-Thief and an Ugly, who dressed  
like a Man, and died in 1663*

MARY FRITH, otherwise called Moll Cutpurse, from her original profession of cutting purses, was born in Barbican in Aldersgate Street, in the year 1589. Her father was a shoemaker ; and though no remarkable thing happened at her nativity, such as the flattering sooth-sayers pretend in eclipses, and other the like motions above, or tides, and whales, and great fires, adjusted and timed to the genitures of crowned heads, yet, for a she-politician, she was not much inferior to Pope Joan ; for in her time she was superior in the mystery of diving in purses and pockets, and was very well read and skilled too in the affairs of the placket among the great ones.

Both the parents (as having no other child living) were very tender of this daughter, but especially the mother, according to the tenderness of that sex, which is naturally more indulgent than the male ; most affectionate she was to her in her infancy, most careful of her in her youth, manifested especially in her education, which was the most strictly and diligently attended, by reason of her boisterous and masculine spirit, which then showed itself, and soon after became predominant. She was above all breeding and instruction. She was a very tomrig or hoyden,<sup>1</sup> and

<sup>1</sup> Smith's word for this is "rampscuttle."

## NEWGATE CALENDAR

delighted only in boys' play and pastime, not minding or companying with the girls. Many a bang and blow this hoyting procured her, but she was not so to be tamed, or taken off from her rude inclinations. She could not endure that sedentary life of sewing or stitching; a sampler was as grievous to her as a winding-sheet; and on her needle, bodkin and thimble she could not think quietly, wishing them changed into sword and dagger for a bout at cudgels. Her headgear and handkerchief (or what the fashion of those times was for girls to be dressed in) were alike tedious to her, she wearing them as handsomely as a dog would a doublet; and so cleanly, that the sooty pot-hooks were above the comparison. This perplexed her friends, who had only this proverb favourable to their hope, that "An unlucky girl may make a good woman"; but they lived not to the length of that expectation, dying in her minority, and leaving her to the swing and sway of her own unruly temper and disposition.

She would fight with boys, and courageously beat them; run, jump, leap or hop with any of her contrary sex, or recreate herself with any other play whatsoever. She had an uncle, brother to her father, who was a minister, and of him she stood in some awe, but not so much as to restrain her in these courses; so that seeing he could not effectually remedy that inveterating evil in her manners, he trepanned her on board a merchant ship lying at Gravesend, and bound for New England, whither he designed to have sent her. But having learned to swim, she one night jumped overboard and swam to shore, and after that escape would never go near her uncle again. Furthermore, it is to be observed that Mercury was in conjunction with, or rather in the house of, Venus at the time of her nativity, the former of which planets is of a thievish, cheating, deceitful influence; and the other hath dominion over all whores, bawds and pimps, and, joined with Mercury, over all trepanners and hectors. She hath a more general influence than all the other six planets put together; for no place nor person is exempted from her, invading alike both sacred and profane—nunneries

## MARY FRITH OTHERWISE MOLL CUTPURSE

and monasteries, as well as the common places of prostitution—Cheapside and Cornhill, as well as Bloomsbury or Covent Garden. Under these benevolent and kind stars she grew up to some maturity. She was now a lusty and sturdy wench, and fit to put out to service, having not a competency of her own left her by her friends to maintain her without working; but as she was a great libertine, she lived too much in common to be enclosed in the limits of a private domestic life. A quarter-staff was fitter for her than a distaff. She would go to the ale-house when she had made shift to get a little stock, spend her penny, come into anyone's company, and club till she had none left; and then she was fit for any enterprise. Moreover, she had a natural abhorrence to tending of children, to whom she ever had an averseness in her mind, equal to the sterility and barrenness in her womb, never (to our best information) being made a mother.

She generally went dressed in man's apparel. No doubt but Moll's converse with herself informed her of her defects, and that she was not made for the pleasure or delight of man; and therefore, since she could not be honoured with him, she would be honoured by him, in that garb and manner of raiment which he wore. This she took to from her first entrance into a competency of age, and to her dying day she would not leave it off.

Though she was so ugly in any dress as never to be wooed nor solicited by any man, yet she never had the green sickness, that epidemical disease of maidens after they have once passed their puberty; she never ate lime, coals, oatmeal, tobacco-pipes, cinders, or such-like trash; no sighs, dejected looks, or melancholy clouded her vigorous spirits, or repressed her joviality; she was troubled with none of those longings which poor maidens are subject to. She had the power and strength to command her own pleasure of any person who had reasonable ability of body; and therefore she needed not to whine for it, as she was able to beat a fellow to compliance, without the unnecessary trouble of entreaties.

Now Moll thinking what course of life she should betake

## NEWGATE CALENDAR

herself to, she got acquainted with some fortune-tellers of the town, from whom, learning some smatch and relish of that cheat, by their insignificant schemes, and calculating of figures, she got a tolerably good livelihood. But her income being not equivalent to her expenses, she entered herself into the Society of Divers, otherwise called file-clyers, cutpurses or pickpockets ; which people are a kind of land pirates, trading altogether in other men's bottoms for no other merchandise than bullion and ready coin, and they keep most of the great fairs and marts in the world. In this unlawful way she got a vast deal of money ; but having been very often in Old Bridewell, the Compters and Newgate for her irregular practices, and burnt in the hand four times, she left off this petty sort of theft, and went on the highway, committing many great robberies, but all of them on the Roundheads, or rebels, that fomented the Civil War against King Charles I. ; against which villains she had as great an antipathy as an unhappy man that, for counterfeiting a half crown in those rebellious times, was executed at Tyburn, where he said that he was adjudged to die but for counterfeiting a half crown ; but those that usurped the whole Crown, and stole away its revenue, and had counterfeited its seal, were above justice, and escaped unpunished.

A long time had Moll Cutpurse robbed on the road ; but at last, robbing General Fairfax of two hundred and fifty jacobuses on Hounslow Heath, shooting him through the arm for opposing her, and killing two horses on which a couple of his servants rode, a close pursuit was made after her by some Parliamentary officers quartering in the town of Hounslow, to whom Fairfax had told his misfortune. Her horse failed her at Turnham Green, where they apprehended her, and carried her to Newgate. After this she was condemned, but procured her pardon by giving her adversary two thousand pounds. Now Moll being frightened by this disaster, she left off going on the highway any more, and took a house, within two doors of the Globe tavern in Fleet Street, over against the Conduit, almost facing Shoe

## MARY FRITH OTHERWISE MOLL CUTPURSE

Lane and Salisbury Court, where she dispensed justice among the wrangling tankard-bearers, by often exchanging their burden of water for a burden of beer, as far the lighter carriage, though not so portable.

In her time tobacco being grown a great mode, she was mightily taken with the pastime of smoking, because of its singularity, and that no woman ever smoked before her, though a great many of her sex since have followed her example.

Moll being quite scared from thieving herself, she turned fence—that is to say, a buyer of stolen goods; by which occupation she got a great deal of money. In her house she set up a kind of brokery, or a distinct factory for jewels, rings and watches which had been pinched or stolen any manner of way, at never so great distance, from any person. It might properly enough be called the Insurance Office for such merchandise, for the losers were sure, upon composition, to recover their goods again, and the pirates were sure to have a good ransom, and she so much in the gross for brokage, without any more danger, the hue and cry being always directed to her for the discovery of the goods, not the takers.

Once a gentleman who had lost his watch by the busy fingers of a pickpocket came very anxiously to Moll, inquiring if she could help him to it again. She demanded of him the marks and signs thereof, with the time when, and where, he had lost it, or by what crowd or other accident. He replied that, coming through Shoe Lane, there was a quarrel betwixt two men; one of which, as he afterwards heard, was a grazier, whom they had set in Smithfield, having seen him receive the sum of two hundred pounds or thereabouts in gold. There was one Bat Rud, as he was since informed, who, observing the man hold his hand in his pocket where his gold was, just in the middle of a lane whitherto they dogged him, overthrew a barrel trimming at an ale-house door, while one behind the grazier pushed him over, who, withal, threw down Bat, who was ready for the fall. Betwixt these two presently arose a quarrel, the



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pickpocket demanding satisfaction, while his comrades interposing, after two or three blows in favour of the countryman, who had drawn his hand out of his pocket to defend himself, soon drew out his treasure; and while he was looking on at the scuffle, some of them had lent him a hand too, and fingered out his watch. Moll smiled at the adventure, and told him he should hear further of it within a day or two at the furthest. When the gentleman came again, she understood by his discourse that he would not lose it for twice its value, because it was given him by a particular friend; so she squeezed twenty guineas out of him before he could obtain his watch.

Moll was always accounted by her neighbours to be an hermaphrodite, but at her death was found otherwise. She had not lived long in Fleet Street before she became acquainted with a new sort of thieves, called heavers, whose employment was stealing shop-books from drapers and mercers, or other rich traders; which bringing to her, she, for some considerable profit for herself, got them a *quantum meruit* for restoring them again to the losers. While she thus reigned free from the danger of the common law, an apparitor, set on by an adversary of hers, cited her to appear in the Court of Arches, where was an accusation exhibited against her for wearing indecent and manly apparel. She was advised by her proctor to demur the jurisdiction of the Court, as for a crime, if such, not cognisable there. But he did it to spin out the cause and get her money; for, in the end, she was there sentenced to stand and do penance in a white sheet at St Paul's Cross during morning sermon on a Sunday. They might as soon have shamed a black dog as Moll with any kind of such punishment; for a halfpenny she would have travelled through all the market-towns in England with her penitential habit, and been as proud of it as that citizen who rode to his friends in the country in his livery gown and hood. Besides, many of the spectators had little cause to sport themselves then at the sight; for some of her emissaries, without any regard to the sacredness of the place, spoiled a good many clothes, by cutting part

## MARY FRITH OTHERWISE MOLL CUTPURSE

of their cloaks and gowns, and sending them home as naked behind as Æsop's crow, when every bird took its own feather from her.

However, this penance did not reclaim her, for she still went in men's apparel, very decently dressed; nor were the ornaments of her house less curious and pleasing in pictures than in the delight of looking-glasses; so that she could see her sweet self all over in any part of her rooms. This gave occasion for folks to say that she used magical glasses, wherein she could show the querists, who resorted to her for information, those who stole their goods; as likewise to others, curious to know the shapes and features of their husbands that should be, the very true and perfect idea of them; as is very credibly reported of your African sorcerers. We have a tradition of it in the story of Jane Shore's husband, who, by one of the like glasses, saw the unchaste embraces of his wife and Edward IV.

One night late, Moll going home almost drunk from the Devil Tavern, she tumbled over a great black sow that was roosting in a dunghill near the kennel; but getting up again, in a sad dirty pickle, she drove her to her house, where, finding her full of pigs, she made her a drench to hasten her farrowing, and the next morning she brought her eleven curious pigs, which Moll and her companions made fat and ate; and then she turned the sow out of doors, which presently repaired to her old master, a bumpkin at Islington, who with wonder received her again. Having given her some grain, he turned her out of his gates, watching what course she would take, and intending to have satisfaction for his pigs wheresoever he should find her to have laid them. The sow, naturally mindful of her squeaking brood, went directly to Moll's door, and there kept a lamentable noise to be admitted. This was evidence enough for the fellow that there his sow had laid her belly; when knocking, and having entrance, he tells Moll a tale of a sow and her litter. She replied he was mad. He swore he knew his sow's meaning by her grunting, and that he would give her sauce to her pigs. "Goodman Coxcomb," quoth Moll, "come in,

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and see if this house looks like a hog sty ” ; when, going into all her rooms, and seeing how neat and clean they were kept, he was convinced that the litter was not laid there, and went home cursing his sow for misinforming him.

To get money, Moll would not stick out to bawd for either men or women ; insomuch that her house became a double temple for Priapus and Venus, frequented by votaries of both sorts. Those who were generous to her labour, their desires were favourably accommodated with expedition ; whilst she lingered with others, laying before them the difficult but certain attainment of their wishes, which served as a spur to the dullness of their purses. For the Lady Pecunia and she kept the same pace, but still in the end she did the feat. Moll having a great antipathy against the Rump Parliament, she lit on a fellow very dexterous at imitating people’s hands ; with him she communicated her thoughts, and they concurred to forge and counterfeit their commissioners’ and treasurers’ hands to the respective receivers and collectors, to pay the sums of money they had in their hands, without delay, to such as he in his counterfeited orders appointed. So that, wheresoever he had intelligence of any great sum in the country, they were sure to forestall the market. This cheat lasted for half-a-year, till it was found out at Guildhall, and such a politic course taken to avoid cozenage that no warrants would pass among themselves. But when the government was seized and usurped by that arch-traitor, Oliver Cromwell, they began this trade afresh, it being very easy to imitate his single sign-manual, as that ambitious usurper would have it styled ; by which means her man also drew good sums of money out of the Customs and Excise—nay, out of the Exchequer itself, till Oliver was forced to use a private mark, to make his credit authentic among his own villains.

After seventy-four years of age, Moll being grown crazy in her body, and discontented in mind, she yielded to the next distemper that approached her, which was the dropsy ; a disease which had such strange and terrible symptoms that she thought she was possessed, and that the devil had

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got within her doublet. Her belly, from a withered, dried, wrinkled piece of skin, was grown to the tightest, roundest globe of flesh that ever any beauteous young lady strutted with. However, there was no blood that was generative in her womb, but only that destructive of the grape, which by her excesses was now turned into water; so that the tympanied skin thereof sounded like a conduit door. If we anatomise her any further, we must say her legs represented a couple of mill-posts, and her head was so wrapped with cloths that she looked like Mother Shipton.

It may well be expected that, considering what a deal of money she got by her wicked practices, she might make a will; but yet, of five thousand pounds which she had once by her in gold, she had not above one hundred pounds left her latterly, which she thought too little to give to the charitable uses of building hospitals and almshouses. The money that might have been designed that way, as it came from the devil, so it returned to the devil again, in the Rump's Exchequer and Treasury at Haberdashers and Goldsmiths Hall. Yet, to preserve something of her memory, and not leave it to the courtesy of an executor, she anticipated her funeral expenses; for it being the fashion of those times to give rings, to the undoing of the confectioners, who lived altogether by the dead and new-born, she distributed some that she had by her among her chief companions and friends.

These rings (like princes' jewels) were notable ones, and had their particular names likewise; as the Bartholomew, the Ludgate, the Exchange, and so forth; deriving their appellations from the places whence they were stolen. They needed no admonition of a death's head, nor the motto *Memento mori*, for they were the wages and monuments of their thieving masters and mistresses, who were interred at Tyburn; and she hoped her friends would wear them, both for her sake and theirs. In short, she made no will at all, because she had had it so long before to no better purpose; and that if she had had her desert, she should have had an executioner instead of an executor.

Out of the one hundred pounds which she had by her, she

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disposed of thirty pounds to her three maids which she kept, and charged them to occupy it the best way they could ; for that, and some of her arts in which they had had time to be expert, would be beyond the advantage of their spinning and reeling, and would be able to keep them in repair, and promote them to weavers, shoemakers and tailors. The rest of her personal estate, in money, movables and household goods, she bequeathed to her kinsman Frith, a master of a ship, dwelling at Reddriff,<sup>1</sup> whom she advised not to make any ventures therewith, but stay at home and be drunk, rather than go to sea and be drowned with them.

And now the time of her dissolution drawing near, she desired to be buried with her breech upwards, that she might be as preposterous in her death as she had been all along in her infamous life. When she was dead she was interred in St Bridget's churchyard, having a fair marble stone put over her grave ; on which was cut the following epitaph, composed by the ingenious Mr Milton, but destroyed in the great conflagration of London :—

“ Here lies, under this same marble,  
Dust, for Time's last sieve to garble ;  
Dust, to perplex a Sadducee,  
Whether it rise a He or She,  
Or two in one, a single pair,  
Nature's sport, and now her care.  
For how she'll clothe it at last day,  
Unless she sighs it all away ;  
Or where she'll place it, none can tell :  
Some middle place 'twixt Heaven and Hell—  
And well 'tis Purgatory's found,  
Else she must hide her under ground.  
These reliques do deserve the doom,  
Of that cheat Mahomet's fine tomb ;  
For no communion she had,  
Nor sorted with the good or bad ;

<sup>1</sup> Rotherhithe.

## SAWNY DOUGLAS

That when the world shall be calcin'd,  
And the mixd' mass of human kind  
Shall sep'rate by that melting fire,  
She'll stand alone, and none come nigh her.  
Reader, here she lies till then,  
When, truly, you'll see her again."

## SAWNY DOUGLAS

*A Scottish Highwayman who laid England under toll, and  
took a Copy of "Chevy Chase" to Tyburn when he  
was hanged on 10th of September, 1664*

SAWNY DOUGLAS, a Scotsman, was the son of a tanner, and born at Portpatrick in the shire of Galloway, where he lived till the unnatural Civil War broke out in 1641. Sawny at this time being very zealous on the side of the Kirk, and consequently against the King, entered himself into the service of the Parliament, was at the siege of Dundee, and boasted after that bloody action was over that he killed with his own hands no less than twenty-nine persons. Those who have read the histories of that time will remember that Dundee was taken by storm, and that the garrison was put to the sword; which gave Sawny an opportunity to discover his cruelty.

After the restoration of King Charles II., when the Scots were reduced to obedience, Sawny found himself obliged to seek some other subsistence than the army. He had now been a soldier about twenty years, and though he had never been advanced higher than to carry a halberd, yet he was something loth to lay down his commission. However, there was no opposing necessity, and he was obliged to submit, as well as many of his betters, who were glad they could come off thus, after having been so deeply concerned in the rebellion.

Coming into England, and being destitute of both money and bread, he was not long in resolving what course to take in order to supply himself. The highway, he thought, was

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as free for him as for anybody else, and he was both strong and desperate. But the question was, where should he get a horse and accoutrements? "What," said he again, "should hinder my taking the first that comes in my way, and seems fit for my purpose?" Pursuant to this last resolution he kept on the main road, with a good crab-tree stick in his hand, till he saw a gentleman's servant alone, well mounted, with pistols before him. He had some question ready to ask, and after that another, till the poor footman was engaged in a discourse with him, and rode along gently by his side. At last Sawny observes an opportunity, and gives him an effectual knock on the pate, which, followed with four or five more, left him insensible on the ground, while our young adventurer rode off with the horse till he thought himself out of the way of any inquiry.

The first robbery he committed was in Maidenhead Thicket, in Berkshire, in those times a very noted haunt for highwaymen. The person he stopped was one Mr Thurston, at that time Mayor of Thornbury, in Gloucestershire. He got about eighteen pounds, and was so uncivil as to refuse the poor gentleman ten shillings to bear his charges home; which was all he required, and for which he begged very hard.

Another time he robbed the Duchess of Albemarle of diamond rings to the value of two hundred pounds, besides a pearl necklace, rich bracelets and ear-rings. After this he came and took lodgings at the house of one Mr Knowles, an apothecary in Tuthil Street, Westminster, where he set up for a gentleman, appeared very fine, and made love to his landlord's daughter, who was reputed to be a two thousand pounds fortune. For some time he was very well received both by the young lady and her father; but when his money was gone, and they found him full of shifts, arts and evasions, they not only discarded him as a husband and son-in-law, but turned him fairly out of doors.

Sawny now took to the road again, and committed more robberies than before, ranging all over the north of England, and being often so fortunate as to escape justice when it



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pursued him. He moreover contracted a familiarity with Du Vall, the most generous-spirited highwayman that ever lived, which friendship continued till Death parted them by his deputy Jack Ketch. Sawny's last attempt was on the Earl of Sandwich, who was afterwards admiral in the Dutch war, and unfortunately lost his life, together with his ship. This noble commander, having arms in the coach, resolved not to be insulted by a highwayman, and discharged a pistol into Sawny's horse, which immediately dropping down under him, the servants came up and secured our bonny North Briton, who was thereupon committed to Newgate, and in less than a month after ordered for Tyburn.

While he was under sentence he behaved in a very profane and indecent manner, cursing the bellman for his bad English when he repeated the usual *Memento* the night before his execution. At St Sepulchre's the next day, when the appointed ceremony was performed, instead of composing his countenance, and looking as a man in his condition ought to do, he only told the spectators that it was hard a man could not be suffered to go to the gallows in peace; and that he had rather be hanged twice over without ceremony, than once after this superstitious manner. He read no Prayer Book, but carried the ballad of *Chevy Chase* in his hand all the way to Tyburn. When he came thither he took no notice of the ordinary, but bid the hangman be speedy, and not make a great deal of work about nothing, or at most about a mere trifle. He died 10th of September, 1664, aged fifty-three, and was buried in Tyburn Road.

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*A Rogue who became a pretty Soldier and saw much of Europe, finally dying by the Rope at Home in 1666*

THE following is the life and adventures of an arch-villain born in the first year of the reign of King James I. :

I suppose, according to custom, the reader will expect

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some account of my genealogy, and as I was always a mighty admirer of fashions, I will follow the mode, and give some account of my parents and relations, beginning with my grandfather, who had the great fortune to marry a woman excellently skilled in vaulting and rope-dancing, and would play her part with any man. She, though above fifty years of age, and troubled with the phthisic, died in the air. Her husband would not marry again—to avoid seeing other women fly as she had done—but kept a puppet-show in Morefields, and it was reckoned the most curious that ever had been seen in the city. Besides, my grandfather was so little that the only difference between him and his puppets was, that they spoke through a trunk and he without one. He made such speeches before his shows that the audience would wish he had never done, for he had a tongue like a parrot. All the apple-women, hawkers and fish-women were so charmed with his wit among his puppets that they would run to hear him without leaving any guard upon their goods but their straw hats. Unfortunate man! being so like a cock-sparrow, he took to so many hens that, when they had devoured his money, clothes and puppets, they consumed his health, and left him like a naked baby in a hospital.

When he thought to have died soberly, he fell into a frenzy, to such a degree that one day he fancied he was a bull in a puppet-show, and was to encounter a stone cross that stood near the hospital gate; and after several essays he made at the same cross, crying: “Now I have you!” This said, he ran his head so furiously against the cross that he dropped down and said no more. A good hospital nurse, who was one of the family of the Innocents, seeing him die in that manner, cried: “O the precious soul! he died at the foot of the Cross, and directing his discourse to it.”

My father had two trades, or two strings to his bow, for he was a painter and a gamester, and a master much alike at both; for his paintings would hardly rise so high as a signpost, and his sleight-of-hand at play was of such

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an ancient date that it would hardly pass upon the mob. He had one misfortune, which he entailed on all his children, like original sin ; and that was his being born a gentleman, which is as bad as a poet, few of whom escape eternal poverty, or are above perpetual want.

My mother died, unluckily, of a longing for mushrooms when they were not to be had, being then with child by my father, as she said, and departed as quiet as a bird. She left two daughters, great devotees of Venus, though they were Christians, just at the age the doctors prescribe they are fit to eat ; both very handsome and very young ; and I was left very little, but much better skilled in sharpening than my age seemed to promise. When the funeral ceremonies were over, and the tears dried up, which were not very many, my father fell again to his daubing, my sisters to stitching, and I returned to my little-frequented school, where my posteriors paid for the slowness of my feet and the lightness of my hands.

I had such an excellent memory, that though my wicked idle temper was the same it has ever since continued, yet I soon learned to read, write and cast accounts well enough to have taken a better course than I have done. I put so many unlucky tricks upon my master, and so often set the boys together by the ears, that everybody called me the little Judas. It was hard for any book to escape me ; and if once I cast my eye on a picture, it was surely my own, which cost me many a boxing bout every day, or else the complaints were carried home to my father and sisters. The eldest of them had it in charge to reprove and convert me ; she would sometimes give me a soft cuff with her delicate white hand, at other times she would tell me I should be a disgrace to the family.

All this nonsense, and her reproof, signified no more to me than the barking of a dog ; it went in at one ear and out at the other ; so that, in short, I played so many unlucky pranks, and was so full of roguery, that I was expelled the school in as solemn a manner as if it had been by beat of drum. My father, after currying my hide very well, carried

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me to a friend of his, who was barber to Count Gondemar, the Spanish Ambassador, then residing here, with whom he left me upon trial, in order to be bound apprentice. Having delivered his hopeful son he returned home, and my master ordered me into the kitchen to my mistress, who presently found me employment, giving me a basket full of children's blankets, clouts, slabbering-bibs, barrows, etc., and opening the yard door, furnished me with about an ounce of soap; then showing me the cistern, with a great trough under it—"Jemmy," says she, "mind your hits, there's a good boy; for this work belongs to the apprentices." I hung down my head, and tumbled all the filthy clouts from the basket into the trough and washed them as well as I could, and hung the linen to dry. I managed it very well for myself, since I was soon discarded from my office, which, had it continued longer, there had been an end of Jemmy in less than a fortnight.

The next day I went over my task again, and what I wanted in washing of clouts was made up in running errands.

The third day, my master having just given me a small note to receive, there came into the shop a bully ruffian with a pair of whiskers that covered his face, and would have been worth money to have made brushes on. He told my master he would have his whiskers turned up. It being then so early that the journeyman he kept was not come, he was going to turn them up himself, and bid me light a fire and heat the irons. I did as I was ordered; and just as my master had turned up one whisker there happened to be a quarrel in the street, and my master, being always a busy man, must needs step out to see what was the matter, leaving the stern bravo with one whisker hanging quite down, and the other turned up. The scuffle lasting long, and my master staying to see the end of it, the furious kill-crow never ceased swearing and cursing. He asked me in a harsh tone whether I understood my trade; and I, thinking it an undervaluing to myself to say I did not, boldly answered I did. "Why then, you son of a whore," says he, "turn

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up this whisker for me, or I shall go into the street as I am and kick your master." I was unwilling to be found in a lie, and, thinking it no hard matter to turn up a whisker, never showed the least concern, but took up one of the irons that was at the fire, which had been heating ever since the first alarm of the fray, and having nothing to try it on, but desiring to be thought expeditious, I took a comb, stuck it into his bristly bush, and clapped the iron to it. No sooner did they meet but there arose a smoke as if it had been out of a chimney, with a whizzing noise, and all the hair vanished. He cried out furiously : " Thou son of a thousand dogs and ten thousand whores, dost thou take me for Saint Laurence, that thou burnest me alive ? " With that he let fly such a bang at me that, the comb dropping out of my hand, I could not avoid in the fright laying the hot iron close along his cheek, and cauterising him on one side of his face. This made him give such a shriek as shook the very house, and at the same time he drew his sword to send me to the other world ; but I, remembering the proverb that " One pair of heels is worth two pairs of hands," got so nimbly into the street, and so swiftly scoured out of that part of the town, that, though I was a good runner, I was amazed when I found myself above a mile from home, with the iron in my hand and the spark's whisker sticking to it. As good luck would have it, I was near the person who was to pay the note my master gave me to receive for him. I carried it, and received the money ; but thought fit to apply it to my own use, not daring to return home again.

My money lasted me for about a month, when I began to think of returning to my father, but I understood he was gone into the country to receive some money owing to him. I rejoiced at the news, and went very boldly into the house as sole lord and master of it. My sisters received me very coldly, giving me many a sour look, and upbraiding me with the money my father was forced to pay for my pranks. We had a thousand squabbles every day, particularly about their giving me small instead of strong beer.

These animosities ran so high that, perceiving they did

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not mend, I resolved to make them know me. Accordingly one day, they having brought me sour beer, and the meat being on the table, I threw the dish at my elder sister and the pot with the beer at the younger, overthrew the table, and marched out of doors on a ramble; but accidentally met a messenger from the country, who informed me of my father's death by a fever. At this news I quickly went back to my sisters, who were more compliable, finding by my father's will I was left executor without restraint of age. I sold the goods, got in what debts I could, and led a merry life whilst the money lasted, keeping all the rakes about the town company, who at last drained me of every farthing.

They obliged me one night to go abroad with them, though much against my will, and one of them having the keys, like St Peter, opened the door of a house, whence they took several trunks, to ease the owner of lumber. A cur dog, who was upon guard, gave the alarm, and the people of the house came running into the street, which compelled my companions to lay down their burdens and act upon the defensive with their swords. For my part, I stood quaking for fear before the robbery, at the time of the robbery, and after the robbery; and always kept at a distance, repenting that I had not been acquainted with their way of living before I came out of my lodging, that I might have avoided that danger. So that, seeing my companions fly, and the wounded men return to their houses, I kept my post all in a cold sweat, lest I should be taken up as a party concerned; and when I should have gone away had not the power to stir one foot. At the noise the watch came in, who, finding three trunks in the street, besides two men dangerously wounded, and me not far off, came up to see who I was. By the disorder they found me in they concluded I was one of those who had done the mischief. They took care of me that night, and the next day I was ordered to a place where I had occasion to try all my friends and acquaintance, who all proved as I deserved. In about ten days I was called to my trial, and my excuses being very frivolous, and my answers contradictory, I was condemned to be hoisted up

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by the neck, and go to heaven in a string. However, just as I was singing the last stave, a reprieve came, and in about two months after I got a full pardon.

Frightened at this last disaster, I was resolved to associate myself no more with anyone, but went about the streets selling wash-balls, toothpicks and tooth-powder. I played the merry-andrew myself, cried up my rubbish, extolled the virtues of it, and sold very dear. For whoever has a mind to put off his trumpery, and make a good hand of it, must pretend his trash comes from Japan, Peru or Tartary, because all nations undervalue their own product and workmanship, though never so excellent, and set a great rate on foreign trifles.

All my ware tending to make fine teeth and white hands, the ladies were my best customers, but especially the actresses. There was at that time one of the best companies of players that ever diverted England, and a man at the head of them famed for his excellency that way. By virtue of my scurvy ware I became acquainted with his imaginary queens and pretended princesses, one of whom, about eighteen years of age, and married to one of the actors, told me one day that she had taken a liking to me, because I was a confident, sharp, forward youth, and therefore if I would serve her, she would entertain me with all her heart; and that when the company went strolling I might beat the drum and stick up the bills. I fancied that was an easier sort of a life, so consented at first word, desiring only two days to sell my wares off, which she courteously granted; and to encourage me gave me a crown.

Having sold off my trumpery, I waited on my mistress, who appointed me four several employments: the first was tiresome, the second uneasy, the third sluggish and the fourth dangerous. At home I was her *valet de chambre*, folding and laying up all her clothes. Abroad I was her porter, fetching and carrying her clothes to the playhouse. I was her gentleman-usher in her attiring-room, and her trusty secretary and ambassador in all places. My master quarrelled with her every night about me, because he



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supposed I was no eunuch, saw I had a tolerably good face, and thought me not so young but that I knew what was what; for which reason he was looking out for another servant, that he might turn me off. Such a multitude of young beaux resorted daily to my mistress's house that it looked like a fair. They all told me their secrets, and acquainted me with their sufferings. Some made me presents, others promised mountains, and others delivered me copies of verses, which being gathered in the morning on Parnassus, were buried at night in the necessary house. I played the part of a Prime Minister, and Secretary of State and War, receiving those memorials and the fees, promising everyone my favour and interest. Some of them I dispatched with my mistress, and many more, considering she was so dilatory, I answered of my own head, after this manner: If the petitioner was poor or niggardly, rejected. If he was a young spark near coming to his estate, he shall be heard another time. If rich and generous, granted. Thus I kept them all in hand, absolutely dismissing none, but rather feeding them with hopes.

When I happened to lose at play—for it is impossible a scoundrel should ever be wise—as I took out or laid up her clothes I filled my pocket with ribbons and garters, and giving them, in her name, as favours to the gallants, they requited me so plentifully that I could make what I had filched, and enough left to game all the week after.

The devil, who they say never sleeps, so ordered it that, my master and mistress being gone a-visiting, and I left at home, two of the servants belonging to the playhouse and the wardrobe-keeper came to call me out to take a walk, it being a leisure day. I went away with them. We dropped in to a tavern, drank six bottles of the best, played at cards for the reckoning, and that falling upon me, I was so nettled that I challenged the wardrobe-keeper to play with me at putt; and he, being no fool at that sport, soon stripped me of all I had. This provoked me so highly that I told him, if he would but stay, I would go fetch more money. He consented. I ran home with all speed, took out a rich laced

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petticoat my mistress had, and carried it to a pastrycook I was acquainted with, desiring him to lend me three jacobuses upon it, pretending they were for my mistress, who wanted so much to make up a sum to pay for a ring she had bought, assuring him of his money when my master returned home, with something for the favour. The pastrycook, finding the pawn sufficient, delivered me the money, with which I hurried back to play, and lost as I had done before. I got one jacobus back again off the winner, by way of wrangling with him as if he had not played fair, with which I turned out into the street, full of vexation that I had lost so beneficial a place. I went to an inn, where I supped and lay that night, but with little rest or satisfaction.

As soon as ever I discovered the first dawn of day I got up, full of sorrow to think what a base return I had made my mistress for all her kindness; and, considering the danger I should be in when she missed her petticoat, I left London, directing my course towards Colchester.

Travelling somewhat hastily, for fear of being followed, I overtook two of those sort of soldiers called decoy-ducks, who serve to draw in others when there are levies. After some discourse, they told me they were going my way, being informed that at Colchester there was a captain raising men, and that none who listed under him would ever want. I travelled on with them very fairly, every one paying his club by the way. The next day we got to that town, and being kindly received by the captain, and listed, we lived in clover for a fortnight, making our landlords furnish us with dainties, and demanding impossibilities. At last we received orders to march, and having left the town, our captain moved like a snail, still leaving the quarters appointed us on one side, and taking the contrary way, because the towns paid him to be exempted. He continued this cheat three days; but on the fourth, as we were passing by a wood, all his men, about thirty in number, left him with only the colours, drum, sergeant and ensign, and five wenches, who went with the baggage; for he is not likely to keep up a company who contrives only how

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to make his advantage of them, without considering that it is very easy to find a captain, and no less difficult to get thirty soldiers.

However, I liked my captain well enough, for he was civil to me. I stuck by him, and came to London with him, where he was so laughed at that he resolved to quit the kingdom, and, having a good estate, intended to go abroad a volunteer, and desired my company. He embarked for Barcelona, and in a little time got a company, which was ordered, with several others, to sail for Alicant. I being a good accountant, and writing a fair hand, stuck close all the while we were at sea to the steward of the ship, to help him deliver out the allowances to the sailors and landmen. He, to keep up a good old custom, and avoid being blamed by others of his trade, gave the soldiers all the broken biscuits, and kept that which was whole; and so for the fish, they had what was rotten. As for the bacon, he stuck a knife into it, and if it stunk, the soldiers had it; if otherwise, he put it up carefully. However he took care to make much of the officers, which made them all keep council and see nothing; and whilst the poor soldiers fared hard, we lived well. At length we arrived at Alicant, where we were quartered, and had a mixture of good and bad; for as soon as they had shown us any favour they were over us with a *Cap de Dieu*!—which is that country's oath—and out came two or three cases of pistols. My captain and I were at variance, because he had cheated me of my pay, and I had made my complaint to recover it. For this reason he bore me ill-will, there being nothing so certain as that if a soldier does not put up with any wrong in point of interest, but pretends to complain, or to stand upon terms with his officers, all that he says, though never so true, will pass for a lie. He will never be advanced, but rather slighted and hated. My quarters were in a tavern, where I was one day drinking with a soldier, and happened to fall out about a lie given, and my sword unluckily running into his throat, he kicked up his heels, through his own fault, for he ran upon my point; so that he may thank his own hastiness.

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To prevent my captain's taking revenge, or giving him an opportunity of satisfying his malice, by taking upon himself to make an example of me, I went away to Barcelona, and took refuge in a monastery. My captain, as if I had murdered his father, stolen his goods, or taken away his mistress, sent after me to have me secured, and a little whippersnapper of his, who was the tale-carrier of the company, followed his business so close that, in despite of the fathers, and in contempt of the Church, he had me taken out of the sanctuary and cast into the prison of the arsenal. They put me into irons, bolted my hands and feet, and so left me. I was prosecuted as a murderer, deserter and raiser of mutinies; and without any regard to the pain my mother endured when she brought me into the world, they put me into a fright with these terrible words: "You shall return to the place from whence you came, and from thence to the place of execution," etc.

In short, as if it had been a thing of nothing, or but a matter of pastime, they gave sentence that I should be led in state along the streets, then mount upon a ladder, kick up my heels before all the people, and take a swing in the open air, as if I had another life in my snapsack. I was made acquainted with it by a public notary, who was so nice a Christian that he never asked any gratuity for the good news, nor any fees for the trial. It was impossible to avoid making some wry faces when I heard it; some sighs broke loose in spite of my manhood, and the salt tears trickled down my cheeks. The jailer bid me make peace with God, without the least supply from Bacchus to raise my spirits; and I, considering what I had to go through, gently squeezed my throat with my hand; and though it was done very tenderly, I did not like the test, but said to myself, "If the hand, which is soft flesh, hurts so much, what will it be when a hard hempen rope is there." I knelt down, and cried to Heaven for mercy, solemnly protesting, if I regained my liberty, that I would do penance for my sins, and begin a new life; but these were like vows made in storms. The news was quickly spread, and several friends

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came to see me, others to condemn me. Some said it was a pity I should lose my life in the prime of my age; others that I looked like a rank knave; and some, that I was not come to that for my goodness. At last, in came a Franciscan friar, all in a sweat, and full of zeal, asking, "Where is the condemned person?" I answered: "Father, I am the man, though you don't know me." He said: "Dear child, it is now time for you to think of another world, since sentence is passed; and therefore you must employ this short time allowed you in confessing your sins, and asking forgiveness for your offences." I answered: "Reverend Father, in obedience to the commands of the Church, I confess but once a year, and that is in Lent. But if, according to human laws, I must atone with my life for the crime I've committed, your reverence being so learned must be truly sensible that there is no divine precept which says, 'Thou shalt not eat or drink'; and therefore, since it is not contrary to the law of God, I desire that you will give order that I have meat and drink, and then we will discourse of what is best for us both; for I am in a Christian country, and plead the privilege of sanctuary." The good father, much disturbed to hear me talk so wildly at a time when I should be serious, took a small crucifix out of his bosom and began to make a sermon to me on the text of the lost sheep and the repentance of the good thief; and this with such an audible voice that he might be heard all over the arsenal. I turned pale, my heart failed me, and my tongue was numbed when I heard the charity bells, which ring when criminals are executed. I cleared my apartment and, kneeling down before my ghostly father, disgorged a wonderful budget of sins, and cleared my storehouse of iniquity; and having received his blessing and absolution, found myself so changed, that it only troubled me to die because I thought myself so truly contrite that all the bells would ring out of themselves, the whole city would be in an uproar, and the poor people would lose their day's work to come and see me.

In the height of this fright, which I would freely bestow on anyone that could be fond of it, the Marquis D'Este,

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then commanding officer, ordered me to be brought before him, I having got a petition presented to him. He, like a merciful man, being informed that I pleaded the privilege of sanctuary, ordered the execution to be respited, the sentence of death reversed, and me sent to the galleys for ten years. My master was so much my friend that he opposed it, alleging my constitution was too dainty to make a water-thresher, and therefore it were better to send me out of this wicked world, that I might serve as an example to all the army; and that it would have been never the worse had it been done three or four years sooner. Notwithstanding all this, I took a little courage, finding myself backed by some friends, and told the marquis it was malice, spite and hatred made my master so much my enemy, that he had detained my pay, upon which I threatened to complain, and he vowed revenge, and now would have it by my death. The general said it was strange that two countrymen could not agree; that he would not trouble himself with my complaints, but ordered me to be immediately discharged without paying any fees. I threw myself at his feet for the kindness he had done me, to the disappointment of the mob, and the loss of the executioner. I presently departed the palace, and went to be blooded to prevent any ill consequence of the fright I had been in.

When the bodily fear I had been put into was over, the danger I had escaped forgotten, and the blood I let out recruited in a tavern, I went out one day to take a walk upon the Mole, and understanding there was a new regiment to be raised, I inquired after the officers, and by accident met one of them, who asked me to list. I easily consented for the sake of a little ready money. My new master seemed to take a fancy to me, and ordered me to his own quarters, where it was not long before I got a new place; for the cook going away, I was asked if I understood anything that way, and I, always resolved to answer in the affirmative, declared I did understand cookery to the greatest perfection; so that I was both soldier and cook.

After several voyages by sea to Rosas, and other places,

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we were ordered to succour Alsace, and for our winter residence had the woods of Bavaria. My master took up his residence in the house of one of the richest men in those parts, though he pretended to be very poor, because he had driven away all his cattle, and removed the best of his goods. This contrivance did not serve his turn. I got information from the servants. With this, in a very stately manner, I acquainted him that I was my master's steward quartermaster and cook, and as such must inform him that he had a captain of horse in his house, who was a person of considerable quality, and therefore must take care to make very much of him and his servants; that my master was very much fatigued, and it was dinner-time, and he must order all things that were necessary. He answered I need only tell him what provision I wanted for the kitchen, and he would order his servants to fetch it immediately. I told him we always kept three tables, the first for the gentlemen and pages, the second for the butler and under officers, and the third for the footmen, grooms, and other liveries; for all which tables he must furnish one ox, two calves, four sheep, twelve pullets, six capons, two dozen pigeons, six pounds of bacon for larding, four pounds of sugar, two of all sorts of spice, a hundred eggs, half-a-dozen dishes of fish, a pot of wine to every plate, and six hogsheads to stand by. He blessed himself, as if he had seen all the devils in hell, and answered: "If all that your worship speaks of be only for the servants' tables, the whole village will not be able to furnish the master's." I replied: "My master is such a worthy person that he had rather see the servants made much of than please himself; and therefore he and his friends never put their landlords to any more charge than a dish of imperial stuffed meat, with an egg in it." He asked me what that stuffed meat was made of, and I bid him order me a new-laid egg, a squab pigeon, and two loads of coals, and to send for a cobbler with his nawl and ends, and a gravedigger with his spade, and then he should know what else was wanting, that he might provide it whilst we were at work. The landlord went and fetched



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what I demanded, except the two loads of coals. I took the egg and the pigeon, which I gutted, and cutting it open enough with my knife (for I had all my tools about me) I clapped the egg into the belly of it; then said I to him: "Sir, take notice this egg is in the pigeon, the pigeon is to be put into a partridge, the partridge into a pheasant, the pheasant into a pullet, the pullet into a turkey, the turkey into a kid, the kid into a sheep, the sheep into a calf, the calf into a cow; all these creatures are to be pulled, flead and larded, except the cow, which is to have her hide on; and as they are thrust one into another, like a nest of boxes, the cobbler is to sew every one of them with an end, that they may not slip out; and when they are all fast sewed into the cow's belly, the gravedigger is to throw up a deep trench, into which one load of coals is to be cast, and the cow laid on top of it; the other load upon her, the fuel set on fire to burn about four hours, more or less, when the meat being taken out, is incorporated, and becomes such a delicious dish that formerly the emperors used to dine upon it on their coronation day; for which reason, and because an egg is the foundation of all that curious mess, it was called the imperial egg-stuffed meat."

The landlord, who stood listening to me with his mouth open, and no more motion than a statue, gave such entire credit to all I said, because I spoke so seriously, and was very earnest to have the ingredients, that, squeezing me by the hand, he said, "Sir, I am very poor"; and I, understanding what he would be at, answered, "Fear nothing." Then leading him into the kitchen, we agreed the matter very well between us, and I told my master he was very poor indeed, and ruined by our troops, having had all his cattle stolen. My master ordered he should not be oppressed, and left the management of him to me.

The other servants, observing that I had plenty of wine in the kitchen, and was supplied with choice bits, suspected the fraud, and informed my master, who upon inquiry found just the contrary to what I had told him. He sent for my landlord and discovered all my roguery. My master upon

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this paid me a visit in the kitchen and, taking up one of the nearest cudgels he found about it, dusted my jacket so furiously that he wanted a cook for a fortnight.

During our stay here we were attacked by a parcel of French scoundrels. My master ordered me out with the rest, but I kept back, fearing a chance bullet might mistake me for somebody else. But when I heard the French were beaten, I ventured into the field with my drawn sword, hacking and hewing the dead carcasses in a furious manner. It happened, as a special instance of my valour, that as I came up to one of the enemies to give him half-a-dozen good gashes, thinking he was as dead as the rest, at the first stroke I let fall he gave such a dreadful groan that I was quite terrified, and thinking he made a motion to get up to be revenged on me, I had not the courage to stay so long to draw my sword out again, but faced about, and ran as fast as I could to the place our baggage was, looking back a thousand times for fear he should overtake me. I bought a good sword of one who had been in the pursuit, and some other booty, boasting all about the army that I had gained it in the fight. I met my master, who, being brought along desperately wounded, and past all hopes, said to me: "You scoundrel! why did you not do as I ordered you?" I answered: "Because, sir, I was afraid to be in your condition." He was carried into the town, where he soon ended his days, for want of being so discreet as I. He left me, rather out of his own innate goodness and generosity than for any good service I had done him, a horse and fifty ducats. God grant him fifty thousand ages of bliss for his kindness, and double that term to anyone who shall hereafter so far oblige me as to do the like.

By this time you may suppose I was pretty remarkable, for I had got the name of the merry Englishman, and being out of place spent my money like a lord. My purse being exhausted, I got into the service of Count Picolomeni; and a little afterwards we were ordered to march towards Hainault, and in a few days encamped under the walls of Mons.

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A comical adventure befell me one day in this place. I happened to go abroad, after dining in the town, with my head so full that I took children for men and blue for black. Staggering along in this condition, I came up to a chandler's shop, which was all hung about with rows of tallow candles, and I, taking them for bunches of radishes, asked the owner why he pulled the leaves off. He not understanding what I meant, and perceiving the pickle I was in, made me no answer, but fell a-laughing very heartily; but I, who had doubtless a drunken longing for radishes, put out my hand to one of the rows that hung upon a long stick, and laying hold of two candles pulled so hard that all the range came down. The shopkeeper, seeing his goods broken, took up a cudgel and exercised it so, you would have thought he had been beating off stock-fish. Though drunk, I was so sensible of the pain that, drawing my sword, I charged him as my mortal enemy. He, seeing me void of fear and reason, fled into a room behind the shop, and shut the door after him. Finding that, though I made a hundred passes at the door, the smart of my bones did nothing abate, I vented my spleen against the candles and, laying about me, left the whole shop strewed with grease.

It happened a gang of soldiers were passing by, and they, at the request of the neighbours, carried me out into the street by force, I still crying: "What! cudgel me for a radish or two which are not worth a farthing." A complaint was carried to my master, who ordered me to be sent to jail, and the next day, when I awoke, I found myself in irons.

There I suffered for the radish fray, there I fasted though it was not Lent, and there was dieted, without any liberty of getting drunk. At length my mistress took pity on me, and begged my master to forgive me, who, seeing me protected by such an angel, ordered me to be set free, on my paying for the damage done to the candles. I left the jail with a full resolution never more to disoblige my master.

I lived so sedate and modest for a little time after this that it surprised my master, who continually heaped new

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favours upon me, and I, leaving off drinking for the present, grew amorous. To this purpose I made choice of a waiting-maid, a country lass in dress, but a courtier in keeping her word. She was young in years, but old in cunning, carried all her fortune about her, and, being fatherless, for the more decency and security of her person served an aunt of hers, who kept a tavern, where I was acquainted. I set my heart on this virgin pullet, and one day, putting my hand upon her soft bubbies, she gave me such a kick that I defy the best Flanders mare to have outdone her. She withdrew into her chamber, and from that time fled from me as if I had been the devil. I was up to the ears in love, and knew not what to do. However, at last, I wrote a *billet-doux*, and accompanied it with a present. The poor harmless creature, who had been several times upon trial before, and still pleaded, "Lord, I know not what you mean," bit at the bait, received the present, heard the message, and gave me leave, under the pretence of quenching my thirst, to pay her a visit, which I did, and from that moment she began to fleece me, and her aunt to pluck my feathers. Our love grew so hot that the customers who used the tavern took notice of it; therefore, to save her reputation, for she passed for a maid, I took lodgings for her, and by that means got her from her aunt. My lady was so nice that she could not eat snails, because they had horns; nor fish, because of the bones; nor rabbits, because they had tails. She swooned away at the sight of a mouse; but rejoiced to see a company of grenadiers. Before me she fed by ounces and in my absence by pounds. She hated to be confined, and loved liberty; and, under colour of melancholy, was never from the window or door. At first she used to receive abundance of visitors, pretending that all the men were her cousins; but I being informed they were carnal kindred put her into an enclosure, taking a room that had no window to the street, and when I went abroad left a spy upon her actions.

Every now and then she would be lost, and rise again the third day, as drowned bodies do. Though she shed abundance of tears, and swore a thousand oaths to persuade me that

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my ill nature made her withdraw herself to her aunt's, and that she had never been out of her doors, nor seen by anybody, yet I did not forbear thrashing her so severely that she did not for a good while show any more of her tricks.

I was confoundedly jealous of this creature, and not without a reason, for I had her not in keeping above four months, before she very civilly tipped me a distemper very common in Naples. Enraged at this, I beat her unmercifully, took away all her clothes but a few rags, and kicked her out of doors. I advised with a surgeon and a physician about my case, who both condemned me to be anointed like a witch, and to slabber like a natural. But I, hoping to find some way to avoid enduring the pains of hell in this world, went to every doctor of note. I told them of my distemper, and they all unanimously told me that if I designed to live I must forbear drinking (and they had as good have bid me cut my own throat), and that the wine I had so plentifully swallowed was to be distilled out of my body in water. Perceiving they all agreed in the same story, I resolved to get into the hospital, and take a gentle salivation.

I was kindly received, those good people being willing to entertain one madman more in their godly house, and, treating me like a soul in purgatory, they scalded my entrails and stifled me for want of breath, keeping me always, like Dives, with my tongue hanging out of my mouth a quarter of a yard, still begging a drop of wine off some poor Lazarus, and preaching up the works of mercy; but they told me that patience was a virtue, and would carry me to heaven, and that I must suffer for my former excesses. At the end of two months I had been in the hospital I was dismissed perfectly cured, but my legs looked like trap-sticks, my body like a shotten herring, and my voice like a eunuch.

The first inquiry I made was for the next tavern, and there I ate everything I could come at, as if I had been a man in perfect health, making a jest of the doctor, and laughing at the surgeon, bestowing a thousand blessings

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on the good man that first found out the vine, and double the number on those who plant and prune it. After I had got a good refreshment, I inquired after my kind mistress and her aunt, both of whom had left the place just after I had entered the hospital. I was not at all sorry for it; but went to find out some of my old comrades, whom I found merrily carousing. At last a dispute arose among them, and swords were drawn. I was fool enough to concern myself, and one of the party against me gave me such a blow with his sword (but as it happened it was the flat part) that he made me void a flood of claret at my mouth. All the skip-kennel troop took to their heels, thinking I was killed, and I, believing myself not far from it, bawled out for a surgeon, who was called, and he feeling my pulse beat very unregular, and observing how I retched and sweated, never inquired into the cause of my distemper, but bid the landlord get a priest to prepare me for death. The good man, being unwilling I should die like a heathen in a Christian country, ran in all haste and brought one, who, being curious to see the wound, took off my hat, and found my head clear from blood, and without any other hurt but a bump raised by the stroke I had received. He asked those who had seen the fray whether I had any other wounds besides that; and being informed I had not says to the master of the house: "If this man was to make his confession every time he is troubled with this distemper he ought always to have a chaplain along with him. Sleep is the only thing will cure this disorder; therefore carry him to bed, and I will answer for his life." His orders were obeyed, and the next morning I found myself out of danger, and went to wait on my master, who received me with a frowning brow, and bid me begone about my business; that he discarded me his service, and left me at liberty to go where I pleased. This was a terrible blow to me; but I was comforted the next morning by my generous master sending me a handsome present in gold, with a command from him to leave the place, which I did the next morning, resolving to go to France, and from thence to my native country.

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The carrier with whom I set out was a great gamester, and the second night invited me to his room, which was next the stable, and there by the light of a scurvy lamp I won all his money. Enraged at his ill-fortune, he threw the cards in my face, and I in return wiped him across the face with my hat. He ran to a corner to lay hold of a rusty sword, and I discharged the lamp at him so furiously that he was oil all over, and I half-dead with fear, being in the dark, and the door shut. However, I was fortunate to find the sally-port, and fled to the watch, whither my greasy carrier followed me with his rusty tilter. A corporal met and disarmed him, after giving each of us half-a-dozen bangs, and then inquired into the affair, and endeavoured to reconcile us, but in vain, the carrier refusing to consent till I paid the damage done to his coat. I gave him half his money again, and the other part I spent on the corporal, watchmen, myself and the carrier, drowning the quarrel, and forgetting all wrongs.

After travelling many a tedious mile I at last got to Calais, and from thence to London. Being come to the metropolis, I went directly to my father's house that had been, which upon inquiry I found in the hands of a stranger. I asked for my sisters, and was told they were removed into another world. I found they had both been married, and had left children; so that my hopes of getting anything by their deaths proved abortive. Destitute of friends, I knew not what to do, especially finding the gout come upon me. At last, by the advice of an acquaintance, I took a public-house and, understanding several languages, have now very good custom from foreigners. I intend to leave off my foolish pranks; and as I have spent my juvenile years and money in keeping company, hope to find some fools as bad as myself, who delight in throwing away their estates and impairing their healths.

This is all the account he gives of himself; and all the information we can get further of him is that he kept an inn in Smithfield, and got a considerable fortune. But being



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eager to be rich at once, he, jointly with his ostler, committed a most barbarous and cruel murder ; for a gentleman who had purchased an estate in the country was obliged to pay the money in London, and accordingly came to town for that purpose, putting up at Batson's inn. The ostler, in taking the gentleman's bags off, perceived they were very heavy, and acquainted his master with it, and they two soon agreed to murder the gentleman, and divide the booty, the first of which was barbarously executed by the ostler, who cut the guest's throat, and then they removed the body into a closet. But a dispute arose in dividing the money, which made the ostler leave his master with what he could get ; and he getting drunk the same night discovered the inhuman deed, producing several pieces of gold as a confirmation. The neighbours at first thought it was all fiction, until the fellow often calling God to witness of the truth, and vowing revenge on his master (thinking by his discovery to save himself), a stander-by more penetrating than the rest sent for a constable and got him secured, who being carried before a magistrate persisted in it, and desired the house of his master might be searched, which was accordingly done, and the body found. In a small time after they were both arraigned and convicted. The ostler died just after ; but Batson was deservedly executed, dying penitent, and in the communion of the Church of Rome, the principles of which he had imbibed by going into foreign parts. And thus ended the life of this detestable villain about a year before the restoration of King Charles II.

## THOMAS SAVAGE

*A Profligate Apprentice who murdered a Fellow-Servant, was executed twice, and finally buried 28th of October, 1668*

THIS unhappy wretch was born of very honest parents in the parish of St Giles's in the Fields, and between fourteen and fifteen years of age bound apprentice to one Mr Collins, a vintner, at the Ship Tavern at Ratcliff Cross,



*THO: SAVAGE. Returning to HANNAH BLAY'S Lodging &c*



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with whom he led but a very loose and profligate sort of life for about two years.

Breaking the Sabbath (by his own confession, he having never once heard a whole sermon during that time) was the first inlet to all his other vices, especially whoredom, drunkenness and theft, for he used commonly to pass away the Sabbaths at a bawdy-house in Ratcliff Highway with one Hannah Blay, a vile common strumpet, who was the cause of his ruin, and brought him to his shameful end.

He was carried at first to drink there by an acquaintance, who afterwards went to sea ; but having once found the way, he went after that alone, without his companion, and would often carry a bottle or two of wine to junket with her. This, however, not satisfying her wicked desires, she told him frequently that if he would enjoy her company he must bring good store of money with him. To this he always replied that he could bring none but his master's, and that he had never wronged him of twopence in his life. Nevertheless she still continued urging him to rob him privately, but he answered he could not, because the maid was always at home with him. "Hang her, a jade !" said this limb of the devil ; "knock her brains out, and I'll receive the money, and go anywhere with you beyond sea, to avoid the stroke of justice."

She was often giving him this bad advice and preaching this infernal doctrine, and she repeated it in particular on the very day when he unhappily took her counsel and perpetrated the murder ; for being at her house in the morning, she made him drunk with burnt brandy, and he wanting a groat to pay his reckoning, she again persuaded him to knock the maid's brains out, and bring her what money he could find.

Hereupon he went home, between twelve and one o'clock, and seeing his master standing at the street door did not dare to go in that way, but climbed over a wall, and getting in at the back door went into the room where his fellow-servants were at dinner. "Oh, sirrah," said the maid to him,

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“you have been now at the bawdy-house; you will never leave it till you are utterly ruined thereby.”

These words provoked him highly, and he was so much enraged at her that from that moment the devil took firm possession of him, and he fully resolved, even while he was at dinner, to be her butcher. Accordingly, when his master with the rest of the family were gone to church, leaving only the maid and Tom Savage at home, he went into the bar and fetched a hammer, with which he began to make a great noise, as he sat by the fire, by knocking on the bellows. Hereupon says the maid to him: “Sure the boy is mad! Sirrah, what do you make this noise for?”

To this he made no answer, but going to the kitchen window began to knock and make the same noise there, of which the maid then taking no notice, he, to provoke her, got on the clean dresser, and walked up and down thereon several times with his dirty shoes. This piece of malice exasperating the maid, so that she scolded at him pretty heartily, he threw the hammer at her suddenly with such violence that, hitting her on the head, it felled her to the ground, and she shrieked out. He then went and took up the hammer, intending to repeat the blow, but laid it down again thrice, not being yet hardened enough in cruelty to strike her any more; but at last, taking it up the fourth time, the devil had then gained such an absolute mastery over him that he gave her several strokes with all the force he could, and quickly dispatched her out of the world.

The inhuman wretch, having perpetrated this hellish piece of barbarity, immediately broke open a cupboard in his master's chamber, and taking out a bag, wherein was about sixty pounds, hid it under his coat, and went out at a back door directly away to Hannah Blay again. When he came there, and informed her what he had done, the cunning slut, who was hardened in wickedness, would fain have had the money from him; but he would part with no more than half-a-crown, which having given her, he went away without the least remorse for what he had done.

But he had not gone very far, when, meeting with a stile,

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he sat down thereon to rest himself, and then began to reflect on the horrid deed he had perpetrated, and to cry out to himself, "Lord, what have I done!" wishing that he could have recalled the fatal blows, even at the price of ten thousand worlds, if so many had been in his power. After this he was in so much horror and dread of mind that he stirred not a step but he thought everyone he met came to apprehend him.

That night he reached Greenwich, where he took up his lodging, telling the people of the house he was going to Gravesend; but being got to bed he could not sleep, through the terror of a guilty conscience, but got up again, and walked about the room for several hours. Next morning the mistress of the house, perceiving he had a large quantity of money in a bag not sealed up, began to examine him about it, doubting he came not by it honestly. Hereupon, to avoid her just suspicion, he told her he was carrying it down to Gravesend to his master, who was a wine-cooper, and lived on London Bridge; and that if she would not believe she might send to his mistress, and in the meantime he would leave the money in her hands.

This was agreed upon, and accordingly he wrote a note himself to his pretended mistress, which was to be carried by some people who were then going to London, whilst he went his way, wandering towards Woolwich, where he was in the shipyard much about the time the hue and cry came to Greenwich of a murder committed at Ratcliff Cross by a youth upon a maid, who was his fellow-servant; and that he had also robbed his master of a bag of money.

Upon this news the mistress of the house where he had lain presently concluded that it was the same youth who had lodged there, and that the bag he had left with her was that whereof he had robbed his master. Hereupon she immediately dispatched several men in search of him, who found him asleep in an ale-house, with his head upon a table and a pot of beer by him. Upon this, one of the men, calling him by his name, said: "Tom, did you not live at Ratcliff?" He answered Yes. "And did not you murder your

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fellow-servant?" He answered likewise in the affirmative. "And you took so much money from your master?" He acknowledged all. "Then," continued he, "you must go along with us." To which he replied: "Yes, with all my heart." Accordingly they went forthwith to Greenwich, to the house where he had lain the night before.

By the time he got thither his master and some friends had arrived there likewise, who exaggerated to him the barbarity of the fact, wherewith he was not much affected at first, though a little after he burst out into tears. From thence he was carried back to Ratcliff, and had before a Justice of Peace, who committed him to Newgate.

Being now in safe custody, he was visited by one Mr Baker, to whom, after some little acquaintance, he gave the foregoing account; and he found him at first but little sensible of the heinousness of the crime he had committed. But the next time, asking him whether he was sorry for the fact, he answered with tears in his eyes, wringing his hands, and striking his breast, "Yes, sir; for it cuts me to the heart to think that I should take away the life of an innocent creature; and that is not all, but for anything I know, I have sent her soul to hell. Oh! how can I think of appearing before God's tribunal, when she shall stand before me and say, 'Lord, this wretch took away my life, and gave me not the least time to consider of the state of my soul, that so I might have repented of my sins, and have turned to Thee; he gave me no warning at all, Lord.' Oh, then, what will become of me?"

He was then visited by Mr Robert Franklyn, Mr Thomas Vincent, Mr Thomas Doolittle and Mr James Janeway, who asked him if he was the person that murdered the maid at Ratcliff. To which he answered Yes. Hereupon they endeavoured to set the sin home upon his conscience, telling him the danger he was in, not only of a temporal but of an eternal death, without true repentance, and a sincere and strong faith.

The day he went down to the sessions his fellow-prisoners gave him something to drink, which very much



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disordered him ; and Hannah Blay, whom he had accused, and who was taken into custody thereupon, was heard to say to him : “ Others have made you drunk to-day, but I will make thee drunk to-morrow.” He lamented this backsliding grievously, but said that it was not the quantity he had drunk, which was much less than he was able to drink at other times without being in the least disordered, but it was something they had infused into his liquor to intoxicate his senses ; which made him ever afterwards very cautious and fearful of drinking in their company.

After he had received sentence of death he was again visited by Mr Baker ; and the Saturday before his execution he was again with him, when Savage said to him, taking him by the hand, “ Oh, my dear friend, come hither.” Then opening his coffin, “ Look here,” continued he, “ this is the ship wherein I must launch out into the ocean of eternity. Is it not a terrible thing to see one’s own coffin and burial clothes, when at the same time (as to my bodily health) I am every whit as well as you ? ”

On the Sunday, expecting to be executed next day, he desired to be alone, and spent it in prayer and other religious duties. Next morning the sheriff’s men and cart came for him, but the Sheriff of Middlesex not having notice, it was deferred till Wednesday, when, looking upon his clothes that he had put on to die in, he said : “ What ! have I got on my dying clothes ? Dying clothes, did I say ? They are my living clothes, the clothes out of which I shall go into eternal glory. They are the best clothes that ever I put on ! ”

Being brought to the place of execution at Ratcliff Cross, he made a short speech, wherein he exhorted people, both old and young, to take warning by his untimely end how they offended against the laws of God and man. After which, having said a very pathetic prayer, and breathed forth such pious ejaculations as drew tears from the eyes of the beholders, he was turned off the cart, and struggled for a while, heaving up his body. Which a young man, his friend, perceiving, he struck him several blows upon his breast with all his strength, to put him out of his pain, till

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no motion could be perceived in him. Wherefore after he had hung a considerable time, and was to all appearance dead, the people moving away, the sheriff ordered him to be cut down, when, being received into the arms of some of his friends, he was conveyed into a house not far from the place of execution. There being laid upon a table, he began, to the astonishment of the beholders, to breathe, and rattle in the throat, so that it was evident life was whole in him. Hereupon he was carried from thence to a bed in the same house, where he breathed more strongly, and opened his eyes and mouth, though his teeth were set before, and he offered to speak, but could not recover the use of his tongue.

However, his reviving being blazed abroad within an hour, the sheriff's officers came to the house where he was, and carrying him back to the place of execution, hung him up again till he was really dead. After which his body was carried by his mourning friends to Islington, and buried on 28th of October, 1668, being seventeen years of age.

## THE REV. ROBERT HAWKINS

*The Subject of a foul Conspiracy on the Part of Henry Larrimore and Sir John Croke that failed at Aylesbury Assizes, 11th of March, 1669*

A FOUL conspiracy against the life of a clerk in holy orders was laid bare at the assizes at Aylesbury on 11th of March, 1669, when Robert Hawkins, clerk of Chilton, was indicted with breaking into the dwelling-house of Henry Larrimore and stealing his gold rings and other articles.

Larrimore deposed that on Friday, 18th of September, 1668, between twelve and one o'clock at noon, he locked up his doors and went into a hemp-plat, about two furlongs from his house, with all his family, to pull hemp. Coming home an hour and a half before sunset he found his doors open, and ran upstairs to a loft over the chamber where he lay, and, looking through the chinks of the boards, there he

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saw the prisoner rifling a box, in which, among other goods, was a white holland apron and a purse, in which were two gold rings of the value of ten shillings each, two ten-shilling pieces of gold, and nineteen shillings in silver. The prisoner hearing some noise, the deponent saw him glance by the stair-foot door, and so run out of his house, down the yard, with a great bunch of keys; and the deponent saw the prisoner hide himself in a close where there were some beans and weeds. The next day he procured a warrant from Sir Richard Piggot to search for his rings and money, and with the constable of the place, and some others, he went to search the prisoner's house, who refusing to open his doors, the constable broke them open, and in a basket filled with paper, rags and other trumpery he found one of the rings, and a five-shilling piece of silver, which he positively swore were the same which he had seen the prisoner the day before take out of his purse.

HAWKINS: Why did not Larrimore, when he saw his doors open, which he expected to have found locked, call some of his neighbours to assist in searching the house and securing me, or whoever the person it was that he found robbing him?

To this Larrimore answered he did not then well consider what he did.

HAWKINS: If he saw me commit the robbery in his house, why then did he search other houses for the goods he saw me steal?

LARRIMORE: I had been robbed at several other times.

HAWKINS: How came he not to charge me positively with the felony before Sir Richard Piggot, of whom he had the warrant, if he had been sure I robbed him?

To this Larrimore made no direct answer.

Henry Larrimore, the son, and Joan Beamsley gave evidence as to seeing Hawkins run from the house, whereupon Lord Chief Baron Hales said: "Here is evidence enough to hang twenty men."

HAWKINS: I doubt not but to clear myself, notwithstanding this evidence. Pray, Sir Richard Piggot, when

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Larrimore came for the warrant to search, did he not say he suspected several persons of robbing him of them, and that I was but one of the suspected persons?

Sir Richard Piggot, being upon the bench, acknowledged this to be true.

HAWKINS: And yet Larrimore swears he saw me steal them out of his house on the 18th of September, an hour and a half before sunset, which I desire the Court and the jury would take notice of.

John Chilton was called, and said that Mr Hawkins brought him a pair of boots to put new legs to them, and that he told the prisoner he would lay them in his shop window, and he might take them as he came by, for he should be abroad; which accordingly the prisoner did, and paid him for doing them, at Sir John Croke's; but that when the prisoner came to demand his tithes, and sued for them, then this Larrimore, Mr Dodsworth Croke, Richard Maine the constable, and others, came to the deponent and plagued him night and day to charge the prisoner with felony for stealing the boots; and they would have forced him to fetch a warrant to search for them, and threatened, in case he would not, that Sir John Croke would indict him at the assizes, as accessory to the stealing his own goods; and Larrimore said he would make him swear that Mr Hawkins had stolen his boots, and subpœnaed him to the assizes for that purpose.

LARRIMORE: My Lord, this fellow is hired by Mr Hawkins to swear this.

CHILTON: I am not hired to swear by Mr Hawkins; but Thomas Croxton told me last Monday, if I would swear Mr Hawkins stole my boots, he would bear me out against Mr Hawkins as far as one hundred pounds would go; and if that would not do, as far as five hundred pounds would go; and if I doubted it, he would give me a bond to make good his promise.

HAWKINS: My Lord, this is an easy way for the fanatics to pay their tithes. If they can but hang up the clergy, they may cease their pleas for liberty of conscience. I desire

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the Court and the jury will observe that this Chilton is one of Larrimore's witnesses, and yet he swears that Croxton and others used their utmost endeavours to persuade him to charge me with felony.

Mr Hawkins added that Larrimore was a notorious Anabaptist, and an enemy to the Church of England and ministry in general, but particularly to himself, he having sued him for tithes, and indicted him for not coming to church or baptizing his children; that Larrimore's malice had sufficiently appeared before this, by dissuading those who owed him money from paying him, and persuading others, whom he owed money to, to arrest him; by dissuading those he had sued for tithes from agreeing with him, and telling them Sir John Croke would force him to run his country, etc. And if the jury doubted of any of these particulars, he was ready to prove them.

Proceeding in his defence, he said it was very unlikely he should commit a robbery in his own parish in the daytime, where everybody that saw him must needs know him; and that if he had been conscious of his guilt he had twenty-four hours' time to have made his escape; and it was strange he could find no other place to conceal this ring and five-shilling piece but in a little basket that hung up upon a pin; and that if Larrimore had seen him rob him, it was strange he did not tell his neighbours of it, or take any care to secure him till the next day; nor did he declare it to Sir Richard Piggot, from whom he fetched the warrant to search, as might appear by the contents of it.

Hereupon my Lord Chief Baron ordered the constable to produce the warrant; and it being delivered to my Lord, he observed that it bore date before the robbery was committed. Turning to Larrimore he said: "Thou art very cunning, to be provided with a warrant a day before you were robbed. It seems you knew upon the 17th day that you should be robbed on the 18th, and that this person now at the bar should rob you. But, Mr Hawkins, if you were innocent of this robbery, why did you refuse to open your doors and let your house be searched?"

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HAWKINS: Most of those persons present were my inveterate enemies. As for Sir John Croke and Larrimore, they had often threatened to pull down my house, and hired people to make a forcible entry upon it; particularly they hired one Jaires to get down the chimney and open my doors when we were all abroad; they had also contracted with one Tyler for the same purpose. Besides, they had an execution against me which Larrimore's son had a few days before executed in part, and he was then present; and, my Lord, I offered at the same time that Mr Sanders, the other constable, who lived but next door, might search as narrowly as he pleased.

These statements having been corroborated, the Lord Chief Baron said the business appeared very foul; and looking towards Sir John Croke asked if that were the Sir John Croke who was concerned in that business.

HAWKINS: I doubt not to make appear to the world that Sir John is deeply concerned in this conspiracy.

Mr Brown was called, and said that Sir John Croke and this Larrimore had threatened that if he came down to this assizes to testify what he had heard of this conspiracy they would ruin him and his family, and for that reason he dare not speak; but the Court promising him protection, he gave this evidence:

Being entrusted by Sir John Lentall as keeper to Sir John Croke, who is a prisoner in the King's Bench, on Wednesday, the 16th of September last, as I was in bed at Sir John Croke's house in Chilton, I heard a great noise, and fearing they were contriving Sir John Croke's escape, I started out of bed in my shirt and stood at the dining-room door behind the hangings, and there I heard this Larrimore tell Sir John Croke that he had undone him by causing him to contend with the parson; for that he had entered him in most of the courts of England, and summoned him into the Crown Office and Chancery, and he could not maintain so many suits. Sir John replied: "Is that all? Come, brother Larrimore, be contented; we will have one trick more for Hawkins yet, which shall do his work." Larrimore

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answered : " You have put me upon too many tricks already—more than I can manage—and the parson is too hard for us still." Sir John replied : " If thou wilt but act, I will hatch enough to hang Hawkins. Cannot thou convey some gold or silver into his house, and have a warrant ready to search his house?—and then our work is done" ; and, says he : " Do you but go to Sir John Piggot and inform him you have lost your money and goods, and desire his warrant to search for them ; and take Dick Maine the constable, who is one of us, and will do what we desire him, and search the house, and when you find these things, charge him with flat felony, and force him before me, and I will send him to jail without bail, and we will hang him at the next assizes."

On the Sunday morning I went to the ale-house, where they had kept Mr Hawkins all night, and saw them carrying him to jail. I said to Sir John, when I came home, " They have carried the poor parson to jail," and he answered, " Let him go, and the devil go with him, and more shall follow after. Have I not often told you," says he, " if my brother Larrimore and I laid our heads together, nobody could stand against us? " And I replied : " Yes, Sir John, I have often heard you say so, but never believed it till now."

THE LORD CHIEF BARON : Is all this true, which you have related?

BROWN : Yes, my Lord ; and there sits Sir John Croke (pointing to him), who knows that every word I have said is true.

Soon after Sir John Croke stole off the bench, without taking leave of the Chief Baron.

LARRIMORE : My Lord, what I have sworn as to Mr Hawkins is true.

THE LORD CHIEF BARON : Larrimore, thou art a very villain ; nay, I think thou art a devil. Gentlemen, where is this Sir John Croke?

It was answered he was gone.

THE LORD CHIEF BARON : Gentlemen, I must acquaint you Sir John Croke sent me this morning two sugar loaves, to excuse his absence yesterday, but I sent them back again ;



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I did not then so well know what he meant by them as I do now. Surely Sir John does not think the King's justices will take bribes. Somebody may have used his name (here the Chief Baron showed Sir John's letter). Is this his hand?

Some of the justices on the bench said they believed it might be; and it being compared with the mittimus, the hands appeared to be the same.

His Lordship, summing up, said that it appeared upon the evidence, and from all the circumstances, to be a most foul and malicious conspiracy against the life of Mr Hawkins.

Then the jury, without stirring from the bar, gave their verdict, that the prisoner was not guilty.

Mr Hawkins moved that he might be discharged without paying his fees, for that he was very poor—this, and other troubles the prosecutors had brought upon him, having cost him a great deal of money. My Lord Chief Baron answered he could not help it; he could not give away other people's rights: if they would not remit their fees, he must pay them.

As soon as the trial was over, Sir John Croke, Larrimore the prosecutor, and their accomplices in the conspiracy, fled privately out of town.

### STEPHEN EATON, GEORGE ROADES AND SARAH SWIFT

*Executed 14th of July, 1669, for the Murder of the  
Rev. John Talbot; their Accomplice, Henry  
Prichard, being reprieved*

THIS gentleman had been chaplain to a regiment in Portugal in the reign of King Charles II., where he continued in the discharge of his office till the recalling of the said regiment, when, arriving in London, he preached three months at St Alphage in the Wall. Afterwards he was curate at a town called Laindon, in Essex, where a lawsuit commenced between him and some persons of the said parish, upon the account of which he came up to London

## EATON, ROADES AND SWIFT

at the unhappy time when a period was put to his life in the following manner :—

Several profligate abandoned wretches, to the number of six men and one woman, took into their heads one day to waylay, rob and murder this poor man. Whether, hearing his business, they might think he had a pretty deal of money about him, or whether they acted at the instigations of some of Mr Talbot's enemies, is not certain; however it was, they dogged him from four o'clock in the afternoon whithersoever he went. The names of some of these miscreants were Stephen Eaton, a confectioner; George Roades, a broker; Henry Prichard, a tailor; and Sarah Swift.

Mr Talbot had received information that his adversaries designed to arrest him, which made him a little circumspect while he was abroad; for everyone who took any notice of him he imagined to be an officer. This occasioned him the sooner to be alarmed when he saw himself followed by five or six people from place to place; so that, turn which way soever he would, he was certain of meeting one or more of them.

After he had shifted about a long time to no purpose in order to avoid, as he thought, their clapping a writ on his back, he betook himself to Gray's Inn, whither, being still pursued, he had there a good opportunity to take particular and accurate notice of some or all of these evil-disposed persons. Here he took shelter a little while and wrote letters to some of his acquaintances and friends, requesting them to come and lend him their assistance in order to secure his person.

The persons whom he sent to failing him, he got admittance into the chambers of one of the gentlemen of the place, where he stayed till he supposed all the danger was over; then, taking a little refreshment, he took the back way, through Old Street, and so over the fields to Shoreditch.

Not long after he had got into the fields he perceived the same persons at his heels who had dogged him before. He was now more surprised than ever, it being eleven o'clock

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at night. The most probable method of escaping that he could see was by breaking through a reed hedge to a garden house; but before he could reach the place one or more of the villains seized him, and began to pick his pockets. They found about twenty shillings, and his knife, with which they attempted to kill him, by cutting his throat.

Whether it was by chance, or these wretches pretended to have an extraordinary skill in butchering men, is uncertain; but they first cut out a piece of his throat, about the breadth of a crown-piece, without touching the wind-pipe, and then, in the dependent part of the orifice, they stabbed him with the knife so deep that the point almost reached his lungs. However, Providence so far overruled their cruelty that they did not cut the recurrent nerves, which would have stopped his speech, nor the jugular veins and arteries, which if they had done he had instantly bled to death without remedy, and then possibly no discovery had been made.

There was a cut in the collar of his doublet, which seemed to show that they attempted this piece of butchery before they stripped him; but then the nature of the wound intimated, on the contrary, that they pulled off his coat and doublet before they accomplished their design.

This bloody deed was perpetrated at Anniseed Clear on Friday night, the 2nd of July, 1669. While the wretches were committing their butchery the dogs barked and the beasts bellowed in an uncommon manner; so that several gardeners rose out of their beds to prepare for the market, supposing it had been daylight. Soon after it thundered and rained in a terrible manner, which drew several brickmakers out of their lodgings to secure their bricks from the weather, and was also the occasion that the murderers did not get far from the place where their barbarity was acted before they were apprehended; so that heaven and earth seemed to unite in crying out against the inhuman deed, and detecting the wicked authors of it.

Some of the brickmakers who had been alarmed by the thunder and rain discovered Mr Talbot lying in his shirt

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and drawers, all bloody. These gave notice to their companions, who also came up. They then raised him, and cherished him with a dram which one of them had at hand ; whereupon he immediately pointed which way the murderers went. The watch near Shoreditch were soon informed of what had happened, and some of them came, as well to take care of the wounded gentleman as to apprehend the authors of his misfortune. One of the number quickly discovered a man lying among the nettles, and called up his companions, supposing he also had been murdered ; but when they came to a nearer examination they saw a bloody knife on one side of him and the minister's doublet on the other. Upon these circumstances, presuming he was guilty of the murder, they apprehended him. At first he feigned himself asleep, and then, suddenly starting up, he attempted to make his escape, but in vain. A pewter pot, with the mark newly scraped out, was found near him, and one of the watchmen broke his head with it, which made him a little more tractable. In the meantime Mr Talbot, by the great care of the officers of the night, was carried to the Star Inn, at Shoreditch church, where he was put to bed, and whither a surgeon was sent for to dress and take care of his wounds.

This man who was apprehended was Eaton, the confectioner. He was carried before Mr Talbot, who instantly knew him, and by writing declared that he was the man who cut his throat ; and that five more men and a woman were his associates. A second time, upon Mr Talbot's own request, Eaton was brought before him, when he continued his former accusation against him ; whereupon he was carried before Justice Pitfield, and by him committed to Newgate. It was not long after Eaton, before the woman was found, who also pretended to be asleep. Mr Talbot swore as positively to her as he had done to the other, and inquired of the constable whether her name was not Sarah, for he had heard one of her comrades say to her, when in Holborn : " Shall we have a coach, Sarah ? " The constable demanded her name, and she, not suspecting the reason, told him right, which confirmed the evidence of the dying

## NEWGATE CALENDAR

gentleman. Shortly after a third, and then a fourth, was taken, who were also committed to Newgate, Mr Talbot knowing one of these also.

The care of Mr Talbot's wounds was committed to one Mr Litchfield, an able surgeon, who diligently attended him; and that nothing be omitted which might conduce to his recovery, Dr Hodges, one of the physicians employed by the city during the dreadful visitation in 1665, was likewise called. To these, at the request of the minister of the Charter-house, Dr Ridgely was added. By their joint direction he was in a fair way to be cured, no ill symptoms appearing from Monday morning to the Sabbath Day following, either upon account of his wounds, or otherwise; for though he lay some time in the wet, yet through the experience of these gentlemen he was kept from a fever. Several other surgeons also freely offered their assistance.

About noon on Sunday he was dressed. The wound looked well, and he seemed more cheerful than ordinary; but within two or three hours after, a violent fit of coughing seized him, which broke the jugular vein, and caused such an effusion of blood that he fainted, and his extreme parts were cold, before anyone could come to his assistance. The flux was once stopped, but upon coughing he bled again, so that his case was almost past hope.

About one or two next morning he sent for Dr Atfield, minister of Shoreditch church; and though he had before said little more than Aye or No, and his physicians desired him not to strain those parts where his danger lay, but rather write his mind, notwithstanding all this, he talked very familiarly to the doctor, telling him that he hoped to be saved by the merits of Jesus Christ only. Then the doctor pressed him to declare whether he were still fully satisfied as to the persons he swore against. To which he readily answered that he was certain he was not mistaken in what he had done. Being asked whether or no he could freely forgive them, he replied that he prayed for the welfare of their souls, but desired the law might be executed on their bodies. In a word, this reverend gentleman seemed very

## EATON, ROADES AND SWIFT

submissive under this severe dispensation, believing a Providence in everything that happens. The doctor prayed by him, and departed, and within two hours after he expired, having been very devout and composed to the last moment.

Several attestations were made before the justice and at the trial of the prisoners concerning Mr Talbot's having been dogged and murdered by those who had either seen him the day before, or came up to him first, when he was left in the lamentable condition we have been describing. Mr Went, in particular, who was constable of the night when this murder was committed, gave a particular relation of taking the prisoners, and of what Mr Talbot said and wrote when he saw any one of them. The papers which the deceased wrote were likewise produced in court, and it was observable that he particularly exclaimed against the woman, whom he called bloody every time he mentioned her, affirming that she said to her companions several times, "Kill the dog, kill him."

The facts and circumstances were so plain that the jury found all the four that had been taken guilty of the murder, not one of them being able to give a satisfactory account of themselves, or to prove where they were after six o'clock on the night the bloody deed was done. The names of these four were given at the beginning of this relation.

Mr Cowper the coroner, and Mr Litchfield the surgeon, gave in their informations an exact account of Mr Talbot's wound, and both of them deposed that they verily thought it to be the occasion of his death. Mr Litchfield said the knife really penetrated his lungs.

The night before Mr Talbot died he wrote to Mr Went, the constable, desiring him to go to the ordinary and inquire with him of Eaton whether any of Laindon's people employed or abetted him in the fact he had committed; if they did, to get their names of him. But Eaton persisted in denying not only that, but even the fact itself, telling them in the most solemn manner that to his knowledge he never in his life saw Mr Talbot till he was brought before him, after he was taken. Sarah Swift likewise being questioned

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concerning her guilt, and urged to confess what she knew, she answered that she would burn in hell before she would own anything of the matter. To such an uncommon degree had these wretches hardened themselves in their crimes.

Mr Talbot wrote also several letters to his friends, with an exact account of the manner how he had been followed for seven hours together, and how he was at last set upon, and used in the barbarous manner herein related; but the substance of these letters being interspersed in the story itself it is needless to give them at large.

On Wednesday, the 14th of July, 1669, Stephen Eaton, George Roades and Sarah Swift were conveyed in a cart to Tyburn, where the two men confessed the murder; but the woman continued obstinate to the last. Henry Prichard was reprieved upon some favourable circumstances that were produced.

## CLAUDE DU VALL

*A Frenchman who, coming to England, became by his Politeness and Gallantry on the Road the Romantic Darling of the Ladies. Executed 21st of January, 1670*

SOME have affirmed that this very celebrated highway-man was born in Smock Alley, without Bishopsgate; but this is without ground, for he really received his first breath at a place called Damfront in Normandy. His father was a miller, and his mother the daughter of a tailor. By these parents he was brought up strictly in the Roman Catholic religion, and his promising genius was cultivated with as much learning as qualified him for a footman.

But though the father was so careful as to see that his son had some religion, we have good reason to think that he had none himself. He used to talk much more of good cheer than of the Church, and of great feasts than great faith; good wine was to him better than good works; and a sound courtesan was far more agreeable than a sound Christian. Being once so very sick there were great hopes of his dying



## CLAUDE DU VALL

a natural death, a ghostly father came to him with his *Corpus Domini*, and told him that, hearing of the extremity he was in, he had brought him his Saviour to comfort him before his departure. Old Du Vall, upon this, drew aside the curtain and beheld a goodly fat friar with the Host in his hand. "I know," said he, "that it is our Saviour, because He came to me in the same manner as He went to Jerusalem: *C'est un asne que le porte*" ("It is an ass that carries Him").

Neither father nor mother took any notice of young Claude after he was about thirteen years of age. Perhaps their circumstances might then oblige them to send him abroad to seek his fortune. His first stage was at Rouen, the capital city of Normandy, where he fortunately met with post-horses to be returned to Paris, upon one of which he got leave to ride, by promising to help dress them at night. At the same time falling in with some English gentlemen who were going to the same place, he got his expenses discharged by those generous travellers.

They arrived at Paris in the usual time, and the gentlemen took lodgings in the Faubourg St Germain, where the English generally quarter. Du Vall was willing to be as near as possible to his benefactors, and by their intercession he was admitted to run errands and do the meanest offices at the St Esprit in the Rue de Bouchiere, a house of general entertainment, something between a tavern and an ale-house, a "cook's" shop and a bawdy-house. In this condition he continued till the restoration of King Charles II. in 1660, at which time, multitudes of all nations flocking into England, among them came Du Vall, in the capacity of a footman to a person of quality.

The universal joy upon the return of the Royal family made the whole nation almost mad. Everyone ran into extravagances, and Du Vall, whose inclinations were as vicious as any man's, soon became an extraordinary proficient in gaming, whoring, drunkenness, and all manner of debauchery. The natural effect of these courses is want of money; this our adventurer experienced in a very little time; and as he could not think of labouring he took to

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the highway to support his irregularities. In this profession he was within a little while so famous as to have the honour of being named first in a proclamation for apprehending several notorious highwaymen. And here we have reason to complain that our informations are too short for our assistance in writing the life of such a celebrated offender. However, such stories as have been delivered down to us we shall give our readers faithfully, and in the best manner we are able.

He had one day received intelligence of a knight and his lady who were travelling with four hundred pounds in their coach. Upon this he takes four or five more along with him and overtakes them on the road. The gentry soon perceived they were likely to be beset when they beheld several horsemen riding backwards and forwards, and whispering to one another; whereupon the lady, who was a young sprightly creature, pulls out a flageolet, and begins to play very briskly. Du Vall takes the hint, and plays excellently well upon a flageolet of his own, in answer to the lady, and in this posture rides up to the coach door. "Sir," says he to the knight, "your lady plays excellently, and I make no doubt but she dances as well. Will you please to step out of the coach and let me have the honour to dance one courant with her on the heath?" "I dare not deny anything, sir," the knight readily replied, "to a gentleman of your quality and good behaviour. You seem a man of generosity, and your request is perfectly reasonable." Immediately the footman opens the door and the knight comes out; Du Vall leaps lightly off his horse and hands the lady down. It was surprising to see how gracefully he moved upon the grass; scarce a dancing-master in London but would have been proud to have shown such agility in a pair of pumps as Du Vall showed in a great pair of French riding-boots. As soon as the dance was over he waits on the lady back to the coach, without offering her the least affront; but just as the knight was stepping in—"Sir," says he, "you have forgot to pay the music." His worship replied that he never forgot such things; and instantly put his hand under the seat of the

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coach and pulled out a hundred pounds in a bag, which he delivered to Du Vall, who received it with a very good grace, and courteously answered : “ Sir, you are liberal, and shall have no cause to repent your being so. This hundred given so generously is better than ten times the sum taken by force. Your noble behaviour has excused you the other three hundred which you have in the coach with you.” After this he gave him the word, that he might pass undisturbed if he met any more of their crew, and then very civilly wished them a good journey.

It happened another time, as Du Vall was upon his vocation of robbing on Blackheath, he meets with a coach richly fraught with ladies of quality, and with one child who had a silver sucking-bottle ; he robs them rudely, takes away their money, watches, rings, and even the little child’s sucking-bottle ; nor would he, upon the child’s tears, nor the ladies’ earnest intercession, be wrought upon to restore it, until at last one of his companions forced him to deliver it.

A little after the above-mentioned action another lucky turn in Du Vall’s favour happened, as much as that to his advantage. In the course of his rambles he came into the Crown Inn, in Beaconsfield, where he heard great singing, dancing, and playing upon the hautboy and violin. He instantly inquired into the reason of it, and found that there was a wake or fair kept there that day, at which were present most of the young men and maids for several miles about. This, he thought, was a promising place ; and therefore he set up his horse for that evening, went into the kitchen, and called for a pint of wine. Here he met with an old rich farmer, who had just received a hundred pounds, and had tied it up in a bag, putting it into his coat pocket. Du Vall was very attentive to all that passed, and by this means he heard the farmer tell an acquaintance what money he had about him, which our sharper immediately put down for his own ; more especially did he depend upon it when the countryman asked leave to go into the room where the music was, to see and hear the diversions. It was his next

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business to ask the same favour, which he as easily obtained, and very innocently to all appearance entered to see the country dancing, making an apology to the company when he came in, and telling them that he hoped it would be no offence, they replying as courteously that he might stay there and welcome.

His business now was more to watch the old farmer's bag of money than to mind the diversions of the young people ; and, after considering some time for a way to execute his designs in the most dexterous manner, he observed a chimney with a large funnel, which he thought would favour his project. Having contrived the whole affair, he went out and communicated it to the ostler, who, being a downright ostler, consented for a reward of two guineas to assist him. He was to dress up as a great mastiff dog in a cowhide, which he had in the stable, placing the horns directly on his forehead, and then by the help of a ladder and a rope to let him down the chimney. All this he performed while the company were merry in the chamber. Du Vall being returned from the yard, the dog howling as he descended the chimney, and pushing among them in this frightful manner, they were all put into a hurry and confusion. The music was silenced, the table overthrown, and the drink spilt ; the people all the while screaming, and crowding downstairs as fast as they were able, everyone crowding to be foremost, as they supposed the devil would unavoidably take the hindmost. Their heels flew up, the women's coats flew over their heads, and the pipe and the fiddle were trod to pieces. While they were in this condition the supposed devil made his way over them all and got into the stable, where the ostler instantly uncased him ; so that when the company came to examine the matter, as they could hear no more of him, they concluded he had vanished into the air.

Now was the time for Du Vall to take care of the farmer's hundred pounds, which he very easily did by diving into his pocket. As soon as he had got the money he took horse, and spared neither whip nor spur until he came to London,

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where he thought himself safe. As soon as things were a little in order again at the inn there was a dismal outcry for the money. All the suspicious persons were searched, and the house was examined from top to bottom, to no purpose. What could they suppose after this but that the devil had taken it away? It passed in this manner, and was looked upon as a judgment inflicted by permission of Providence on the farmer for his covetousness; the farmer being, in reality, a miserable wretch, who made it his business to get money by all the methods he could, whether lawful or otherwise.

One time Du Vall met with Esquire Roper, master of the buck-hounds to King Charles II., as he was hunting in Windsor Forest. As their rencounter happened in a thicket, Du Vall took advantage of the place, and commanded him to stand and deliver his money, or else he would shoot him. Mr Roper, to save his life, gave our adventurer a purse full of guineas, containing at least fifty, and Du Vall afterwards bound him neck and heels, fastened his horse by him, and rode away across the country.

The hunting, to be sure, was over for that time, but it was a pretty while before the huntsman could find his master. When the squire was unbound, he made all the haste he could to Windsor, and as he entered the town was met by Sir Stephen Fox, who asked him whether or no he had had any sport. Mr Roper replied in a great passion: "Yes, sir, I have had sport enough from a son of a whore, who made me pay damned dear for it. He bound me neck and heels, contrary to my desire, and then took fifty guineas from me, to pay him for his labour, which I had much rather he had omitted."

But the proclamation which we spoke of at the beginning of this life, and the large reward that was promised for taking him, made Du Vall think it unsafe to stay any longer in England; whereupon he retired into France. At Paris he lived very highly, boasting prodigiously of the success of his arms and amours, and affirming proudly that he never encountered with any one person of either sex whom he

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did not overcome. He had not been long here before he relapsed into his old disease, want of money, which obliged him to have recourse to his wits again. He had an uncommon talent at contrivance, particularly at suiting his stratagems to the temper of the person they were designed to ensnare, as the following instance will prove.

A learned Jesuit, who was confessor to the French King, was as much noted for his avarice as he was for his politics, by which latter he had rendered himself very eminent. His thirst for money was insatiable ; and though he was exceeding rich, his desires seemed to increase with his wealth. It came immediately into Du Vall's head that the only way to squeeze a little money out of him was to amuse him with hopes of getting a great deal, which he did in the following manner.

He put himself into a scholar's garb, to facilitate his admittance into the miser's company, and then waited very diligently for a proper time to make his address, which he met with in a few days. Seeing him alone in the piazza of the Faubourg, he went up to him very confidently and said : " May it please your reverence, I am a poor scholar who has been several years travelling over strange countries, to learn experience in the sciences, purely to serve my native country, to whose advantage I am determined to apply my knowledge, if I may be favoured with the patronage of a man so eminent as yourself." " And what may this knowledge of yours be ? " replied the father, very much pleased. " If you will communicate anything to me that may be beneficial to France, I assure you no proper encouragement shall be wanting on my side." Du Vall, upon this, growing yet bolder, proceeded : " Sir, I have spent most of my time in the study of alchemy, or the transmutation of metals, and have profited so much at Rome and Venice, from great men learned in that science, that I can change several base metals into gold, by the help of a philosophical powder, which I can prepare very speedily."

The father confessor appeared to brighten with joy at this relation. " Friend," says he, " such a thing as this will

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be serviceable indeed to the whole state, and peculiarly grateful to the King, who, as his affairs go at present, stands in some need of such a curious invention. But you must let me see some experiment of your skill before I credit what you say so far as to communicate it to his Majesty, who will sufficiently reward you if what you promise be demonstrated." Upon this, he conducted Du Vall home to his house, and furnished him with money to build a laboratory and purchase such other materials as he told him were requisite in order to proceed in this invaluable operation, charging him to keep the secret from every living soul until he thought proper, which Du Vall promised to perform.

The utensils being fixed, and everything in readiness, the Jesuit came to behold the wonderful operation. Du Vall took several metals and minerals of the basest sort and put them into a crucible, his reverence viewing every one as he put them in. Our learned alchemist had prepared a hollow stick, into which he had conveyed several sprigs of pure gold, as blacklead is in a pencil. With this stick he stirred the preparation as it melted, which with its heat melted the gold in the stick at the same time; so that it sunk imperceptibly into the vessel. When the excessive fire had consumed in a great measure all the lead, tin, brass and powder which he had put in for a show, the gold remained pure to the quantity of an ounce and a half. This the Jesuit caused to be assayed, and finding it what it really was—all fine gold—he was immediately so devoted to Du Vall, and blinded with the prospect of future advantage, that he believed everything our impostor could say, still furnishing him with whatever he demanded, in hopes to be at last made master of this extraordinary secret, the whole fame as well as profit of which, he did not question, would redound to him, as Du Vall was but an obscure person.

Thus were our alchemist and Jesuit, according to the old saying, as great as two pickpockets; which proverbial sentence, if we examine it a little closely, hits both their characters. Du Vall was a professed robber, and what is



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any Court favourite but a picker of the common people's pockets? So that it was only two sharpers endeavouring to outsharp one another. The confessor was as open as Du Vall could wish. He showed him all his treasure, and among it several rich jewels which he had received as presents from the King, hoping by these obligations to make him discover his art the sooner. In a word, he grew by degrees so importunate and urgent that Du Vall began to apprehend a too close inquiry if he denied the request any longer; and therefore he appointed a day when everything was to be communicated. In the meantime he took an opportunity to steal into the chamber where all the riches were deposited, and where his reverence generally slept after dinner, and finding him at that time very fast, with his mouth wide open, he gagged and bound him, then took his keys, and unhoarded as much of his wealth as he could conveniently carry out unsuspected; and so bade farewell to both him and France.

Du Vall had several other ways of getting money besides these which I have mentioned, particularly by gaming, at which he was so expert that few men in his age were able to play with him. No man living could slip a card more dexterously than he, nor better understood all the advantages that could be taken of an adversary; yet, to appearance, no man played fairer. He would frequently carry off ten, twenty, thirty, or sometimes a hundred pounds at a sitting, and had the pleasure commonly to hear it all attributed to his good fortune; so that few were dissuaded by their losses with him from playing with him a second, third or fourth time.

He was moreover a mighty man for laying wagers, and no less successful in this particular than any of the former. He made it a great part of his study to learn all the intricate questions, deceitful propositions and paradoxical assertions that are made use of in conversation. Add to this the smattering he had attained in all the sciences, particularly the mathematics, by means of which he frequently won considerable sums on the situation of a place, the length of

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a stick, and a hundred such little things, which a man may practise without being liable to any suspicion, or casting any blemish upon his character as an honest man, or even a gentleman, which Du Vall affected to appear.

But what he was most of all celebrated for, was his conquests among the ladies, which were almost incredible to those who had not been acquainted with intrigue. He was a handsome man, and had abundance of that sort of wit which is most apt to take with the fair sex. Every agreeable woman he saw he certainly died for, so that he was ten thousand times a martyr to love. "Those eyes of yours, madam, have undone me." "I am captivated with that pretty good-natured smile." "Oh, that I could by any means in the world recommend myself to your ladyship's notice!" "What a poor silly loving fool am I!" These, and a million of such expressions, full of flames, darts, racks, tortures, death, eyes, bubbies, waist, cheeks, etc., were much more familiar to him than his prayers, and he had the same fortune in the field of love as Marlborough had in that of war—viz. never to lay siege but he took the place.

There is no certain account how long Du Vall followed his vicious courses in England before he was detected, after his coming from France, and fell into the hands of justice. All we know is, that he was taken drunk at the Hole-in-the-Wall in Chandos Street, committed to Newgate, arraigned, convicted, condemned, and (on Friday the 21st day of January, 1670) executed at Tyburn in the twenty-seventh year of his age.

Abundance of ladies, and those not of the meanest degree, visited him in prison, and interceded for his pardon. Not a few accompanied him to the gallows, under their vizards, with swollen eyes and blubbered cheeks. After he had hanged a convenient time he was cut down, and, by persons well dressed, conveyed into a mourning coach. In this he was carried to the Tangier tavern at St Giles's, where he lay in state all night. The room was hung with black cloth, the hearse covered with 'scutcheons, eight wax tapers were burning, and as many tall gentlemen attended with

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long cloaks. All was in profound silence, and the ceremony had lasted much longer had not one of the judges sent to interrupt the pageantry.

As they were undressing him, in order to his lying-in-state, one of his friends put his hand into his pocket and found therein the following paper, which, as appears by the contents, he intended as a legacy to the ladies. It was written in a very fair hand:—

“ I should be very ungrateful to you, fair English ladies, should I not acknowledge the obligations you have laid me under. I could not have hoped that a person of my birth, nation, education and condition could have had charms enough to captivate you all; though the contrary has appeared, by your firm attachment to my interest, which you have not abandoned even in my last distress. You have visited me in prison, and even accompanied me to an ignominious death.

“ From the experience of your former loves, I am confident that many among you would be glad to receive me to your arms, even from the gallows.

“ How mightily and how generously have you rewarded my former services! Shall I ever forget the universal consternation that appeared upon your faces when I was taken; your chargeable visits to me in Newgate; your shrieks and swoonings when I was condemned, and your zealous intercession and importunity for my pardon! You could not have erected fairer pillars of honour and respect to me had I been a Hercules, able to get fifty of you with child in one night.

“ It has been the misfortune of several English gentlemen to die at this place, in the time of the late usurpation, upon the most honourable occasion that ever presented itself; yet none of these, as I could ever learn, received so many marks of your esteem as myself. How much the greater, therefore, is my obligation.

“ It does not, however, grieve me that your intercession for me proved ineffectual; for now I shall die with a healthful body, and, I hope, a prepared mind. My confessor has

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shown me the evil of my ways, and wrought in me a true repentance. Whereas, had you prevailed for my life, I must in gratitude have devoted it to your service, which would certainly have made it very short; for had you been sound, I should have died of a consumption; if otherwise, of a pox."

He was buried with many flambeaux, amid a numerous train of mourners (most of them ladies), in Covent Garden. A white marble stone was laid over him, with his arms and the following epitaph engraven on it:—

"Here lies Du Vall, reader, if male thou art,  
Look to thy purse; if female, to thy heart.  
Much havoc hath he made of both; for all  
Men he made stand, and women he made fall.

The second conqueror of the Norman race,  
Knights to his arms did yield, and ladies to his face.  
Old Tyburn's glory, England's bravest thief,  
Du Vall the ladies' joy! Du Vall the ladies' grief."

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*A Notorious Highwayman who hated and maltreated Women.  
Executed 30th of April, 1670*

THOMAS WILMOT, the unfortunate subject of the few following pages, was the eldest son of John Wilmot, Esq., in the county of Suffolk. He was born at Ipswich, a noted seaport, and the capital town of all the county. When his father died he came immediately into the possession of an estate of six hundred pounds a year, entirely free from all encumbrances; which any reasonable person would think was sufficient to support a gentleman very handsomely.

It was but a few years, however, before the whole was mortgaged, and soon after sold, to maintain him in his expensive way of living, which was only a course of intrigues

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and debauchery. Not a beautiful woman in the country round but he was in pursuit of, without any regard to her degree or circumstances; yet was he almost always unsuccessful in his amours, for he was very deficient in that fine manner of address which recommends a man to the regards of the fair sex, who are generally prevailed upon with splendid appearances.

When our adventurer had very much reduced his estate by attempts upon the honour of women of character, he spent the last remains of it upon those who are always to be won with gold, and who also slighted him when they perceived he had no more of that shining metal.

Tom had an education suitable to his degree. He could write several hands very finely, and speak the French, Dutch, Spanish and Italian tongues tolerably well. Nevertheless, when he found himself ruined by his extravagances, he could think of no other way to support himself but the highway, supposing it below a gentleman to follow any honest profession. In this vocation he was so intrepid and desperate as frequently to attack two or three passengers together, without any assistance, and his fortune, for a long time, was equal to his courage.

One time, meeting a gentleman between Chelmsford and Colchester, and saluting him with the unwelcome words, "Stand and deliver," the person assaulted positively alleged that he had not any money about him. As it was contrary to Tom's interest, as well as to reason, for him to think a well-dressed man would travel on horseback without money, he proceeded to search his pockets, when he found the gentleman's asseveration true, or so nearly true that there was nothing worth taking. However, as his own coat was but indifferent, and the gentleman's very good, he made an exchange to keep his hands in exercise, and so took his leave. But Tom had this time better luck than he expected, for as he rode along he heard something jingle in his pockets, which made him examine them. It was no disagreeable surprise to find eighteen guineas and a crown-piece in an old steel tobacco-box.

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Another time, as he lay perdu in a thicket between Dorking in Surrey and Petworth in Sussex, he saw three gentlewomen riding along the road. He immediately rushed out upon them in a violent manner and demanded what they had. They gave him about eight pounds, which was their whole stock of money; but one of them had a large diamond ring on her finger, which Tom ordered her to deliver instantly. The poor woman could not easily get it off; upon which our inhuman villain pulled out a sharp knife and barbarously cut off finger and all, swearing at the same time that as he was now compelled to rob on the highway through his former extravagances, which had been occasioned by his fondness for their sex, he was resolved in all his actions to show a woman the least favour.

Wilmot's principal places of haunt for a great many years were about the western roads, where at last there was scarce a stage-coach or wagon could travel in safety long together; but he became in time so very noted, and so much sought after, that he was obliged to fly into the north of England, where he fell into the same way of living. Here he also continued some time to rob by himself, till he fell in company with several others of the same profession.

It was agreed among these, for their mutual safety, to form themselves into a society; and as Tom was a gentleman, besides his being the most experienced among them, it was unanimously agreed that he should be their captain. As soon as he was entered into his commission he called for pen, ink and paper, and drew up the following articles to be observed by their community; obliging them all to swear to them, and subscribe their names at the bottom of the paper:—

WE WHOSE NAMES ARE UNDERWRITTEN, HAVING BY MUTUAL AGREEMENT FORMED OURSELVES INTO A SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPORT OF EACH OTHER, WE DO ALL SOLEMNLY ENGAGE OURSELVES TO OBSERVE THESE PARTICULARS

I. To be obedient to our captain in all his commands, and faithful to our companions in all their designs and attempts.

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II. To be always present at such meetings as the captain by his sole authority shall appoint, except we have his leave for the contrary.

III. To stand by one another in any danger to the last breath, and never to fly from an equal number of opposers.

IV. To help one another when taken and imprisoned, in sickness, and in any distress whatsoever.

V. Never to leave, if possibly we can help it, the body of any companion behind us, whether dead or only wounded.

VI. To confess nothing, if taken, to the damage of our accomplices, though punished even with death itself for our faithfulness.

This our compact, when any one of us shall break, in any one article, may the greatest plagues fall on him in this world, and eternal damnation seize him hereafter.

The oath at the time of subscribing was in these words :

“ I, A.B., do swear, by the head and soul of our captain, to perform, to the utmost of my ability, everything agreed to in this writing. So help me honour.”

It is a pity that those who have furnished us with the preceding articles have not also obliged us with some of Wilmot's adventures in concert with his companions ; but as we meet with nothing of this nature in any account which we have seen, the reader must content himself with being told that the gang held together till the captain's exit, which was some years after the first institution. In such a series of time, there is no doubt but their robberies were very numerous. There are, however, two or three stories more of our hero himself, which are very well worth rehearsing.

He one day met with the Lincoln stage-coach, in which was only the wife of Mr Blood, who stole the Crown of England out of the Tower in the reign of King Charles II. and conveyed it away under a parson's gown. Wilmot knew her very well, and so made bold to stop the horses and demand her money. Mrs Blood seemed to be much frightened,



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and begged of him to use her civilly, as she was a poor defenceless woman, and he appeared like a gentleman. "Madam," says Tom, "the falsehood of women has been the only cause of my misfortunes, the only thing that has reduced me to the wretched necessity of seeking a livelihood in this manner. The whole sex are alike. You are all false, perfidious and perjured, at least all of you that ever received any tenders of love. As you are a woman, madam, you must expect no favour from my hands, who am a professed enemy to the whole species. Therefore, dear Mrs Blood, be pleased to deliver your money this moment, or I'm afraid blood will come of it the next." The gentlewoman, finding he was in earnest, and that there was no way of coming off but by satisfying his demands, offered him half-a-crown, telling him she had no more about her. "You saucy b—ch," quoth Wilmot, "do you think I will be put off with half-a-crown, when nothing less than a whole one would satisfy your husband when he robbed the King? No, no, pray let us see what you have got." Upon this he searched her, and found about fifteen guineas in her pockets, besides a silver thimble, and several things of value.

A little while after this he met with another adventure upon the road between Abingdon and Oxford. Mr Molloy, a famous counsel for thieves and pickpockets, was riding from one of these places to the other, it being the assize time. Wilmot knew him very well, and consulted with himself some time before he could resolve to meddle with a man so useful to his profession. At last he considered that Mr Molloy was an advocate only for the sake of a fee; and that, as he had got so much money by this means, it was just that he should refund a little to supply the necessities of one who might soon be a client. With this thought he rode up and commanded him to contribute. Mr Molloy thought to have escaped by telling him who he was, but Wilmot replied with, "Every man to his trade, sir. Another time, it is very possible, you may be the receiver, and then you must make the best market you can, as I intend to do at present." The poor counsellor saw there was no evading

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question, and he was very sensible how dangerous it would be to oppose a brace of pistols, *vi et armis* ; so without any more words he surrendered three pounds odd money, and Tom, to prevent his doing any mischief, shot his horse, and then rode off on his own, quite across the country, until he thought himself pretty well out of danger.

Another of his adventures was on Newmarket Heath, where he stopped a gentleman in his coach-and-six, notwithstanding he had several servants on horseback to attend him. The gentleman was obliged to order all his men to let him alone, for fear of his own life, which Tom threatened very hard, if one of them offered to stir. The booty he now met with was very large, though we have no certain account of the sum. It may be imagined that the gentleman was sufficiently irritated at being robbed in this manner. He cursed his servants that they could not see the highwayman coming, and cursed himself that he did not suffer them to fire at him afterwards ; but all was now too late. The only method to be revenged on him was to pursue him with a hue and cry, of which Wilmot being aware, he got off by a byway to Chester.

Here he consumed a considerable time, without doing anything worthy of notice, gaming and living high, till he had wasted all his ready cash. After this his clothes, his horse, and everything he had valuable were sold or lost, till he was reduced to extreme necessity, and obliged to leave the place and seek his fortune.

As he wandered about the country in a miserable poor condition he saw, one evening, a house at a distance, to which he made. It was the seat of an ancient family in Shropshire. As he came near, his ears were saluted with music and merry songs, which gave him great hopes of meeting with good entertainment. In this confidence he went to the door and knocked, demanding if the master of the house was within. He was answered Yes by the master himself, who was within hearing, and desired to know his business. Wilmot readily told him that, being a stranger in those parts, and destitute of friends and money, he made bold to entreat

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that he would favour him with a lodging for one night. The gentleman answered him in a very civil manner, but said he feared he could not grant his request; for it was the anniversary of his birthday, and he had a great many friends within, most of whom must be obliged to stay all night. Tom continued to press his suit in very moving terms; upon which the good man told him that he had one room in his house that he could spare. "But," continued he, "if you venture to lie there, you may chance to repent it; for it is ten to one but you fall into some misfortune much greater than being all night in the fields. To tell you the truth, sir, it is haunted with a spirit ever since my grandfather's barber cut his throat in it, for the love of a coy chambermaid. The spirit appears at usual times with a razor in one hand, and a basin and light in the other, crying in a hoarse tone, 'Will you be shaved?' We have ventured to put several to bed there who knew nothing of the matter, but they have been all thrown violently out of their beds, and bruised in a strange manner for refusing to let him shave them."

Tom Wilmot heard the gentleman's relation very attentively; but as he had more wit than to believe the reality of apparitions, which he looked upon to be only delusions—either the fancies of whimsical brains, or the invention of crafty men for some sinister purposes—he told the gentleman in very obliging language that, if he pleased, he would accept of the proffer, notwithstanding the dreadful report he had made. "For I know not," says he, "but by the learning I have attained I may be able to give rest to this poor distressed ghost, and confine him to the lower shades, from whence he shall never return to wander about the world any more."

The gentleman, upon Tom's discovering such a willingness to run all hazards rather than want a lodging, invited him into the parlour, and desired him to sit down and make merry with the rest of the company, telling all that were present what the stranger had undertaken. They all wondered that he should venture upon such a dreadful thing, and

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looked upon him to be something more than a common man. Some dissuaded him from engaging in an affair so full of danger, telling him that they could not help thinking there was presumption in the very attempt. Others laughed in their sleeves to think what sport they should have in the morning when he related his night's adventure, not at all doubting but they should find him half-dead, with all his hair standing on end. Tom answered but little to either of them, yet what he did say was with such a solemn air that they all began to think him either a parson or a conjurer, who travelled in disguise.

Supper being ended, the company adjourned into a large old-fashioned hall, and fell to cards and dice. As soon as Tom saw them set, and the stakes thrown down pretty briskly upon the table, a merry crotchet came into his head, which he thus executed.

He retired into one side of the hall, and desired a servant to show him up into his appointed lodging, because he was very weary with hard travelling. The fellow gave him a candle, and such directions as were necessary, bidding him good-night at the stair-foot; for, though he was a lusty lubber, he was so terrified with what our hero had undertaken that he could not have ventured himself any farther for the world. Tom expected the goblin in vain at least for two hours, and then resolved to personate him, that such an ancient member of the family might not be wanting at a time of general joy. Thus concluding, he rubbed over his face with the white off the wall, and then tying a knot at one end, to place directly upon his head, he covered himself with a sheet. He had a razor in his pocket, and the pewter chamber-pot, he concluded, would serve by the glimmering of the candles for a basin. Thus accoutred he softly descended the stairs.

By the noise they made, he perceived that the wine had pretty well got into the noddles of all the company, which made him proceed in his ghostly expedition with the more courage. They were so busy at gaming that he was almost upon them before he was seen; at last a servant who attended,

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looking up, started several yards backwards, and cried out, "The ghost! The ghost!" running out of the room in an instant. This alarmed the whole company, who turned round. Tom advanced with his chamber-pot and razor (which he had made all bloody by cutting his finger), and in a hoarse and dreadful tone repeated the words he had been taught: "Will you be shaved?" Immediately they all rose from their seats, without any regard to the money upon the table, and endeavoured to make the best of their way off the ground. It was now everyone for himself and God for us all, with a witness! They tumbled over each other, and happy was he who could get before his companion by treading on him. Tom pursued them, repeating the same terrible words, till he had cleared the hall of every soul of them. Some got into the cellars, others into the stables and outhouses; everyone keeping his castle till morning, so strongly had their fears enchanted them. When our ghost perceived all still, he went and lined his visionary pockets with the material money, and then departed to bed, and put out his candle.

The next morning, as soon as he heard anybody stirring below, Tom came downstairs, and gave a woeful relation of what he had suffered in the night. "The ghost," says he, "came to me exactly in the manner you told me he used to appear, and upon my refusing to let him shave me he attempted to cut my throat; but, as Providence would have it, I so defended myself with my hands that he only cut one of my fingers." Then he showed them the finger which he had cut on purpose to make the razor bloody. "Afterwards," continued he, "he went downstairs, and in about five minutes returned, rattling something in his hands." "Pox on him!" says one of the company, "then that was our money, which he stole off the table, I suppose." Upon this they fell into a dispute about a spirit taking money; some of them, who were well read in the history of apparitions, affirming that a ghost never meddled with anything, but often discovered hidden treasures for the advantage of others. To this Tom smartly replied: "It may be,

## NEWGATE CALENDAR

gentlemen, that some of your forefathers owed him money for trimming, and he took this opportunity to come and collect his quarterage." At this they all smiled, and so the matter passed off without further inquiry.

The collection which Wilmot made in his ghostly capacity set him up for a highwayman again. He bought a horse and a pair of pistols, and went on after his old manner, robbing everyone who came in his way.

Tom again followed his trade so closely that he found himself in great danger, from the many descriptions of his person that were sent all over the kingdom, and the large rewards that were offered daily for apprehending him. He skulked about from place to place, but was in continual fear, till at last he concluded that it was no longer safe for him to continue in England. In this opinion he gathered together all his substance and took shipping for France, from whence he proceeded to Switzerland, as a country more likely to conceal him.

Here he committed an action which, from the general account we have of it, appears to be the most bloody of his whole life. We are told that he broke into the house of an honest country gentleman and murdered him, his wife, three children, and a maidservant, carrying off everything that was valuable, and getting it privately conveyed out of the country before the tragedy was discovered. What makes this story appear yet more horrible is that he stayed in the same province long enough to see two innocent persons executed for this inhuman fact.

Wilmot's reign, after he returned into England, was but very short. One of the first persons he attempted to rob was George Villiers, late Duke of Buckingham, a nobleman who made himself sufficiently famous by his extravagances in the last age. He succeeded in that bold adventure so far as to get off for the present with above two hundred guineas, but the action made so much noise, that it was not many days before he was taken, in the county of Northampton, where the robbery was committed. At the next assizes he was condemned, and on Saturday, the 30th

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of April, 1670, was hanged, being thirty-eight years of age.

The following speech was taken in shorthand from his own mouth at the place of execution :—

FRIENDS AND COUNTRYMEN,—I am come, by the appointment of the law, to suffer a shameful death for the crimes of which I stand convicted. The laws are just, and I acquiesce in the sentence passed upon me.

As the vices of my youth were the immediate springs of all my irregular actions since, and the unhappy causes of my present misfortune, I shall address a few words to the young who are as yet under the care of parents or masters, and have never been trusted with the direction of their own actions.

The time of your entrance into the world is the most important part of your lives. Look round you before you begin to give a loose to your inclinations, and take a view of virtue and vice in their proper colours. Your appetites are now very strong, and must be put under the restraint of reason, or they will certainly plunge you into destruction.

Love, in particular, of the fair sex, is now very powerful, and if it be not properly directed, will carry you headlong into such circumstances as you will never disengage yourself from. I speak this by experience. It was to gratify this inclination that I spent a good estate, and reduced myself to such a necessity as tempted me to the way of life for which I am going to suffer.

It is not now a proper time to make a long discourse. The few moments I have to live must be spent in suitable exercises of devotion. A word or two from a dying man, it is to be hoped, will have more effect than a tedious harangue from one who may be suspected of pursuing the interest of this life. Pray earnestly for my departing soul, and remember to follow my advice, but not my example.



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### THOMAS BLOOD, GENERALLY CALLED COLONEL BLOOD

*Who stole the Crown from the Tower of London on  
9th of May, 1671*

THIS desperate man was the son of a blacksmith in Ireland; but from other accounts his father appears to have been concerned in iron-works, and to have acquired an easy fortune in that kingdom. He was born about the year 1628, and came to England while a young man, and married, in Lancashire, the daughter of Mr Holcraft, a gentleman of good character in that county. He returned afterwards into Ireland, served as a lieutenant with the Parliament forces, and obtained an assignment of land for his pay; besides which, Henry Cromwell put him into the Commission of the Peace, though scarcely twenty-two years of age. These favours gave him such an inclination to the republican party as was not to be altered; and after the King's restoration some accidents contributed to increase his disaffection to the Government. Upon associating a little with the malcontents, he found his notions exactly justified, and that there was a design on foot for a general insurrection, which was to be begun by surprising the castle of Dublin, and seizing the person of the Duke of Ormond, then Lord Lieutenant. Into this scheme he entered without any hesitation; and though many of the persons involved in the dangerous undertaking were much his superiors in rank, yet he was very soon at the head of the affair, presided in all their councils, was the oracle in all their projects, and generally relied on in the execution of them. But, on the very eve of its execution, the whole conspiracy, which had been long suspected, was discovered. His brother-in-law, one Lackie, a minister, was, with many others, apprehended, tried, convicted, and executed; but Blood made his escape, and kept out of reach, notwithstanding the Duke of Ormond and the Earl of Orrery laboured to have him secured, and a proclamation was published by the former,

## THOMAS BLOOD

with the promise of an ample reward for apprehending him.

He found means to get over into Holland, where he was well received, and admitted into great intimacy with some of the most considerable persons in the republic, particularly Admiral de Ruyter. He went from thence to England with such recommendations to the Fifth-Monarchy Men, and other malcontents, that he was immediately admitted into all their councils, and had a large share in all the dark intrigues that were then carrying on for throwing the nation again into confusion. In this situation he gave another strong instance of his bold and enterprising genius ; but finding the Government apprised of their designs, and foreseeing that the persons principally concerned could not escape being apprehended, he resolved to withdraw into Scotland, where he so wrought upon the discontents of the people that he contributed not a little to the breaking out of the insurrection there, and was present in the action of Pentland Hills, 27th of November, 1666, in which the insurgents were routed and about five hundred killed. He fled, after this defeat, back to England, and from thence to Ireland, where he landed within three miles of Carrickfergus ; but Lord Dungannon pursued him so closely that he was obliged to retire into England. He had not been long in this kingdom before he performed a fresh exploit, which was as extraordinary, more successful, and made greater interest in the world than anything he had yet done. This was the rescue of his friend Captain Mason from a guard of soldiers who were conducting him to his trial at the assizes.<sup>1</sup>

Whether his next enterprise was entirely of his own contrivance is a point not to be decided ; it was seizing the person of his old antagonist, the Duke of Ormond, in the streets of London ; but whether with a view to murder, or carry him off till he had answered their expectation, is not perfectly clear. He actually put his design in execution on 6th of December, 1670, and was very near completing his

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix No. 4.

## NEWGATE CALENDAR

purpose. However, the Duke was fortunately rescued out of his hands; but himself and his associates escaped, though closely pursued. An account of this transaction was immediately published by authority, together with a Royal Proclamation, offering a reward of one thousand pounds for apprehending any of the persons concerned.

The miscarriage of this daring design, instead of daunting him, or creating the least intention of flying out of the kingdom, put him on another more strange and hazardous scheme to repair his broken fortunes. He proposed to those desperate persons who assisted him in his former attempt to seize and divide amongst them the Royal Insignia of Majesty kept in the Tower of London—viz. the crown, globe, sceptre and dove—and as they were blindly devoted to his service, they very readily accepted the proposal, and left it to him to contrive the means of putting it into execution.

He devised a scheme of putting himself into the habit of a Doctor of Divinity, with a little band, a long false beard, a cap with ears, and all the formalities of garb belonging to that degree, except the gown, choosing rather to make use of a cloak, as most proper for his design. Thus habited, he, with a woman whom he called his wife, went to see the curiosities in the Tower; and while they were viewing the regalia the supposed Mrs Blood pretended to be taken suddenly ill, and desired Mr Edwards (the keeper of the regalia) to assist her with some refreshment.

Mr Edwards not only complied with this request, but also invited her to repose herself on a bed, which she did, and after a pretended recovery took her leave, together with Blood, with many expressions of gratitude.

A few days after, Blood returned and presented Mrs Edwards, the keeper's wife, with four pairs of white gloves, in return for her kindness. This brought on an acquaintance, which being soon improved into a strict intimacy, a marriage was proposed between a son of Edwards and a supposed daughter of Colonel Blood.

The night before the 9th of May, 1671, the doctor told the old man that he had some friends at his house who

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wanted to see the regalia, but that they were to go out of town early in the morning, and therefore hoped he would gratify them with the sight, though they might come a little before the usual hour. [In this enterprise Blood had engaged three accomplices, named Desborough, Kelfy and Perrot.] Accordingly two of them came, accompanied by the doctor, about eight in the morning, and the third held their horses, that waited for them at the outer gate of the Tower ready saddled. They had no other apparatus but a wallet and a wooden mallet, which there was no great difficulty to secrete.

Edwards received them with great civility, and immediately admitted them into his office; but as it is usual for the keeper of the regalia, when he shows them, to lock himself up in a kind of grate with open bars, the old man had no sooner opened the door of this place than the doctor and his companions were in at his heels, and without giving him time to ask questions, silenced him, by knocking him down with the wooden mallet. They then instantly made flat the bows of the crown to make it more portable, seized the sceptre and dove, put them together into the wallet, and were preparing to make their escape when, unfortunately for them, the old man's son, who had not been at home for ten years before, returned from sea at the very instant; and being told that his father was with some friends who would be very glad to see him at the Jewel Office, he hastened thither immediately, and met Blood and his companions as they were just coming out, who, instead of returning and securing him, as in good policy they should have done, hurried away with the crown and globe, but not having time to file the sceptre, they left it behind them.

Old Edwards, who was not so much hurt as the villains had apprehended, by this time recovered his legs, and cried out murder, which being heard by his daughter, she ran out and gave an alarm; and Blood and Perrot, making great haste, were observed to jog each other's elbows as they went, which gave great reason for suspecting them.

Blood and his accomplices were now advanced beyond

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the main-guard ; but the alarm being given to the warder at the drawbridge, he put himself in a posture to stop their progress. Blood discharged a pistol at the warder, who, though unhurt, fell to the ground through fear ; by which they got safe to the little ward-house gate, where one Still, who had been a soldier under Oliver Cromwell, stood sentinel. But though this man saw the warder, to all appearance, shot, he made no resistance against Blood and his associates, who now got over the drawbridge and through the outer gate upon the wharf.

At this place they were overtaken by one Captain Beckman, who had pursued them from Edwards's house. Blood immediately discharged a pistol at Beckman's head ; but he stooping down at the instant, the shot missed him, and he seized Blood, who had the crown under his cloak. Blood struggled a long while to preserve his prize ; and when it was at length wrested from him he said : " It was a gallant attempt, how unsuccessful soever ; for it was for a crown ! "

Before Blood was taken, Perrot had been seized by another person ; and young Edwards, observing a man that was bloody in the scuffle, was about to run him through the body, but was prevented by Captain Beckman.

Upon this disappointment Blood's spirits failed him ; and while he remained a prisoner in the jail of the Tower he appeared not only silent and reserved, but dogged and sullen. He soon changed his temper, however, when, contrary to all reason, probability, and his own expectation, he was informed the King intended to see and examine him himself. This was brought about by the Duke of Buckingham, then the great favourite and Prime Minister, who infused into his Majesty (over whom he had for some time a great ascendancy) the curiosity of seeing so extraordinary a person, whose crime, great as it was, displayed extraordinary force of mind, and made it probable that, if so disposed, he might be capable of making great discoveries. He is allowed on all hands to have performed admirably on this occasion. He answered whatever his Majesty demanded of him clearly and without reserve ; he did not

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pretend to capitulate or make terms, but seemed rather pleased to throw his life into the King's hands by an open and boundless confession. He took care, however, to prepossess his Majesty in his favour by various, and those very different, methods. At the same time that he laid himself open to the law he absolutely refused to impeach others. While he magnified the spirit and resolution of the party to which he adhered, and had always acted against monarchy, he insinuated his own and their veneration for the person of the King; and though he omitted nothing that might create a belief of his contemning death, yet he expressed infinite awe and respect for a monarch who had condescended to treat him with such unusual indulgence.

It was foreseen by the Duke of Ormond, as soon as he knew the King designed to examine him, that Blood had no cause to fear; and indeed his story and behaviour made such an impression on the mind of his Sovereign that he was not only pardoned but set at liberty, and had a pension given him to subsist on. This conduct of his Majesty towards so high and so notorious an offender occasioned much speculation and many conjectures.

His interest was for some time very great at Court, where he solicited the suits of many of the unfortunate people of his party with success. But as this gave great offence to some very worthy persons while it lasted, so, after the disgrace and dissolution of the ministry styled the Cabal, it began quickly to decline, and perhaps his pension also was ill paid; for he again joined the malcontents, and acted in favour of popular measures that were obnoxious to the Court.

In this manner he passed between nine and ten years, sometimes about the Court, sometimes excluded from it, always uneasy and in some scheme or other of an untoward kind, till at last he was met with in his own way, and either circumvented by some of his own instruments, or drawn within the vortex of a sham plot, by some who were too cunning for this master in his profession. It seems there were certain people who had formed a design of fixing an

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imputation of a most scandalous nature upon the Duke of Buckingham, who was then at the head of a vigorous opposition against the Court, and who, notwithstanding he always courted and protected the fanatics, had not, in respect to his moral character, so fair a reputation as to render any charge of that kind incredible. But whether this was conducted by Colonel Blood, whether a counter-plot was set on foot to defeat it and entrap Blood, or whether some whisper thrown out to alarm the Duke, which he suspected came from Blood, led his Grace to secure himself by a contrivance of the same stamp, better concerted, and more effectually executed, is uncertain; but his Grace, who was formerly supposed a patron of the colonel, thought it requisite, for his own safety, to contribute to his ruin. The notion Blood induced the world to entertain of this affair may be discovered from the case which he caused to be printed of it; but it fell out that the Court of King's Bench viewed the affair in so different a light that he was convicted upon a criminal information for the conspiracy, and committed to the King's Bench prison; and, while in custody there, he was charged with an action of *scandalum magnatum*, at the suit of the Duke of Buckingham, in which the damages were laid at ten thousand pounds. Notwithstanding this, Colonel Blood found bail, and was discharged from his imprisonment. He then retired to his house in the Bowling Alley, in Westminster, in order to take such measures as were requisite to free himself from these difficulties; but finding fewer friends than he expected, and meeting with other and more grievous disappointments, he was so much affected thereby as to fall into a distemper, that speedily threatened his life. He was attended in his sickness by a clergyman, who found him sensible, but reserved, declaring he was not at all afraid of death. In a few days he fell into a lethargy, and on Wednesday, 24th of August, 1680, he departed this life. On the Friday following he was privately, but decently, interred in the new chapel in Tothill Fields. Yet such was the notion entertained by the generality of the world of this





*d. by the Navarre Society*



*News 100*  
The German Princess *with her Supposed* Husband and Lawyer *only*

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man's subtlety and restless spirit, that they could neither be persuaded he would be quiet in his grave, nor would they permit him to remain so ; for a story being spread that this dying, and being buried, was only a new trick of Colonel Blood's, preparatory to some more extraordinary exploit than any he had been concerned in, it became in a few days so current, and so many circumstances were added to render it credible, that the coroner thought fit to interpose, ordered the body to be taken up again on the Thursday following, and appointed a jury to sit upon it. By the various depositions of persons attending him in his last illness they were convinced, and the coroner caused him to be once more interred, and left in quiet.

## MARY CARLETON, THE GERMAN PRINCESS

*A Kentish Adventuress who travelled the Continent,  
acquired several Husbands, and was executed  
on 22nd of January, 1673, for returning  
from Transportation*

THIS woman was so called from her pretending to be born at Cologne in Germany, and that her father was Henry van Wolway, a Doctor of the Civil Law, and Lord of Holmsteim. But this story was of a piece with her actions, for she was really the daughter of one Meders, a chorister at the cathedral of Canterbury, and, some say, only an indifferent trader of that city, in which she was born, the 11th of January, 1642. We can say little of her education ; only from her inclinations afterwards we may suppose she had as much learning as is commonly given to her sex. She took great delight in reading, especially of romances and books of knight-errantry—*Parismus and Parismenus*, *Don Belianis of Greece*, and *Amadis de Gaul*, were some of her favourite books ; and she was so touched with the character of Oriana in the latter that she frequently conceited herself a princess, or a lady of high quality. *Cassandra* and *Cleopatra* were also read in their turns, and her memory

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was so tenacious that she could repeat a great part of their amours and adventures very readily.

Her marriage was not agreeable to the high opinion she had entertained of her own merit; instead of a knight, or a squire at least, which she had promised herself, she took up with a journeyman shoemaker, whose name was Stedman, by whom she had two children, who both died in their infancy. This man being unable to maintain her extravagances, and support her in the splendour she always aimed at, she was continually discontented, till at last she resolved to leave him and seek her fortune. A woman of her spirit is never long in executing things of this nature; she made an elopement, and went to Dover, where she married another husband, who was a surgeon of that town.

Information of this affair was soon taken, and she was apprehended and indicted at Maidstone for having two husbands, but by some masterly stroke, which she never wanted on a pressing occasion, she was quickly acquitted. This emboldened her to a third marriage, with one John Carleton, a Londoner, which was the occasion of her being first publicly known in town; for some of her old acquaintance giving Carleton's brother an account of her former weddings, she was again taken, committed to Newgate, and tried at the Old Bailey for polygamy. Here again the evidence against her was insufficient, so that she was a second time acquitted.

It is requisite, before we proceed any further in our relation, to observe that between the two last marriages she embarked on board a merchant ship, which carried her to Holland, from whence she travelled by land to the place she had so often talked of, the city of Cologne, where, being now mistress of a considerable sum of money, she took a fine lodging at a house of entertainment, and lived in greater splendour than she had ever before done. As it is customary in England to go to Epsom or Tunbridge Wells in the summer season, so in Germany the quality usually frequent the Spa. Here our adventuress had the picking of a few feathers from an old gentleman who fell in love with her,

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and who had a good estate not many miles distant from Cologne, at Liège or Luget. By the assistance of the landlady she managed this affair with so much artifice that he presented her with several fine and valuable jewels, besides a gold chain with a very costly medal, which had been formerly given him for some remarkable good service under Count Tilley against the valiant King of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus. The foolish old dotard urged his passion with all the vehemence of a young vigorous lover, pressing her to matrimony, and making her very large promises, till at last she gave her consent to espouse him in three days, and he left the preparation of things necessary to her care, giving her large sums of money for that purpose. Madam now perceived it was high time to be gone, and, in order to her getting off with the greater security, she acquainted her landlady with the design, who had before shared pretty largely in the spoils of the old captain. The hostess, to be sure, was willing to hearken to any proposal that would help her a little more to fleece the doting innamorato.

The princess, however, was resolved this time to have all the booty to herself, and to accomplish this she persuaded her landlady to go into the town and get a place for her in some carriage that did not go to Cologne; because, she said, her lover should not know whither to follow her. The old trot saw that this precaution was very necessary, and therefore away goes she to provide for the safety of her guest, who was now sufficiently to reward her out of her dotard's favours. This was all our adventuress wanted, for as soon as she found herself left alone she broke open a chest, where she had observed her landlady to put all her treasure, and there she found not only what she had shared with her out of the old man's benevolence, but also an additional sum of money not inconsiderable. There is little reason to tell the reader that she took all that was worth taking, there being none of her character apt to spare what it is in their power to seize, though it be from a brother or sister of their own profession. Madam soon packed up her parcel, and having before privately made sure of a

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passage to Utrecht, she fled thither; from thence she went to Amsterdam, where she sold her gold chain, medal, and some of the jewels, then proceeded to Rotterdam, and then to the Brill, where she took shipping for England.

She landed at Billingsgate one morning very early, about the latter end of March, in the year 1663, but found no house open till she came to the Exchange tavern, where she first obtained the title of "the German Princess," in the following manner.

She was got into the aforesaid tavern, in company with some gentlemen, who, she perceived, were pretty full of money. These gentlemen addressing her in the manner usual on such occasions, she immediately feigned a cry, which she had always at command. The tears trickled down her cheeks, she sighed, she sobbed, and the cause being demanded, she told them that she little thought once of being reduced to such a wretched necessity as she was now in, of exposing her body to the pleasure of every bidder. Here she repeated the history of her extraction and education, telling them a great deal about her pretended father, the Lord Henry van Wolway, who, she said, was a sovereign Prince of the Empire, independent of any man but his sacred Imperial Majesty. "Certainly," continued she, "any gentleman may suppose what a mortification it must be to a woman born of such noble parents, and bred up in all the pomp of a Court, under the care of an indulgent father, to suffer as I now do. Yet why did I say indulgent father? Alas! was it not his cruelty that banished me, his only daughter, from his dominions, only for marrying a nobleman of the Court, whom I loved to excess, without his knowledge? Was it not my father that occasioned my dear lord and husband to be cut off in the bloom of his age, by falsely accusing him of a design against his person—a deed which his virtuous soul abhorred?" Here she pretended her sorrow would permit her to rehearse no more of her misfortunes, and the whole company was touched with compassion at the melancholy relation, which she so well humoured that they all looked upon it as true, giving her,

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out of mere pity, all the money they had about them, promising to meet her again with more. This they also accomplished, and ever afterwards called her the poor unfortunate German princess; which name she laid claim to in all companies.

The Exchange tavern was kept by one Mr King, who was the same that kept it when our princess received her honorary title. As she was now come from foreign parts with a great deal of riches, he believed more than ever the truth of what she had before affirmed. Nor was madam backward in telling him that she had raised all her wealth by private contribution from some princes of the Empire who were acquainted with her circumstances, and to whom she had made herself known: adding, that not one of those who had given her anything dared to acquaint her father that they knew where she was, because they were all his neighbours, and vastly inferior to him in the number and strength of their forces. "For," said she, "my father is so inexorable that he would make war upon any prince whom he knew to extend his pity to me."

John Carleton, whom we mentioned before as her third husband, was brother-in-law to Mr King. He made his addresses to the Princess van Wolway in the most dutiful and submissive manner that could be imagined, making use of his brother's interest to negotiate the affair between them, till with a great deal of seeming reluctance at marrying one of common blood, her highness consented to take him to her embraces. Now was Mr Carleton as great as his Majesty, in the arms of an imaginary princess; he formed to himself a thousand pleasures, which the vulgar herd could have no notion of; he threw himself at her feet in transport, and made use of all the rhetoric he could collect to thank her for the prodigious honour she had done him. But alas! how was he surprised when Mr King presented him with the following letter:—

SIR,—I am an entire stranger to your person, yet common justice and humanity oblige me to give you notice that the



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pretended princess, who has passed herself upon your brother, Mr John Carleton, is a cheat and an impostor.

If I tell you, sir, that she has already married several men in our county of Kent, and afterwards made off with all the money she could get into her hands, I say no more than could be proved were she brought in the face of justice.

That you may be certain I am not mistaken in the woman, please to observe that she has high breasts, a very graceful appearance, and speaks several languages fluently. Yours unknown,

T. B.

After Mrs Carleton (for so we may at present call her) had got rid of her husband, and of the prosecution for marrying him, she was entertained by the players, who were in hopes of gaining by a woman who had made such a considerable figure on the real theatre of the world. The house was very much resorted to upon her account, and she got a great deal of applause in her dramatical capacity, by the several characters she performed, which were generally jilt, coquette, or chambermaid, any one of which was agreeable to her artful intriguing genius; but what contributed most to her fame was a play, written purely upon her account, called *The German Princess*,<sup>1</sup> from her name, and in which she performed a principal part, besides speaking the following epilogue:—

“ I’ve passed one trial, but it is my fear  
I shall receive a rigid sentence here :  
You think me a bold cheat, put case ’twere so,  
Which of you are not? Now you’d swear I know.  
But do not, lest that you deserve to be  
Censur’d worse than you can censure me :  
The world’s a cheat, and we that move in it,  
In our degrees, do exercise our wit ;  
And better ’tis to get a glorious name,  
However got, than live by common fame.”

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix No. 5.

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The princess had too much mercury in her constitution to be long settled in any way of life whatsoever. The whole City of London was too little for her to act in. How was it possible then that she should be confined in the narrow limits of a theatre? She did not, however, leave the stage so soon but she had procured a considerable number of adorers, who, having either seen her person or heard of her fame, were desirous of a nearer acquaintance with her. As she was naturally given to company and gallantry, she was not very difficult of access; yet when you were in her presence, you were certain to meet with an air of indifference.

There were two of her bullies who doted on her beyond all the rest, a couple of smart young fellows, who had abundance more in their pockets than they had in their heads. These, from a deficiency of wit in themselves, were very fond, in the large quantity, of that commodity which they discovered in our princess, and for that reason were frequently in her company. There is no doubt but they had other designs than just to converse with her, for they several times discovered an inclination to come a little nearer to her body. And madam was not so ignorant but she knew their meaning by their whining; she therefore gave them encouragement, till she had drained about three hundred pounds apiece out of them, and then, finding their stock pretty well exhausted, she turned them both off, telling them she wondered how they could have the impudence to pretend love to a princess.

After this, an elderly gentleman fell into the same condition at seeing her as several had done before, though he was fifty years of age, and not ignorant of her former tricks. He was worth about four hundred pounds per annum, and immediately resolved to be at the charge of a constant maintenance, provided she would consent to live with him. To bring about which he made her several valuable presents of rings, jewels, etc. At last, after a long siege, he became master of the fort; yet in such a manner, that it seemed rather to be surrendered out of pure love and generosity than from any mercenary views, for she always protested

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against being corrupted, so far as to part with her honour, for the sake of filthy lucre, which is a common artifice of the sex. Our gentleman, though, as has been remarked, was sensible of what she was; yet by degrees he became so enamoured as to believe everything she said, and to look upon her as the most virtuous woman alive.

Living now as man and wife, she seemed to redouble her endearments, and to give them all a greater air of sincerity, so that he was continually gratifying her with some costly present or another, which she always took care to receive with an appearance of being ashamed he should bear so many obligations on her, telling him continually that she was not worthy of so many favours. Thus did she vary her behaviour according to the circumstances and temper of the persons she had to deal with. At last our old lover came home one night very much in liquor, and gave her a jewel of five pounds value, and our princess thought this as proper a time as any she was like to meet with for her to make the most of his worship's passion. Accordingly, having got him to bed, and seen him fast asleep, which he soon was at this time, she proceeded to rifle him, finding his pocket-book, with a bill for one hundred pounds upon a goldsmith in the city, and the keys of his trunks and escritaires.

She now proceeded to secure all that was worth her while; among other things she made herself mistress of twenty pieces of old gold, a gold watch, a gold seal, an old silver watch, and several pieces of plate, with other valuable movables, to the value in all of one hundred and fifty pounds. Now she thought it best for her to make off as fast as she could with her prize. So as soon as it was day she took coach and drove to the goldsmith, who mistrusted nothing, having seen her before with the gentleman, and instantly paid the ten pounds, upon which she delivered up the bill.

Having thus overreached her old lover, madam took a convenient lodging, at which she passed for a virgin, with a fortune of one thousand pounds left her by an uncle; to this she added that her father was very rich, and able to

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give her as much more, but that disliking a man whom he had provided for her husband, she had left the country and retired to London, where she was in hopes none of her relations would find her. That this story might appear the more probable, she contrived letters from a friend, which were brought her continually, and in which she pretended she received an account of all that passed, with respect to her father and lover. These letters, being loosely laid about the chamber, were picked up by her landlady, who out of curiosity perused the contents, and by that means became more and more satisfied in her tenant. This landlady had a nephew of considerable substance, and it was now all her endeavour to make a match between him and her young gentlewoman, whom she soon brought to be pretty intimately acquainted together.

The new lover presented her with a watch, as a token of his esteem for her person, but the poor innocent creature refused it with abundance of modesty. However, she was at last prevailed upon to accept this little favour, and the young man thought himself with one foot in Paradise already, that she was so condescending. Their amour after this went on to both their satisfactions, madam seeing a fair prospect of making a penny of her inamorato, and he not in the least doubting but he should obtain his wish, and one day or another enjoy that heaven of bliss which, as he frequently expressed it, was treasured in her arms.

One day as they were conversing together, and entertaining each other with all the soft and tender endearments of young lovers, a porter knocks at the door, and, upon being admitted, delivers a letter to our lady, being introduced by the maid, who had received her instructions beforehand. Madam immediately opens and reads the letter; but scarce had she made an end before, altering her countenance, she shrieked out: "Oh, I am undone! I am undone!" All the company could scarce prevent her falling into a swoon, though the smelling bottle was at hand, and her young lover sitting by her; who, to be sure, did not fail to use all

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the rhetoric he was master of, in order to comfort her, and learn the cause of her surprise. "Sir," quoth she at last, "since you are already acquainted with most of my concerns, I shall not make a secret of this. Therefore, if you please, read this letter, and know the occasion of my affliction." The young gentleman received it at her hands, and read as follows:—

DEAR MADAM,—I have several times taken my pen in hand, on purpose to write to you, and as often laid it aside again, for fear of giving you more trouble than you already labour under. However, as the affair so immediately concerns you, I cannot in justice hide what I tremble to disclose, but must in duty tell you the worst of news, whatever may be the consequence of my so doing.

Know, then, that your affectionate and tender brother is dead. I am sensible how dear he was to you, and you to him; yet let me entreat you for your own sake to acquiesce in the will of Providence as much as possible, since our lives are all at His disposal Who gave us being.

I could use another argument to comfort you, that with a sister less loving than you would be of more weight than that I have urged, but I know your soul is above all mercenary views. I cannot, however, forbear just to inform you that he has left you all he had; and you know further, that your father's estate of two hundred pounds per annum can now devolve upon nobody after his decease but yourself, who are now his only child.

What I am next to acquaint you with may perhaps be almost as bad as the former particular. Your hated lover has been so importunate with your father, especially since your brother's decease, that the old gentleman resolves, if ever he should hear of you any more, to marry you to him, and he makes this the condition of your being received again into his favour, and having your former disobedience, as he calls it, forgiven. While your brother lived he was every day endeavouring to soften the heart of your father, and we were but last week in hopes he would have

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consented to let you follow your inclinations, if you would come home to him again; but now there is never an advocate in your cause who can work upon the old man's peevish temper, for he says, as you are now his sole heir, he ought to be more resolute in the disposal of you in marriage.

While I am writing, I am surprised with an account that your father and lover are both preparing to come to London, where they say they can find you out. Whether or no this be only a device, I cannot tell, nor can I imagine where they could receive their information if it be true. However, to prevent the worst, consider whether or no you can cast off your old aversion, and submit to your father's commands; for if you cannot, it will be most advisable, in my opinion, to change your habitation. I have no more to say in the affair, being unwilling to direct you in such a very nice circumstance; the temper of your own mind will be the best instructor you can apply to, for your future happiness or misery, during life, depends on your choice. God grant that everything may turn for the better. From your friend,  
S. E.

Our young lover having read the letter, found that she had real cause to be afflicted. Pity for her, and, above all, a concern for his own interest, and the fear of losing his mistress to the country lover, through the authority of her father, put him upon persuading her to remove from her habitation and come to reside with him, having very handsome rooms, fit for the reception of a person of such high quality. Thither she went the next day with her maid, who knew her design, and had engaged to assist her therein to the utmost of her ability. When they were come into madam's bedchamber they resolved not to go to rest, that they might be ready to move off in the morning at the first opportunity. By turns they slept in their clothes on the bed, and towards morning, when all were fast but themselves, they went to work, broke open a trunk, took a bag with one hundred pounds in it, and several suits

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of apparel, and then slipped out, leaving our poor lover to look for his money and mistress together when he was stirring, both being by that time far enough out of his way.

In a word, it would be impossible to relate half the tricks which she played, or mention half the lodgings in which she at times resided. Seldom did she miss carrying off a considerable booty wheresoever she came; at best she never failed of something, for all was fish that came to her net; where there was no plate, a pair of sheets, half-a-dozen napkins or a pillow-bier—nay, even things of a less value than these—would serve her turn, rather than she would suffer her hands to be out of practice.

One time she went to a mercer's in Cheapside with her pretended maid, where she agreed for as much silk as came to six pounds, and pulled out her purse to pay for it, but there was nothing therein but several particular pieces of gold, which she pretended to have a great value for. The mercer, to be sure, would not be so rude as to let a gentlewoman of figure part with what she had so much esteem for; so he ordered one of his men to go along with her to her lodgings, and receive the money there. A coach was ready, which she had brought along with her, and they all three went up into it. When they came to the Royal Exchange, madam ordered the coachman to set her down, pretending to the mercer that she wanted to buy some ribbons suitable to the silk; upon which he suffered the maid, without any scruple, to take the goods along with her, staying in the coach for their return. But he might have stayed long enough if he had attended till they came again, for they found means to get off into Threadneedle Street, and the young man having waited till he was quite weary made the best of his way home to rehearse his misfortune to his master.

Something of a piece with this was a cheat she put upon a French master weaver in Spittlefields, from whom she bought to the value of forty pounds, taking him home with her to her lodging, and bidding him make a bill of parcels, for



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half the silk was for a kinswoman of hers in the next room. The Frenchman sat down very orderly to do as she bid him, whilst she took the silk into the next room for her niece to see it. Half-an-hour he waited pretty contentedly, drinking some wine which madam had left him. At last, beginning to be a little uneasy, he made bold to knock, when the people of the house came up, and upon his asking for the gentlewoman, told him she had been gone out some time, and was to come there no more. The poor man seeming surprised, they took him into the next room and showed him a pair of back stairs, which was the proper way to her apartment. Monsieur was at first in a passion with the people, till they convinced him that they knew nothing more of his gentlewoman than that she had taken their room for a month, which being expired, she had removed, they could not tell whither.

The next landlord she had was a tailor, whom she employed to make up what she bilked the mercer and weaver of. The tailor imagined he had got an excellent job, as well as a topping woman for his lodger, so he fell to work immediately, and by the assistance of some journeymen, which he hired on this occasion, he got the clothes finished against a day which she appointed, when she pretended she was to receive a great number of visitors. Against the same time she gave her landlady twenty shillings to provide a supper, desiring her to send for what was needful, and she would pay the overplus next day. Accordingly an elegant entertainment was prepared, abundance of wine was drunk, and the poor tailor was as drunk as a beast. This was what our princess wanted, for the landlady going up to put her husband to bed, she and all her guests slipped out, one with a silver tankard, another with a salt, her maid with their clothes which were not on their backs; and, in a word, not one of them all went off empty-handed. Being got into the street, they put the maid and the booty into the coach, getting themselves into others, and driving by different ways to the place of their next residence, not one of them being discovered.

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Another time she had a mighty mind, it seems, to put herself into mourning, to which purpose she sent her woman to a shop in the New Exchange in the Strand, where she had bought some things the day before, to desire that the people would bring choice of hoods, knots, scarves, aprons, cuffs and other mourning accoutrements to her lodging instantly, for her father was dead, and she must be ready in so many days to appear at his funeral. The woman of the shop presently looked out the best she had of each of these commodities, and made the best of her way to madam's quarters. When she came there, the poor lady was sadly indisposed, so that she was not able to look over the things till after dinner; when, if madam milliner would please to come again, she did not doubt but they should deal. The good woman was very well satisfied, and refused to take her goods back again, but desired she might trouble her ladyship so far as to leave them there till she came again; which was very readily granted. At the time appointed comes our tradeswoman, and asks if the gentlewoman above-stairs was at home, but was told, to her great mortification, that she was gone out, they could not tell whither, and that they believed she would never return again; for she had found means, before her departure, to convey away several of the most valuable parts of furniture in the room which she had hired. The next day confirmed their suspicions, and made both the landlord and milliner give her up for an impostor, and their goods for lost.

Being habited, *à la mode*, all in sable, she took rooms in Fuller's Rents in Holborn, and sent for a young barrister of Gray's Inn. When Mr Justinian came, she told him she was heir to her deceased father, but that having an extravagant husband, with whom she did not live, she was willing to secure her estate in such a manner as that he might not enjoy the benefit of it, or have any command over it, for, if he had, she was certain of coming to want bread in a little time. Here she wept plentifully, to make her case have the greater effect, and engage the lawyer to stay with her till the plot she had laid could be executed. While the grave

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young man was putting his face into a proper position, and speaking to the affair in hand with all the learning of Coke, a woman came upstairs on a sudden, crying out: "O Lord, madam, we are all undone, for my master is below! He has been asking after you, and swears he will come up to your chamber. I am afraid the people of the house will not be able to hinder him, he appears so resolute." "O heavens!" says our counterfeit, "what shall I do?" "Why?" says the lawyer. "Why?" quoth she, "I mean for you, dear me; what excuse shall I make for your being here? I dare not tell him your quality and business; for that would endanger all. And, on the other side, he is extremely jealous. Therefore, good sir, step into that closet till I can send him away." The lawyer being surprised, and not knowing what to do on a sudden, complied with her request, and she locked him into the closet, drawing the curtains of the bed, and going to the door to receive her counterfeit husband, who by this time had demanded entrance.

No sooner was our gentleman entered but he began to give his spouse the most opprobrious language he could invent. "O Mrs Devil," says he, "I understand you have a man in the room! A pretty companion for a poor innocent woman, truly!—one who is always complaining how hardly I use her. Where is the son of a whore? I shall sacrifice him this moment. Is this your modesty, madam? This your virtue? Let me see your gallant immediately, or, by the light, you shall be the first victim yourself." Upon this he made to the closet door, and forced it open in a great fury, as he had before been directed. Here he discovers our young lawyer, all pale and trembling, ready to sink through the floor at the sight of one from whom he could expect no mercy. Out flies the sword, and poor Littleton was upon his marrow-bones in a moment. Just in this instant madam interposed, being resolved rather to die herself than see the blood of an innocent man spilt in her apartment, and upon her account. A companion also of our bully husband stepped up, and wrested the sword out of his hand by main strength, endeavouring to pacify him with all the reason

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and art he was master of. But still, that there might be no appearance of imposture, the more they strove the more enraged our injured poor cornuto appeared, for such he thought to make the lawyer believe he imagined himself.

They could not, however, so effectually impose on our limb of the law as that he discerned nothing of the artifice. He began to see himself trepanned, and ventured to speak on his own behalf, and tell the whole truth of the story. But he might as well have said nothing; for the other insisted upon it that this was only pretence, and that he came there for other purposes. His honour was injured, and nothing would serve but blood, or other sufficient reparation. It was at last referred to the arbitration of the other man who came with the sham husband; and he proposed the sum of five hundred pounds to make up the matter. This was a large sum, and, indeed, more than the lawyer could well raise. However, he at last consented to pay down one hundred pounds rather than bring himself into fresh inconveniences; which they obliged him immediately to send for, first looking over the note, to see that he did not send for a constable instead of the money. Upon the payment, they discharged him from his confinement.

Not long after this our princess was apprehended for stealing a silver tankard in Covent Garden and, after examination, committed to Newgate. At the following sessions she was found guilty, and condemned, but was afterwards reprieved, and ordered for transportation. This sentence was executed, and she was sent to Jamaica, where she had not been above two years before she returned to England again, and set up for a rich heiress. By this means she got married to a very wealthy apothecary at Westminster, whom she robbed of above three hundred pounds and then left him.

After this she took a lodging in a house where nobody lived but the landlady, a watchmaker, who was also a lodger, and herself and maid. When she thought her character here pretty well established, she one night invited the watchmaker and her landlady to go with her to see a play, pretending

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she had a present of some tickets. They consented, and only madam's maid, who was almost as good as herself, was left at home. She, according to agreement, in their absence broke open almost all the locks in the house, stole two hundred pounds in money, and about thirty watches; so that the prize, in all, amounted to about six hundred pounds, which she carried to a place before provided, in another part of the town. After the play was over, our princess invited her companions to drink with her at the Green Dragon tavern in Fleet Street, where she gave them the slip and went to her maid.

We now proceed to the catastrophe of this prodigious woman, who, had she been virtuously inclined, was capable of being the phoenix of her age; for it was impossible for her not to be admired in everything she said and did. The manner of her last and fatal apprehension was as follows, we having taken the account from the papers of those times.

One Mr Freeman, a brewer in Southwark, had been robbed of about two hundred pounds, whereupon he went to Mr Lowman, keeper of the Marshalsea, and desired him to search all suspicious places, in order to discover the thieves. One Lancaster was the person most suspected, and while they were searching a house near New Spring Gardens for him they spied a gentlewoman, as she seemed to be, walking in the two pairs-of-stairs room in a night-gown. Mr Lowman immediately enters the room, spies three letters on the table, and begins to examine them. Madam seems offended with him, and their dispute caused him to look on her so steadfastly that he knew her, called her by her name, and carried away both her and her letters.

This was in December 1672, and she was kept close prisoner till the 16th of January following, when she was brought by writ of habeas corpus to the Old Bailey, and asked whether or no she was the woman who usually went by the name of Mary Carleton, to which she answered that she was the same. The Court then demanded the reason of her returning so soon from the transportation she had been sentenced to. Here she made a great many trifling evasions

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to gain time, by which means she gave the bench two or three days' trouble. At last, when she found nothing else would do, she pleaded her belly; but a jury of matrons being called, they brought her in not quick with child. So that on the last day of the sessions she received sentence of death, in the usual form, with a great deal of intrepidity.

After condemnation she had abundance of visitants, some out of curiosity, others to converse with her, learn her sentiments of futurity, and give her such instructions as were needful. Among the latter was a gentleman to whom she gave a great many regular responses; in which she discovered herself to be a Roman Catholic, professed her sorrow for her past life, and wished she had her days to live over again. She also blamed the women who were her jury for their verdict, saying she believed they could not be sure of what they testified, and that they might have given her a little more time.

On the 22nd of January, which was the day of her execution, she appeared rather more gay and brisk than ever before. When her irons were taken off (for she was shackled) she pinned the picture of her husband Carleton on her sleeve, and in that manner carried it with her to Tyburn. Seeing the gentleman who had conversed with her, she said to him in French, "*Mon ami, le bon Dieu vous benisse*"—"My friend, God bless you." At hearing St Sepulchre's bell toll, she made use of several ejaculations. One Mr Crouch, a friend of hers, rode with her in the cart, to whom she gave at the gallows two Popish books, called *The Key of Paradise* and *The Manual of Daily Devotion*. At the place of execution she told the people that she had been a very vain woman, and expected to be made a precedent for sin; that though the world had condemned her, she had much to say for herself; that she prayed God to forgive her, as she did her enemies; and a little more to the same effect. After which she was turned off, in the thirty-eighth year of her age, and in the same month she was born in.

Her body was put into a coffin and decently buried in

## ANDREW RUTHERFORD

St Martin's churchyard, on which occasion a merry wag wrote this distich :

“ The German princess here, against her will,  
Lies underneath, and yet, oh, strange ! lies still.”

## ANDREW RUTHERFORD OF TOWNHEAD

*Executed for the Murder of James Douglass, Brother to Sir William Douglass of Cavers, on 25th of November, 1674*

ANDREW RUTHERFORD was accused of having conceived deadly malice against James Douglass ; that having dined together in a farmer's house on the 9th of July preceding, in company with several gentlemen, he, urged by this malevolent passion, on their way home from dinner, within half-a-mile of the town of Jedburgh, did murder Douglass, by giving him a mortal wound with a small sword through the arm, and through the body under the right pap, of which wounds he died within four hours ; that he immediately fled to England, and would have embarked at South Shields, for Holland, had he not been apprehended. The prisoner pleaded self-defence.

Robert Scott of Horslehill deposed that, about ten at night on the 9th of July, he, with Charles Ker of Abbotrule, William Ker of Newtown, and their servants, the prisoner, and the deceased, after dining at Swanside, called in the evening at the house of John Ker at Berchope, in their way to Jedburgh. Douglass was riding a little way before him, and Rutherford, who was at a distance behind, galloped up beyond him to Douglass. They rode a little way together, then alighted and drew their swords. On galloping up, he saw them pushing at each other, and called to them to desist ; but before he could alight they were in each other's arms. He asked if there was any hurt done ; to which Rutherford answered, none that he knew of ; but at the same time Douglass held out his right hand, and said that he had got blood. He demanded their swords, which they



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immediately delivered to him. Instantly thereafter Douglass sunk down, and Rutherford fled. A surgeon was sent for from Jedburgh, they being but a quarter of a mile from the town. By his order Douglass was put on a horse—a man sitting behind, and one walking on each side. When they arrived at Jedburgh, Douglass was laid on a bed, but he died within two hours after receiving the wounds. Both in the field and when laid in bed he exclaimed: “Fie! fie! that I should be affronted by such a base man!” The witness did not hear him say he was wounded before he drew; as little did he hear him urge anything before his death in vindication of the prisoner.

The jury returned their verdict on the 12th of November, unanimously finding the prisoner guilty; and on the 16th the Court passed sentence of death upon him, ordaining him to be beheaded on the 25th, at the Cross of Edinburgh.

## GEORGE CLERK AND JOHN RAMSAY

*Executed 1st of March, 1675, for poisoning John Anderson, an Edinburgh Merchant; Kennedy, the Chemist's Apprentice who supplied them, being banished*

**J**OHN RAMSAY, servant to the deceased John Anderson, and George Clerk, late servant to Mr John Clerk of Penicuik, were prosecuted for the murder of John Anderson, merchant in Edinburgh, at the instance of Mr John Clerk of Penicuik, and James Clerk, merchant in Edinburgh, nephews to the deceased, and of Sir John Nisbet of Dirleton, his Majesty's advocate.

The indictment set forth that the prisoners lived in the house with the deceased, and waited on him at the time of his death, and for some months preceding. The deceased was an unmarried person, and had nobody living in the house with him but the prisoners, who perfidiously abused the trust reposed in them. When their master was counting his money, having the room door shut upon him, they were in use to rap at the door, and when he opened it they slipped

## GEORGE CLERK AND JOHN RAMSAY

in and stole part of his money. The season was very sickly ; a flux in particular raged with such violence that many died of it daily, and it was deemed so contagious that those who were not infected were afraid to approach the sick, from the danger of infection. The prisoners conspired to bring this disease upon their master. They consulted one Kennedy, apprentice to Thomas Henryson, apothecary in Edinburgh, in the month of October or November preceding, and got from him some purgative powders and drugs, which they administered to the deceased in his drink and otherwise. The first purging powder wrought slowly. They then got a white powder, which operated to their wishes ; so that the deceased had recourse to Hugh Brown, apothecary, his ordinary medical adviser. The prisoners took advantage of the sickness they had brought on him, by combining to steal his money and jewels, which he kept in an iron chest. That they might steal with the greater security, they also applied to Kennedy for intoxicating or somniferous draughts, obtained from him a medicine which he called syrup of poppy, and gave it to their master when he was bad, and keeping the house, without his knowledge or that of Brown his apothecary. It was mixed in his drink, and he fell into a deep sleep. They took out his keys, opened his chest, carried off a large gold chain, gold bracelets, a gold ring with a blue stone, two pieces of gold, twelve of silver, and five purse pennies, silver buttons, brooches, and various other articles. They then got from Kennedy several drugs, which he called powder of jalup and crystal of tartar, which they gave to their master. Clerk told Kennedy that, their master being ill, they had stolen several pieces of coin from him, and that there were three bags of money in his chest ; that they were resolved to take some of it, and would give Kennedy a part. They gave the jalap and the tartar to their master, to counteract the effect of Brown's prescriptions.

On the Wednesday preceding their master's death, which happened on Monday, the 15th of November, 1674, Anderson's friends visited him, and he told them he was

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greatly better. On this the prisoners, fearing his recovery, and that he should discover their practices, came to a positive resolution to murder him, communicated it to Kennedy, and sought poison from him to effect their purpose. But Kennedy would not give poison, saying the body would swell, and so they would be discovered; but he would give a powder which would do the business slowly, and which he would engage would kill their master in a month. They got a powder accordingly, which Kennedy called powder of jalap, but which either in quality, quantity, or frequency of being administered, was truly poison. On the five days immediately preceding his death the prisoners and their associate Kennedy held frequent consultations in the shop of Kennedy's master, in the house of the deceased, and in the King's Park. They gave Kennedy part of what they had already stolen, and promised him an equal share of their future plunder. On Saturday night the deceased was so well that his apothecary said he would not visit him next day. On Sunday he was not thought near death, but rose, dressed himself, and supped in his usual style. On Sunday night the prisoners mixed some drugs in conserve of roses that had been prescribed for him by his own apothecary. These were so poisonous that he died on Monday morning at ten o'clock. At five o'clock their master called for the bed-pan, which they gave him; they then ran to the iron chest, filled their hands with jewels, goods, and money belonging to their dying master, and did not look near him till about eight o'clock, when they found him speechless, the whites of his eyes turned up, and the bed swimming around him. They then called in the neighbours to see him die.

Both the prisoners emitted confessions corresponding in general to the charge in the indictment. They added that, before they conceived the idea of giving their master drugs to bereave him of life, they had frequently been in use to infuse powders in his drink, which made him outrageously drunk, that they might make sport of him in his drunkenness—a dreadful lesson to beware of the first steps

## PHILIP, EARL OF PEMBROKE

in vice. Had they not infused powders to make their master drunk, in order to gratify a barbarous and disrespectful mirth, the idea of taking away his life by similar means would not have occurred to them. They were convicted, and sentenced on the 8th of February to be hanged at the Cross of Edinburgh on the 1st of March, and their movable goods to be forfeited.

The trial of Kennedy, the apothecary's apprentice, for furnishing the medicines, was brought on upon the 22nd of February, 1676, and after various adjournments, and a tedious confinement of eighteen months, he, on his own petition, on the 30th of July, 1677, was banished for life.

## PHILIP, EARL OF PEMBROKE AND MONTGOMERY

*Tried for the Murder of Nathaniel Cony by his Brother Peers  
in 1678 and found guilty of Manslaughter later*

**A**N indictment for murder against a peer, which necessitated his being tried by his brother peers, occurred in 1678, accused being Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, and the dead man Nathaniel Cony, gentleman.

The Lords came from their House above, in their usual order, to the court erected for them in Westminster Hall; and the Lord High Steward's commission being read, as also the certiorari to the commissioners, before whom the indictment was found, and the return thereof, the Constable of the Tower was commanded to return his precept, and bring his prisoner to the bar. The Constable of the Tower being a peer, Sir John Robinson, his lieutenant, brought the Earl of Pembroke to the bar; after which the Lord High Steward made a speech to the prisoner, wherein he acquainted him that he stood charged with no less a crime than murder by the grand jury of the county of Middlesex, who were all men of quality; but that this was no more

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than an accusation, upon which their Lordships should not prejudge him, the examination of the grand jury having been but partial. That his lordship was now to be tried in full Parliament, and not by a select number of Lords. That the being made a spectacle to such august assembly, and having his faults and weaknesses exposed, must be very mortifying; and it behoved his lordship to recollect himself, and use his utmost caution in his defence, but advised him not to let the disgrace of standing as a felon at the bar too much deject him, or the terrors of justice amaze him; for whatever might lawfully be hoped for, his lordship might expect from the peers; and if he were dismayed, when he considered how inexorable the rule of law was in the case of blood (which their Lordships indeed could not depart from), yet it might be a support to him to consider that nothing but plain and positive proof, and such as deserved to be called evidence, would be received against him. That their Lordships thought themselves bound in honour to be counsel for him in matters of law; and that, though there were counsel to plead against him, no skill or arguments could pervert their Lordships' justice. He should not fall by the charms of eloquence, or be depressed by anything but the burden of his crime, and even as to that all candid allowances would be made.

Then the prisoner was arraigned, and held up his hand.

Mr Richard Savage deposed that, being in company with my Lord Pembroke at Mr Long's in the Haymarket on 4th of February, 1678, and Mr Cony making a great noise at the bar, my lord looked out at the door of the room where they were, and seeing Mr Cony, invited him and his friend Mr Goring into the room, and after some time falling into discourse, Mr Goring used some impertinent language to my lord, and told his lordship he was as good or a better gentleman than he; upon which my lord threw a glass of wine in Goring's face, and stepped back and drew his sword; and Goring being about to draw his, the deponent took it from him and broke it, and persuaded my lord to put up his sword again; but to prevent more words, the

## PHILIP, EARL OF PEMBROKE

deponent shoved Mr Goring out of the room, and while the deponent was thrusting him out he heard a bustle behind him, and, leaving the drawer to keep Mr Goring out, he turned, and saw my Lord Pembroke strike Mr Cony, who immediately fell down, and then my lord gave him a kick; and then, finding Mr Cony did not stir, my lord and the deponent took him off the ground and laid him on the chairs, and covered him up warm.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL: Did my lord kick him but once?

SAVAGE: My lord kicked him but once that I saw, and that was on the body, and not with a very great force. We chafed his temples, and he opened his eyes, but did not speak; when I asked him if he knew me he shook his head as if he did, and then closed his eyes again.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL: What condition was he in before that accident?

SAVAGE: He was very drunk, and, I think, proposed something about play to my lord; but how my lord came to strike him I cannot tell, for I was putting Goring out of the room.

Similar evidence and evidence as to the dead man's internal injuries having been given, the Lord High Steward asked: Will your lordship say anything for yourself?

EARL OF PEMBROKE: I have nothing more to say, my Lord.

Mr Solicitor having summed up the evidence for the King, the Lords went to their House above, and after two hours' debate returned, and having taken their places, the Lord High Steward, beginning with the puisne baron (my Lord Butler), demanded of their Lordships severally in their order if Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, were guilty of the felony and murder whereof he stood indicted, or not guilty. And my Lord High Steward having numbered them, declared that six of their Lordships had found the prisoner guilty of murder, eighteen had found him not guilty, and forty had found him guilty of manslaughter. Then the prisoner was commanded to be brought to the bar again, and the Lord High Steward acquainted him that the judgment of the Lords was, that he was guilty of

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manslaughter ; and demanded what he could say why judgment should not pass upon him to die, according to law.

The Earl of Pembroke answered that he claimed the privilege of the statute.

The Lord High Steward told him he must have it ; for as by the Act clergy was allowed to a commoner by reading and burning in the hand,<sup>1</sup> a peer convicted of such felony was to be delivered without either ; but his lordship would do well to take notice that no man could have the benefit of that statute but once.

### THE REV. ROBERT FOULKES

*Executed 31st of January, 1679, for the Murder of his  
newly-born Babe*

THIS unhappy gentleman was a divine of the Church of England, and had been very much esteemed for his learning and abilities. Few men were more capable of shining in a church, or had a greater share of that sacred eloquence so requisite in a preacher. He was minister of Stanton-Lacy, in the county of Salop, where he was exceedingly followed and admired till his crimes came to be known, and where he might have been beloved till death in a natural way had taken him hence, and then universally lamented, if his heart had been as well furnished with grace as his head was with knowledge and his tongue with expressions.

A young gentlewoman of a considerable fortune, who had been left an infant by her parents, was committed to his care by her executors, as to a man who, they trusted, would not only deal justly by her, but also instruct her betimes in the principles of religion, and her several duties as a Christian. But, alas ! how weak is human nature, and how soon are we tempted aside from the ways of piety ! Mr Foulkes, instead of answering the purpose of the young woman's friends, was soon smitten with her charms, and

<sup>1</sup> Known as "Benefit of Clergy," by which a convicted man able to read escaped the full penalty.



## CAPTAIN RICHARD DUDLEY

took an opportunity of discovering a criminal passion for her, though he had at that time a virtuous wife and two children living. The young lady too easily consented to gratify his lust, and they continued their conversation together till she became pregnant.

All the means he could think of to procure abortion were now tried, and they all proved ineffectual ; so that they must be both exposed to scandal, unless she could be removed to some convenient place, remote from the eyes of the world, and from the jealousies of Mrs Foulkes, where she might be delivered of her burden, which was not yet perceived. A plausible excuse for his going up to London was soon formed, and for his taking Miss along with him, who at that time was under twenty years of age. When they arrived in town they took a lodging in York Buildings in the Strand, where she lay in, and where (shocking to think of !) the child was privately murdered, to prevent the infamy that might follow.

But divine vengeance would not suffer this horrible deed to remain long concealed, for before Mr Foulkes went out of town the girl was examined upon the suspicion of some women, when she confessed the whole, and charged Mr Foulkes with the murder, who was thereupon apprehended and committed to Newgate ; in a short time after which he was condemned at the sessions house in the Old Bailey, upon the evidence of the young woman. On the 31st of January, 1679, he was executed at Tyburn.

## CAPTAIN RICHARD DUDLEY

*A Companion of the Highwayman whom King Charles II.  
dubbed Swifticks for his Ride to York. Executed  
22nd of February, 1681*

**R**ICHARD DUDLEY was a gentleman descended of a very good family in Northamptonshire, but his father being ruined for exerting his loyalty in the time of the unhappy rebellion, when a cursed republican party

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most villainously murdered King Charles I. before his own palace, he had little or no estate left him ; yet, for his father's sake, King Charles II., after his restoration, gave him a captain's commission in a regiment of foot ; in which post he behaved himself very sincere ; for being at Tangier, and one day the regiment ordered to be drawn out in battalia, Captain Dudley perceiving one of the men belonging to his company to stand a little out of his rank, he presently commanded a sergeant to knock him down. Accordingly the command was obeyed, but not to his liking ; for calling the sergeant to him again, and taking the halberd out of his hand, quoth he : " When I command you to knock down a man, knock him down thus." So with the right end of the halberd he cleft his skull in two ; of which he immediately died.

When Tangier was demolished, and all our forces were then recalled from thence, Dick Dudley came into England at the same time ; but living here at a very extravagant rate, he could support himself in no manner of way but by taking on the road what he thought was a fair prize. The highway he quickly made his exchange, and would venture very boldly for what he got ; but one time, being apprehended in London for robbing the Duke of Monmouth near Harrow-on-the-Hill, he was committed to the Poultry Compter, whither a man need not sail, for this prison is a ship of itself, where the master-side is the upper deck, and they in the common-side lie under hatches, and help to ballast it. Intricate cases are the tacklings, executions the anchors, capias the cables, Chancery bills the huge sails, a long term the mainmast, law the helm, a judge the pilot, a barrister the purser, an attorney the boatswain, his clerk the swabber, bonds the waves, outlawries sudden gusts, the verdicts of juries rough winds, and extents the rocks that split all in pieces. Or, if it be not a ship, yet this and a ship differ not much in the building, for the one is a moving misery, the other standing. The first is seated on a spring, the second on piles. Either this place is the emblem of a bawdy-house or a bawdy-house of it, for nothing is to be seen in any room but scurvy beds and bare walls ; nevertheless it is a sort

## CAPTAIN RICHARD DUDLEY

of a university of poor scholars, in which three arts are chiefly studied—viz. to pray, to curse and to write letters. But Dudley, breaking out of this mansion of sorrow and tribulation, not long after obtaining his liberty met with John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, coming from his seat at Woodstock, and setting on his lordship and his retinue, which was his chaplain, a couple of footmen and a groom, he took from him above one hundred guineas and a gold watch. The chaplain then beginning to catechise Dudley for his unlawful actions, quoth he: “I don’t think I commit any sin in robbing a person of quality, because I keep generally pretty close to the text, ‘Feed the hungry and send the rich empty away’”; which was true in the main, for whenever he had got any considerable booty from great people, he would very generously extend his charity to such as he really knew to be poor.

After this exploit, Dick Dudley meeting Captain Richardson, the keeper of Newgate, on the road betwixt London and Tunbridge, in whose clutches he had been three or four times, he commanded him to stand and deliver; but Richardson refusing to deliver, withal threatening what he would do if ever he came into his custody again, quoth he: “I expect no favour from the hands of a jailer, who comes of the race of those angels that fell with Lucifer from Heaven, whither you’ll never return again. Of all your bunches of keys, not one hath wards to open that door; for a jailer’s soul stands not upon those two pillars that support Heaven, Justice and Mercy; it rather sits upon those two footstools of Hell, Wrong and Cruelty. So make no more words about your purse, for have it I will, or else your life.” Hereupon Captain Richardson was obliged to grant his request, and betwixt Dudley and the waters drinking at Tunbridge, went home as well purged and cleansed as a man could desire.

This daring robber had committed several most notorious robberies on the road with that famous highwayman on whom King Charles II. was pleased to confer the name of Swifticks, from his robbing a gentleman near Barnet about five in the morning, being come then from Bosom’s

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Inn in London, and taking from him five hundred and sixty guineas. He rode straight to York, and appeared there on the bowling-green about six in the evening of the same day; and being apprehended and tried for the aforesaid robbery, before Judge Twisden, being acquitted of it, and the judge mistrusting something of the matter, after strictly examining him, Mr Nicks, otherwise called Swifticks, owned the fact when he was out of danger, and was made a captain in the Lord Moncastle's regiment in Ireland, where he married a great fortune, and afterwards lived very honest.<sup>1</sup>

But at last, this country being too hot for Dick Dudley, upon the account of robbing General Monk, who had ordered a strict search to be made after him, he was forced to fly into France; from whence, travelling to Rome, he was in very great necessity indeed.

Not long after his arrival into this kingdom again, meeting with a Justice of the Peace on the road betwixt Midhurst and Horsham, in the county of Sussex, "Stand and deliver" was the language which he spoke to his worship, who, making a very stout resistance, shot Dudley's horse under him; but at the same time, being wounded in his arm, he was obliged to surrender at discretion. Then the resolute highwayman, searching his pockets, out of which he took twenty-eight guineas, a gold watch and silver tobacco-box, next securing the magistrate's horse, quoth he: "Since your worship has previously broke the peace, in committing a most horrid and barbarous murder on my prancer, which, with my assistance, was able to get his living in any ground in England, I must make bold to take your horse by way of reprisal; however, I'll not be so uncivil as to let a man of your character go home afoot, for, for once, and not use it, I'll make one Justice of the Peace carry another." So, stepping into a field where an ass was grazing, he brought him into the road, and putting the justice on his back, as he was tying his legs under the beast's belly, quoth he: "I know I offend against the rules of heraldry, in putting metal

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix No. 1.

## VRATZ, STERN AND BOROSKY

upon metal, but as there's no general rule without an exception, I doubt not but all the heralds will excuse this solecism committed in their art, which I look upon to be as great a bite and cheat as astrology." Thus taking his leave of the justice, his worship rode a very solemn pace, till the grave creature brought him safe into Petworth, where his worship had as many people staring at him as if he had been riding through the town in triumph.

At last, Dick Dudley attempting to rob the Duke of Lauderdale, when riding over Hounslow Heath, he was conquered in his enterprise, and committed to Newgate; and when he came to his trial at justice hall in the Old Bailey, above eighty indictments being preferred against him for robberies committed only in the county of Middlesex, he pleaded guilty. Then, receiving sentence of death, he was (though great intercession was made for his life to King Charles) executed at Tyburn, on Wednesday, the 22nd of February, 1681, aged forty-six years.

### CAPTAIN VRATZ,<sup>1</sup> JOHN STERN AND GEORGE BOROSKY

*Foreigners who murdered Thomas Thynn, Esq., in Pall Mall,  
on behalf, it was alleged, of Count Coningsmark.  
Executed 10th of March, 1682*

CHRISTOPHER VRATZ, the youngest son of a very good gentleman, and born in Pomerania, a country adjoining Poland, having but a very small patrimony left him, he was incited, through the slenderness of his fortune, to betake himself to the highway; and, being a man of great courage and undaunted spirit, he ventured on such attempts by himself which would not be undertaken by half-a-dozen men; for once John Sobieski, King of Poland, who, with the Duke of Lorrain, raised the siege of Vienna, going disguised out of the Christian camp, in company only with three officers, to observe the motion of the Turks, he

<sup>1</sup> Johnson and Smith spell the name with a "U" instead of a "V."

## NEWGATE CALENDAR

mercy might prevail over the cry of the other for justice. At these words he looked up to heaven with the greatest sense that I had at any time observed in him. After I prayed he said nothing but that he was now going to be happy with God ; so I left him. He continued in his undaunted manner, looking up often to heaven, and sometimes round about him, to the spectators. After he and his two fellow-sufferers had stood about a quarter of an hour under the gibbet they were asked when they would give the signal for their being turned off. He answered that they were ready, and that the cart might be driven away when it pleased the sheriff to order it. So, a little while after, it was driven away. And thus they all ended their lives.<sup>1</sup>

As for Lieutenant Stern, the illegitimate son of a baron of Sweden, afterwards made a count, and Borosky the Polander, they were very penitent from first to last, being with Captain Vratz, aged thirty-eight, executed in the Pall Mall on Friday, the 10th of March, 1682 ; but Borosky was afterwards hung up in chains, a little beyond Mile End, by the command of King Charles II.

Mr Echard gives us the following account of Lady Ogle : —“ Josceline, late Earl of Northumberland, of the family of Percy, dying in the year 1670, left no issue but the Lady Elizabeth, his daughter and sole heir (at the time of his death about four years of age), who, possessing a great fortune, was in her minority married to Henry, Earl of Ogle, son and heir to the Duke of Newcastle, who, dying soon after, left her a virgin widow ; after which many people of the first quality made their addresses to her, and among the rest Count Coningsmark, whose pretensions, it is said, were countenanced by the King. But the young lady, by her grandmother's contrivance, was married privately, the summer before the accident happened, to Mr Thynn, a gentleman of ten-thousand-pounds-a-year estate, who had been a member of several Parliaments, and made some figure both within the House and out of it. But whether the lady herself did not approve of the match, or was put upon it by

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix No. 6.

## WILLIAM NEVISON

others, she privately went over to Holland in Michaelmas Term, 1681, before Mr Thynn had ever cohabited with her."

## WILLIAM NEVISON

*A Highwayman who, dying of the Plague as was thought,  
reappeared as his own Ghost, and was finally  
executed at York in 1684*

**W**ILLIAM NEVISON was born at Pomfret in Yorkshire, about the year 1639, of well-reputed, honest, and reasonably estated parents, who bred him up at school, where he made some progress as to his learning, and in the spring of his youth promised a better harvest than the summer of his life produced; for, to say truth, he was very forward and hopeful until he arrived at thirteen or fourteen years of age, when he began to be the ringleader of all his young companions to rudeness and debauchery.

So early as this he also took to thieving, and stole a silver spoon from his father; for which being severely punished at school, the punishment was the subject of the next night's meditation, which issued into a resolution of revenge on his master, whatever fate he met with in the execution thereof. To which end, having hit on a project for his purpose, and lying in his father's chamber, he gets softly up before such time as the day appeared, and hearing that his father slept he put his hand into his pocket, where he found the key of his closet, which unperceived he drew hence, and down he creeps to the said closet, where he supplies himself with what cash he could readily find, which amounted to about ten pounds, and with this, knowing that his said master had a horse he had particular delight for, that then grazed behind his house, he gets a bridle and saddle from his father's stable, and an hour before morning arrays and mounts the said horse onwards for London, at which he arrives within four days; when, the evening coming upon him, he cuts the throat of the horse, within a mile or two of the town, for fear it should prove a means of his discovery if he should have carried it to an inn.



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When he came to London he changed his garb and name, and being a lusty well-looking lad put himself into the service of a brewer, where for two or three years he lived, not at all changed in mind, though opportunity was not, during that time, ripe to put his ill intentions into practice, though he watched all seasons to advance himself, by having several times attempted to rob his master, which at last he thus effected. Taking the advantage one night of the clerk's drunkenness, who was his master's cashier, he got up by stealth after him into the counting-house, where, the said clerk falling asleep, he rifled the same of all such cash as he could conveniently come at, which amounted to near two hundred pounds, and fled to Holland, where, running away with a burgher's daughter, who had robbed her father of a great deal of money and jewels, he was apprehended, had the booty taken from him, and clapped in jail; and had he not broken out, he had certainly made his exit beyond sea. Having thus made his escape, he got, after divers difficulties, into Flanders, and listed himself amongst the English volunteers, who were under the command of the Duke of York, who about the same time was made Lieutenant-General of the Spanish forces, under Don John of Austria, that were then designed to raise the siege of Dunkirk, which was besieged by the English and French armies, and behaved himself very well while he was in a military employment; but not greatly liking it, and having got some money whilst he was in the service, he came over to England, and bought himself a horse and arms, and resolved for the road, and perhaps a pleasant life, at the hazard of his neck, rather than toil out a long remainder of unhappy days in want and poverty, which he was always averse to. Being thus supplied, every day one booty or other enriched his stores, which he would never admit a sharer in, choosing to manage his designs alone, rather than trust his life into the hands of others, who by favour or misfortune might be drawn in to accuse him.

One day Nevison, who went otherwise by the name of Johnson, travelling on the road, and scouring about in

## WILLIAM NEVISON

search of prize, met two countrymen, who, coming up towards him, informed him that it was very dangerous travelling forwards, for that the way was set, and they had been robbed by three highwaymen, about half-a-mile off; and if he had any charge of money about him it were his safest course to turn back. Nevison asking them what they had lost, they told him forty pounds; whereupon he replied: "Turn back with me, and show me the way they took, and, my life to a farthing, I'll make them return you your money again." They rode along with him till they had sight of the highwaymen; when Nevison, ordering the countrymen to stay behind him at some distance, rode up and spoke to the foremost of them, saying: "Sir, by your garb, and the colour of your horse, you should be one of those I look after, and, if so, my business is to tell you that you borrowed of two friends of mine forty pounds, which they desired me to demand of you, and which before we part you must restore." "How!" quoth the highwayman. "Forty pounds! Damn you, sir, is the fellow mad?" "So mad," replied Nevison, "as that your life shall answer me if you do not give me better satisfaction." With that he draws his pistol and suddenly claps it to his breast, and finding then that Nevison had also his rein, and that he could not get his sword or pistols, he yielded, telling him his life was at his mercy. "No," says Nevison, "it is not that I seek for, but the money you robbed these two men of, who are riding up to me, which you must refund." The thief was forced to consent, and ready to deliver such part thereof as he had, saying his companions had the rest; so that Nevison having made him dismount, and taking away his pistols, which he gave to the countrymen, ordered them to secure him, and hold his own horse, whilst he took the thief's and pursued the other two, who he soon overtook; for they, thinking him their companion, stopped as soon as they saw him; so that he came up to them in the midst of a common. "How now, Jack," says one of them, "what made you engage with yon fellow?" "No, gentlemen," replies Nevison; "you are mistaken in your man."

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Thomas, by the token of your horse and arms, he hath sent me to you for the ransom of his life, which comes to no less than the prize of the day, which if you presently surrender you may go about your business; if not, I must have a little dispute with you at sword and pistol." At which one of them let fly at him, but missing his aim received Nevison's bullet into his right shoulder; and being thereby disabled, and Nevison about to discharge at the other, he called for quarter, and came to a parley, which, in short, was made up, with Nevison's promise to send their friend, and their delivering him all the ready money they had, which amounted to one hundred and fifty pounds, and silver. With this, Nevison rides back to the two countrymen, and releases their prisoner, giving them their whole forty pounds, with a caution for the future to look better after it, and not, like cowards, as they were, to surrender the same on such easy terms again.

In all his pranks he was very favourable to the female sex, who generally gave him the character of a civil obliging robber; he was charitable also to the poor, relieving them out of the spoils which he took from them that could better spare it; and being a true Royalist, he never attempted anything against that party. One time Nevison, meeting with an old sequestrator on the road, stopped the coach and demanded some of that money which he had thievishly extorted from poor widows and orphans, and ought to be returned. At which words the old man, in a fit of terror, and especially so when a pistol was clapped to his breast, began to expostulate for his life; offering whatsoever he had about him for his ransom, which he readily delivered, to the value of sixty broad-pieces of gold. But this not serving the turn, Nevison told him that he must come thence, and go with him about some other affairs he had to concert with him, and beg leave of three young gentlewomen who were also passengers in the coach with him that they would spare one of the coach-horses for an hour or two, which should certainly be returned that night for the next day's journey. So Nevison left them, and took his prize with him on the

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postilion, which he loosed from his coach, and carried him from them in a great fright, thinking he was now near his end. The gentlewomen pursued their journey. About two hours after they were got to their inn, in comes the old sequestrator on the postilion's horse before mentioned, and gave a lamentable relation of how he had been used; and forced to sign a bill under his hand of five hundred pounds for his redemption, payable by a scrivener in London on sight, which he doubted not but would be received before he could prevent the same; and indeed he did not doubt amiss, for Nevison made the best of his way all night, and the next day by noon received the money, to the no small vexation of him that owned it.

About the year 1661, having one day met a considerable prize, to the value of four hundred and fifty pounds, from a rich country grazier, with this he was resolved to settle down quietly and go back to Pomfret, where he was most joyfully received by his father, who, never hearing of him in his absence of seven or eight years, thought he had been really dead. He lived very honestly with his father till he died, and then returned to his old courses again, committing such robberies as rendered his name the terror of the road; insomuch that no carrier or drover who passed the same but was either forced to compound for their safety by a constant rent, which he usually received from them at such and such houses, where he appointed them to leave it, or they were sure to be rifled for the failure thereof.

Committing some robberies in Leicestershire, he was there taken, and committed to Leicester Jail, where he was so narrowly watched, and strongly ironed, that he could scarce stir; yet by a cunning stratagem he procured his enlargement before the assizes came. For one day, feigning himself extremely ill, he sent for two or three trusty friends, one of whom was a physician, who gave out that he was sick of a pestilential fever; and that unless he had the benefit of some open air, in some chamber, he would certainly infect the whole jail, and die of the said distemper. Hereupon the jailer takes off his fetters and removes him into

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Having by these words, as he thought, fully fixed him in love with begging, he then acquainted the company with Nevison's desires, who were all of them very joyful thereat, being as glad to add one to their society as a Turk is to gain a proselyte to Mahomet. The first question they asked him was, if he had any loure in his bung. He stared at them, not knowing what they meant; till at last one told him it was money in his purse. He told them he had but eighteen-pence, which he freely gave them. This, by a general vote, wasconde mned to be spent on booze for his initiation. Then they commanded him to kneel down, which being done, one of the chief of them took a gage of booze, which is a quart of drink, and poured the same on his head, saying: "I do by virtue of this sovereign liquor install thee in the roage, and make thee a free denizen of our ragged regiment. So that henceforth it shall be lawful for thee to cant, and to carry a doxy or mort along with thee, only observing these rules: First, that thou art not to wander up and down all countries, but to keep to that quarter that is allotted to thee. And, secondly, thou art to give way to any of us that have borne all the offices of the wallet before; and upon holding up a finger, to avoid any town or country village where thou seest we are foraging for victuals for our army that march along with us. Observing these two rules, we take thee into our protection, and adopt thee a brother of our numerous society."

Having ended his oration, Nevison rose up, and was congratulated by all the company's hanging about him like so many dogs about a bear, and leaping and shouting like so many madmen, making such a confused noise with their gabbling that the melody of a dozen of oyster-wives, the scolding at ten conduits, and the gossiping of fifteen bake-houses were not comparable unto it. At length he that installed him cried out for silence, bidding the French and English pox to light on their throats for making such a yelping. Then fixing their eyes upon Nevison, he read a lecture to him out of the devil's horn-book, as followeth.

"Now," saith he, "that thou art entered into our fraternity,

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thou must not scruple to act any villainies which thou shalt be able to perform, whether it be to nip a bung, bite the Peter Cloy, the luries crash, either a bleating cheat, cackling cheat, grunting cheat, quacking cheat, Tib-oth-buttery, Margery Prater, or to cloy a mish from the crackman's—that is, to cut a purse, steal a cloak-bag or portmanteau, convey all manner of things, whether a chicken, sucking-pig, duck, goose, hen, or steal a shirt from the hedge; for he that will be a quier cove, a professed rogue, must observe this rule, set down by an ancient patrico in these words:

‘ Wilt thou a-begging go.  
O per se-o, O per se-o.  
Then must thou God forsake,  
And to the devil thee betake.  
O per se-o, etc.’

“ And because thou art yet but a novice in begging, and understandest not the mysteries of the canting language, to principle thee the better thou shalt have a doxy to be thy companion, by whom thou mayst receive fit instructions for thy purpose.” And thereupon he singled him out a girl of about fourteen years of age, which tickled his fancy very much, that he had gotten a young wanton to dally withal. But this was not all; he must presently be married to her, after the fashion of their patrico, who amongst beggars is their priest; which was done after this manner.

They got a hen, and having cut off the head of it, laid the dead body on the ground, placing him on the one side, and his doxy on the other; this being done, the patrico, standing by, with a loud voice bid them live together till death did them part. Then one of the company went into the yard and fetched a dry cow-turd, which was broken over his doxy's head, in imitation of a bride-cake; and so, shaking hands and kissing each other, the ceremony of the wedding was over, and for joy of the marriage they were all as drunk as beggars; but then to hear the gabbling noise they made would have made anyone burst himself with laughing. Some were jabbering in the canting language, others in their



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own ; some did nothing but weep, and profess love to their morts ; others swore swords and daggers to cut the throats of their doxies if they found them tripping ; one would drink a health to the bride till he slavered again ; some were for singing bawdy songs, others were devising oaths for justices of peace, head-boroughs and constables. At last, night approaching, and all their money being spent, they betook themselves to a barn not far off, where they couched a hogshead in the darkman's, and went to sleep.

Nevison, having met with this odd piece of diversion in his journey, slipped out of the barn, when all were asleep, took horse and posted directly away. But coming to London, and finding his name too much noised about to induce him to stay there, he returned into the country, and fell to his own pranks again. Several who had been robbed by him happened to meet him, and could not help thinking but his ghost walked, considering the report of his pestilential death in Lincoln Jail. In short, his crimes became so notorious that a reward was offered to anyone who would apprehend him. This made many waylay him, especially two brothers named Fletchers, one of whom Nevison shooting dead, he got off ; from whence going into a little village about thirteen miles from York, he was taken by Captain Hardcastle and sent to York Jail, where in a week's time he was tried, condemned, and executed, aged forty-five.

### JOHN COTTINGTON *ALIAS* MUL-SACK

*Chimney-Sweep, Pickpocket and Highwayman, who brought off some big Coups. Executed in April, 1685*

THE father of John Cottington, or Mul-Sack, as he was oftener called, was a haberdasher of smallwares in Cheapside, and one time reputed to be pretty wealthy ; but having a large expensive family, and being himself very fond of what is commonly called good company, he so far wasted his substance as to die very poor—even so poor as to be buried by the parish. This was an unhappy





John Cottingham *alias* Mul Sack Robbing y<sup>e</sup> Oxford Waggon



## JOHN COTTINGTON *ALIAS* MUL-SACK

thing for his children, who were no less than nineteen in number, fifteen of which were daughters, and John was the youngest of them all of either sex, which exposed him perhaps to more misfortunes than those who had some reason to govern themselves by, at the time when they became orphans.

At about eight years of age he was put out apprentice to a trade no less honourable than chimney-sweeping. He was bound for a great many years, as he was so young at the time of going to his master; but he took care not to make his servitude longer than ordinary, for instead of adding six or seven years, he cut off two from the usual term, and ran away in the fifth year of his apprenticeship, apprehending that as he was got into his teens he was as good a man as his master, and being confident that he had learned enough of his trade for him to live upon.

He had not been long gone from his master before he perceived business coming on him even as fast as he could wish, and he made all the advantage possible of his good fortune—not in the usual sneaking manner, by hoarding up all he got, but by behaving himself like a gentleman, swearing at everyone that offended him, and assuming to himself almost as much state as the old chimney-sweeper below, who we may be certain is haughty, because to say anyone is as proud as Lucifer is become a proverb. Nor was it only in Cottington's carriage that you might observe the effects of his good fortune, for he lived in the best manner possible; no liquor but sack, forsooth, would go down with him, and that too must always be mulled, to make it the more pleasant. It was from this that he got his name of Mul-Sack, by which he was commonly called, and by which we shall choose to distinguish him in the following account of his exploits.

One evening Mul-Sack was drinking at the Devil Tavern in Fleet Street when he observed what he thought was a beautiful woman; and being naturally pretty amorous, and at that time in particular warm with his favourite liquor, he made his addresses to her. Madam appeared to be none

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of the coyest, for she received him very freely, only nothing but matrimony would go down with her, which did not thoroughly please him. "Yet why," thought he at last, "should I be against it? I can keep myself and a wife very well, and I never saw a woman whom I could like better than this; therefore, hang it! I'll e'en take her, for better for worse." Upon this he immediately gave her his hand, and there were no more words to the bargain, but away they tramped to the Fleet together; where divinity linked their hands, pronounced them man and wife, and prayed heartily for their welfare; in particular, that they might be successful in their honest and lawful endeavours for the procreation of children, which, as the holy office of the Church informs us, is the principal end of matrimony.

But how was our jolly bridegroom deceived at night when he found himself espoused to an hermaphrodite, and that the lady he had married was no other than a person well known by the name of Aniseed Robin? The redundancy of nature was soon discovered, and the bride confessed her fault, or, if you please, his fault, with abundance of seeming contrition, while poor Mul-Sack had nothing more to do in bed than to go to sleep as usual.

This disappointment in matrimony had a great effect upon our gentleman's manners; for whereas he was never before known to be guilty of any worse crime than spending his money, sitting up late, and keeping jovial company, he now ran into all sorts of extravagances. In particular, he got acquainted with five noted amazons in Drury Lane, who were called the women shavers, and whose actions were then much talked of about town, till, being apprehended for a riot, and one or two of them severely punished, the rest fled to Barbados. Mul-Sack was once present when these furies got a poor woman among them whom one of them suspected of having been great with her husband. As a punishment for this they stripped her as naked as she was born, beat her with rods in a terrible manner, and then shaved off all the hair about her whole body. After that they soused her in a tub of soapsuds over head and ears,

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and in fine almost killed her, in spite of all her tears, cries and protestations of innocence.

After the law—the greatest enemy that people of this character have in the world—had deprived Mul-Sack of these worthy companions, he resolved to pursue his amours elsewhere, and to that purpose appeared, when out of his business, in a very smart and genteel manner; being withal a graceful person, and having a very extraordinary flow of words for a man of his calling. With these accomplishments he found means to insinuate himself into the good liking of a merchant's wife in Mark Lane, who had before this none of the best of characters. This lady had originally been very handsome, but by a long course of amours her beauty was a little the worse for wearing when Mul-Sack became acquainted with her. However, what she wanted in person she made up in purse; for our smut made a shift to squeeze out of her about one hundred and twenty pounds before she fell sick and died, which happened not a great while afterwards.

Mul-Sack had lately been so plentifully supplied with money, that when his kind benefactress departed this life, and changed this vain world, as we ought in Christian charity to believe, for a better, he could not think of applying himself to business anew, and relapsing again to his sooty occupation.

Mul-Sack now turned pickpocket—a calling that generally serves for an introduction to the gentlemen who make the heroes of this history. As a trial of his dexterity, the first thing he did was to take a very valuable gold watch, set with diamonds, from a lady of chief quality in those times of usurpation. One Mr Jacomb, a man very much followed by the Precisians, preached at that time a weekly lecture at Ludgate church, and the gentlewoman we are speaking of was one of his admirers and constant attendants. Mul-Sack had taken notice for some time how the pretty bauble hung dangling at her side by a gold chain. One of the companions he had engaged on this occasion found means to take out the pin of one of the coach wheels, so that the wheel fell, and the

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coach caused an obstruction just under the gate. The end of this was to make a crowd, and oblige madam to alight before she came to the church door ; all which was effected, and Mul-Sack stood ready, dressed in what was then the height of the mode, to offer the lady his arm into the church. He presented himself very impudently, the favour was kindly accepted, and by the way he found means to cut the gold chain in two, and secure the watch as they passed through the crowd. The loss was not perceived till Mr Jacomb concluded, when the devout gentlewoman was going to see how long the spiritual meal had lasted. But, alas ! all the consolation she had received vanished after her darling watch.

We are informed that, before Mul-Sack left off this trade, he was once so impudent as to attempt the pocket of Cromwell himself, and the danger he then ran of being detected was the occasion of his leaving this secret sort of knavery and taking to the highway, in company with one Tom Cheney.

These two fellows had the courage and confidence to set upon Colonel Hewson, a great man in those times, and one who had been advanced from a cobbler to the dignity he then enjoyed merely because his conscience was according to the measure of that time ; that is very large, or if you please very small, which expressions, the witty author of *Hudibras* tells us, signify the same thing. The colonel's regiment was then marching to Hounslow, and he not so far before it but some of the troopers saw the action of our bravoës. Nobody can doubt but they were soon pursued ; yet by the help of a good horse Mul-Sack got clear off ; but Cheney's beast failing him he was obliged to stand in his own defence, which he did very stoutly, till he was overpowered by numbers, desperately wounded, taken prisoner, and carried to Newgate. Sessions began at the Old Bailey within a few days after, and Cheney, being brought to the bar, begged to have his trial put off on account of his wounds. But the favour could not be obtained ; for they caused a chair to be brought for him to sit in, obliged him to plead,

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and passed sentence of death upon him. What he had urged as a motive for putting off his trial was made the means to hasten his execution ; for though it was two o'clock in the afternoon when he was condemned, he was carried in a cart that very day to Tyburn, and there executed, lest he should have evaded the sentence of the law, by dying in Newgate.

The next companion Mul-Sack entered into articles with was one Mr Horne, a very bold man, and a pewterer by trade, though he had been formerly a captain in Colonel Downe's regiment of foot. Their engagement was to act in concert, offensively and defensively, like generous highwaymen. But neither did this partnership subsist long ; for the first considerable action they ventured on was fatal to the poor captain, he being taken in the pursuit, while Mul-Sack had still the good fortune to escape. The captain's fate was the same as Cheney's, saving that he continued in good health till the hour of his execution, when he behaved with so much bravery and gallantry that his death drew tears from a great part of the spectators, particularly from that sex who know the value of a brave man so well as always to be grieved when such a one dies, especially at Tyburn.

His companions having such ill success, Mul-Sack was resolved to try his fortune alone, and he several times practised his calling upon committee-men, sequestrators, Members of Parliament, etc., who were then almost the only men in the nation worth robbing, they having plundered everybody else, and gotten the wealth of England into their own hands. In all these adventures he was as fortunate as he could wish, which prompted him forwards to attempt still greater things. Being informed that four thousand pounds were coming from London to pay the regiments quartered at Oxford and Gloucester, he resolved to venture his life for so considerable a sum, though two or three men well armed were appointed for a convoy. Just at the close of day, when the wagon was past Wheatley, and at the foot of a hill, he started from an ambuscade, presented his pistol, and bid the carrier stand. He would have certainly now gone to pot if the guard had not



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thought it impossible he should attempt such an action without company, but the apprehension of more behind the hedge made these sturdy fellows ride for their lives, and leave our adventurer to secure the booty; which he spent with as much mirth as he had obtained it with danger.

There were also two or three passengers in this wagon who were frightened terribly; but Mul-Sack generously told them he had no design upon what they had. "This," says he, "that I have taken, is as much mine as theirs who own it; being all extorted from the public by the rapacious members of our Commonwealth, to enrich themselves, maintain their janizaries, and keep honest people in subjection; the most effectual way to do which is to keep them very poor."

It is said that Mul-Sack got more money than any highwayman of his time, though no man was less suspected than he by his acquaintance in town. When out of his calling he appeared like a merchant, talked always about business, and was seen on 'Change very often, these being the methods he used to conceal his trade; for nothing betrays a man so soon as endeavouring to hide himself.

One time, having notice that the Receiver-General at Reading was to send up six thousand pounds to London by an ammunition wagon, he immediately contrived to save that trouble, and bring it up to town himself on his own horse. An accomplice was necessary in this undertaking, and he soon found one, by whose assistance he scaled the receiver's house the night before the money was to be carted. The window they got in at was next to the garden, where they left the ladder standing, and came off at the present very well, having bound all the family, to prevent any alarm whereby they might be discovered.

But an affair of this kind, as might very well be expected, made a great noise, and Mul-Sack was apprehended in town by some who had seen him in Reading the evening the fact was committed. Upon this he was sent down to Reading, and tried at the next assizes for Berkshire before Judge Jermyn, who did all he could to hang him. Nevertheless,

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by his cunning, he found means either to baffle the evidence or to corrupt the jury by his money, so far that he was acquitted, the proofs against him being only circumstantial.

Not long after this narrow escape our offender, growing in wickedness, added murder to his former crimes. The person on whom it was committed was one John Bridges, with whose wife he had before contracted a familiarity. On this account he fled beyond the sea, and got himself introduced at the Court of King Charles II., who was then in exile.

He got so much intelligence here, that he ventured home again, upon a presumption of obtaining his pardon from Oliver Cromwell, as a reward for what he could discover of affairs amongst the King's friends. Accordingly, he applied himself to the usurper, confessed his crime, and made very large promises, upon the performance of which Cromwell assured him of his life. But whether he could not be as good as his word, or whether the Protector thought such an abandoned wretch utterly unfit to live, so it was that he was apprehended, condemned, and executed in Smithfield Rounds, in April, 1685, being forty-five years of age.

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*Who robbed on the Highway together, the Woman being  
executed in 1685 and the Man being killed by a  
Gunshot Wound*

THESE two criminals flourished from the year 1680 to 1684, during which time they committed a great number of robberies and frauds. Their natural inclinations to such a manner of living first brought them together, and kept up the union between them till they were separated by justice, though we cannot learn that they were ever married, Joan only assuming the name of her companion, as is common in such cases, the better to colour their living together, and impose on the world.

Edward Bracey had been a highwayman before he fell

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into company with his pretended wife, who was the daughter of a wealthy farmer in Northamptonshire, named John Phillips. The beginning of their acquaintance was Bracey's making love to her in hopes of getting a large sum of money out of the old man for a marriage portion, and then leaving both wife and father-in-law. But he was very agreeably deceived; for Joan was as good as he. She suffered herself to be first debauched by him, and then consented to rob her father, and go along with him on the pad; all which she accordingly accomplished. They now passed for husband and wife wheresoever they went, frequently robbed together on the highway, and as often united in picking of pockets and shoplifting at all the country fairs and markets round about.

It was next to impossible that they should continue this course of life long together without coming into trouble. One or the other of them was often in danger of the gallows, but they had both the good fortune to escape till they had got a large quantity of money. The dread of justice more than a desire to live honestly now prevailed upon them to quit their vocation and take to some creditable business, in which they might spend the remainder of their days in quiet, and live comfortably upon what they had acquired by their industry. In order to do this they took an inn in the suburbs of Bristol, where they met with success, having a large trade in particular for wine, which was occasioned by the beauty of our landlady. It is no uncommon thing for a husband to get money by his having a handsome wife, especially if they have both art enough to manage an intrigue, which was the present case. All the gay young fellows of the place came to drink with Madam Bracey, purely for the sake of having an opportunity to discover their love. She gave them all encouragement so long as they could spend a great deal of money, and then took care not only to turn them out of doors, but to expose them sufficiently.

It may not be amiss to give an instance of this her manner of using her suitors. One Mr Day, an eminent citizen of Bristol, was among the number of her humble servants.

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He made her a great many fine proposals, and she received them all with abundance of complaisance, consenting at last that he should make use of the first opportunity that offered to take a night's lodging with her. In a little time Mr Day was informed that his landlord, Bracey, was to be abroad on such a night, and that nothing could happen more favourably to his wishes. He went at the time appointed with all the ardour of a lover, and was received by a maidservant, who told him her mistress had gone to bed, and waited impatiently for him ; but desiring him however to pull off his clothes, and leave them in another room, where he might be concealed, and have time to dress himself again, in case any surprise should happen. The innocent Mr Day thanked her for the contrivance, and hugged himself in the thought of the mistress's sincere affection, because the maid was so careful for his safety.

Mrs Abigail led him to the room appointed, put out the candle on account of mere modesty, and stayed at the door while Mr Day undressed himself ; which he did in two minutes. Now the best of the comedy was to be played : our tractable maid conducted the gallant to a door, which she told him opened into her mistress's chamber, bid him enter softly, and immediately turned the key upon him. Here Mr Day wandered about to find the bed, and pronounced the name of Mrs Bracey as loud as he dared, that she might give him directions ; but no Mrs Bracey answered. He was sufficiently amazed at the oddness of the scene, but was yet more surprised when he tumbled down a pair of stairs against the back door of the house. The contrivance was now plain ; he saw that mistress and maid were agreed not only to balk his passion, but to strip him of his clothes also. It was in vain to call and make protestations ; he received no other answer than that the back door was only bolted, and he might open if he pleased, and go about his business.

This door opened into a narrow dirty lane, down which the common sewer ran ; and there was no going out at it unless you got into a coach, or upon a horse, directly off

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the steps, which was the only use made of it, and that not often, especially in the winter-time, as it was at present. Mr Day knew all these inconveniences; but the terrible pinching cold, and the shame of being discovered if he stayed till broad daylight, made him go out, wade through the mud, and make the best of his way home, where he was heartily laughed at by those friends to whom he told the story; which were only such as he could not conceal it from, and even upon these he laid the severest injunctions imaginable never to divulge a word of it. They kept the secret from everybody else, but diverted themselves privately with poor Mr Day all his life afterwards.

Everyone whom our honest innkeepers imposed on were not, however, so easy as Mr Day; so that in less than a twelvemonth's time their house became so scandalous that they were obliged to leave it, and then they had nothing to do but to take to their old courses again, being by this time pretty well got over the apprehensions they were under of a halter. At their first setting out again they played such a trick as was hardly ever matched, which was the woman's contrivance as well as Bracey's. We shall relate this also, in as few words as we can conveniently.

A young gentleman who had spent his fortune had used their house all the time they had been at Bristol, and got a pretty deal into their debt. They knew he was heir to an estate of about a hundred pounds a year, which was kept from him only by the life of an old distempered uncle, and they had a mighty itching to get this reversion into their hands. In order to this, Joan threatened him grievously with a prison for what he owed them, till she perceived he was heartily frightened, and would do anything to keep his liberty. She knew besides that he was viciously inclined, and only wanted a little introduction to be made anything of that they could wish. Upon this she told him what she and her husband were going upon, and prevailed with him to join them. In a day or two after she informed him that a rich tradesman was coming to Bristol with a large quantity of money, and that he must accompany her husband

## EDWARD AND JOAN BRACEY

to-morrow to take it from him. Accordingly Bracey and the young man set out, stopped a person on the road, and took from him above a hundred pounds, with which they returned home together. The man that was robbed had been sent out with the money in his pocket for that very purpose.

As soon as the fact was over, and they had got their dupe safe, madam told him plainly that he must make over the reversion of his estate to them, or her husband should immediately swear the robbery upon him, and get him hanged for it. The terror he was under, and the promise of liberty upon complying, made him do all they desired. After which they still kept him in their house till they had sold it again, obliging him to assure the purchaser that he had received a valuable consideration of Mr Bracey; which was readily enough believed, because everybody knew the young gentleman's extravagances. They got fourteen hundred pounds by this bargain, with which they immediately made off, leaving the unfortunate spark to lament his folly. The name of this young man was Rumbald.

Joan after this usually dressed herself in men's apparel, and she and her fellow-adventurer committed a great many robberies together on the highway. At last, however, fortune put an end to their progress in iniquity; for as they were robbing a person of quality's coach together in Nottinghamshire, madam was apprehended, and carried to Nottingham Jail. At the next assizes she was condemned by the name of Joan Bracey, and in April, 1685, she was executed, aged twenty-nine years.

Her pretended husband got off at the time she was taken, and concealed himself for some time after by skulking about the country. One day, being at a public inn, he was seen by somebody whom he had robbed, who immediately got assistance, and came to take him, being at the stair-foot with armed men before Bracey knew anything of the matter. It happened that in the room where he was, one of the drawers had left his cap and apron, which Bracey in a moment snatched up and put on, running downstairs ready to break his neck, and crying out as he ran, "Coming, gentlemen,

## NEWGATE CALENDAR

coming," as if he were waiting upon company above. This stratagem preserved his life a little longer, for the gentleman who came to secure him, not apprehending anything, let him pass as a drawer, though he had taken so much notice of his face before ; so that he got his horse out of the stable and rode off while they were searching the house for him. Two or three of his companions, who were with him in the inn, and knew nothing of the occasion of his running down so, were apprehended and brought to justice.

This escape, however, did him but little service ; for about three or four days after, stopping at a little house to drink, and leaving his white mare, on which he usually robbed, at the door, another gentleman who had suffered by him came by, alarmed the neighbourhood upon his knowledge of the beast, and beset the house before he had the least notice. As soon as he heard a noise of men at the door he ran out, and attempted to mount ; but two or three pieces were instantly discharged at him, one of them killing his mare, and another taking off several of his fingers. He then endeavoured to leap over some pales, and get off by the back side of the house, when another discharge was made at him from a fowling-piece, which lodged several great goose-shot in his guts, and wounded him so that he dropped down on the place and died in three days afterwards.

## JONATHAN SIMPSON

*A Highwayman who was witty with a Halter round his Neck  
and, being reprieved, found that Newgate would not  
have him. Executed 8th of September, 1686*

**J**ONATHAN SIMPSON was the son of a very wealthy inhabitant of Launceston, in Cornwall, and his father put him apprentice to a linendraper in Bristol when he was about fourteen years of age. When he had served out his time, which he did with reputation, the same indulgent father gave him fifteen hundred pounds to set up with in



## JONATHAN SIMPSON

the city, where he was free, and where he soon fell into great business, and got money apace.

In less than a year after he had kept shop he married a merchant's daughter of the same place, who brought him a fortune of two thousand pounds. This was a great addition to his wealth; but the union proved unhappy, because the young lady was before engaged in affection to a gentleman of less fortune in the neighbourhood, whom her father hindered her from having, and with whom she continued a familiarity that soon displeased her husband.

Such a crisis as this must be a great trial for any man; but there can be no excuse sufficient to defend a person that invades the property of another. Almost any man in such a case would have run into extravagances; but none but a man who was viciously inclined would have turned highwayman, as Simpson now did. He had above five thousand pounds of his own, but his expenses were of a piece with the rest of his actions; for at the end of eighteen months he had not a penny left of all this large sum, or of all the money he had during that time taken on the road.

While his money lasted he played with the law; for though he was once or twice discovered, he made up the matter, and prevented a prosecution.

No sooner had Simpson wasted all his substance but he was apprehended and condemned at the Old Bailey for a robbery on the highway, and he must certainly have swung for it if some of his rich relations had not procured him a reprieve from above. It came when he was at Tyburn, with the halter about his neck, and just ready to be turned off in company with several others. As he was riding back to Newgate behind one of the sheriff's officers, the officer asked him if he thought anything of a reprieve when he came to the gallows. "No more," said Simpson, "than I thought of my dying day." A very pretty expression at that time.

When he was brought to the prison door, the turnkey refused to receive him, telling the officer that, as he was sent to be executed, they were discharged of him, and would not have anything to do with him again, unless there

## NEWGATE CALENDAR

was a fresh warrant for his commitment; whereupon Simpson made this reflection: "What an unhappy cast-off dog am I, that both Tyburn and Newgate should in one day refuse to entertain me! Well, I'll mend my manners for the future, and try whether I can't merit a reception at them both the next time I am brought hither." He was as good as his word; for it was believed he committed above forty robberies in the county of Middlesex within six weeks after his discharge.

He was a very good skater, and made a practice of robbing people on the ice between Fulham and Kingston Bridge, in the great frost of 1689, which held thirteen weeks. He used to kick up their heels and then search their pockets.

One time a gentleman whom he stopped gave him a fine silk purse full of counters, which he took for gold, and so did not examine them till he came to his inn at night. When he found himself outwitted he made no words of it, but kept the brass booty in his pocket, looking out frequently for his benefactor, whom he knew to be often on the road. At the end of about four months he met his worship again, on Bagshot Heath, when, riding up to the coach—"Sir," says he, "I believe you made a mistake the last time I had the happiness to see you, in giving me these pieces; I have been troubled ever since for fear you should have wanted them at cards, and am glad of this opportunity to return them. Only for my care I require you to come this moment out of your coach and give me your breeches, that I may search them at leisure, and not trust any more to your generosity, lest you should mistake again." The gentleman was obliged to comply by a pistol, and Simpson found at night that the freight of his breeches was a gold watch, a gold snuff-box, and a purse containing ninety-eight guineas and five jacobuses.

Another time he robbed the Lord Delamere on Dunmoor Heath of three hundred and fifty guineas, persuading his lordship first to send away all his attendants, on a sham pretence of two highwaymen that were just before who had robbed him of forty pounds. This action made his lordship swear never to do a good-natured deed again to a stranger.

## WILLIAM CADY

The robberies he committed on drovers, pedlars, market-people, etc., were almost innumerable. He stopped in one day nineteen of those people between London and Barnet, and took from them above two hundred pounds. He even ventured to attack the Duke of Berwick, natural son to King James II., and take from him his watch, rings and money, amounting in all to a great value.

This great malefactor was at last apprehended near Acton, by means of two captains of the Foot Guards, whom he attempted to rob both together. There was an obstinate fight between them, and Simpson behaved himself with so much bravery that in all probability he would not have been taken if one of the officers had not shot his horse under him, though he was before that wounded in both his arms and one of his legs. Nay, even when he was dismounted he defended himself till other passengers came up and secured him, which his adversaries were scarce able to do, they being also both very much hurt. When he was sent to Newgate he now found the keeper so much his friend as to receive him; neither did Tyburn this time refuse to bear his burden. He was hanged on Wednesday, the 8th of September, 1686, aged thirty-two years.

## WILLIAM CADY

*A Highwayman who shot a Woman before the Eyes of her Husband for the Wedding-Ring she had swallowed.*

*Executed in 1687*

THIS unhappy gentleman was born at Thetford, in the county of Norfolk. His father was an eminent surgeon in that place, and very careful of his son's education. After a course of grammar learning, Will was sent to the University of Cambridge, where he was servitor to the father of the present Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Townshend, at that time a student in Trinity College. He profited so well as in time to be made Bachelor of Arts, and continued at his studies till the death of his father.

## NEWGATE CALENDAR

The decease of a parent to a young gentleman, as Cady was, is often the crisis of fortune and the time that fixes his future fate. When a man becomes his own master, we learn in what he places his happiness, and what has before given a prevailing turn to his thoughts then influences his actions. Will, immediately upon the news, withdrew from the Muses and went up to London, where he professed physic; for his father made so good use of what he had in his lifetime, that he left nothing behind him. The first patient he had was his own uncle, who was dangerously ill of an imposthume; and the manner how he cured him is very well worth relating in this place.

When he came into his uncle's chamber, the first thing he did was to examine the state of the old gentleman's stomach. To this purpose he hunted the room all over, moved every dish, plate and basin he could see, all under a pretence of finding out what they gave him to eat, though in reality to find a proper occasion for the experiment he afterwards tried. At last he spied an old saddle under the bed. Upon which he seemed to start, crying out: "Uncle, your case is very desperate." "Not so bad, I hope," says the uncle, "as to make me past recovery." "Heaven knows that!" cried Cady; "but a surfeit is a terrible thing, and I perceive you have got a violent one." "A surfeit!" replied the old gentleman. "You mistake, nephew; it is an imposthume that I am afflicted with." "The devil it is!" quoth Cady. "Why, I could have sworn it was a surfeit; for I perceive you have eaten a whole horse, and left us only the saddle!" At this he held up the saddle in his hands, and the old gentleman fell into such a fit of laughing that instantly his imposthume broke; so that he became a well man again in less than a fortnight.

Cady's uncle gave him fifty guineas for performing so speedy and unexpected a cure; all which he spent in less than a month. It was not long after that he bid adieu to Galen and Hippocrates, and betook himself to the highway for a livelihood. The first exploit which he performed was on Hounslow Heath, where, meeting with Monsieur Chevalier,

## WILLIAM CADY

Captain of Grenadiers in the first regiment of Foot Guards—afterwards killed in the West in the engagement against the Duke of Monmouth—and another gentleman, he rode boldly up to them and inquired the way to Staines, telling them he was a stranger in the country. They courteously told him they were going thither themselves, and that they should be very glad of his company, if he pleased to keep pace with them. Will thanked them for their civility and accepted of their proffer, riding and talking by the side of them for about a mile. At last seeing the coast clear, he without ceremony shot one of the good-natured guides through the head; then turning upon Chevalier, he told him if he did not deliver his money he should suffer the same fate with his companion. Chevalier said he was a captain of the Guards, and therefore he must fight if he got anything from him. “If you are a soldier, sir,” quoth Cady, “you ought to obey the word of command, otherwise you know the sentence: I have nothing to do but to tie you neck and heels.” “You are an unconscionable son of a b——h,” says Monsieur, “to demand money of me, who never owed you any.” “Sir,” replied Cady, “there’s not a man travels the road but what owes me money, if he has any about him. Therefore, as you are one of my debtors, if you do not pay me instantly, your blood shall satisfy my demands.” The noble captain exchanged a shot or two with our highwayman, but had the misfortune at last to have his horse killed; upon which, seeing it was in vain to make any more resistance, he surrendered his gold watch, a diamond ring, and a purse of twenty-six guineas. Will, having collected all he could, tied the Frenchman neck and heels, nailed the hind lappets of his coat to a tree, and then rode off with his booty.

The next person he robbed was on Bagshot Heath. It was Lord Viscount Dundee, who was killed at the fight of Killiecrankie in Scotland, after the revolution. His honour was on horseback, attended only by a couple of footmen. Cady rode up to them full speed, inquiring if they did not see a single man ride that way harder than ordinary. Being told Yes, he presently added: “He has robbed me of

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twenty pounds, which I was going to pay my landlord, and I am utterly ruined." The man who had rode by was a confederate of Cady's, who had parted from him for that very purpose. My lord was touched with compassion at Will's complaint, and immediately ordered his footmen to pursue the villain. The servants rode away full stretch, and Cady after them some distance, till he thought they were far enough ; then he turned back on his lordship, and robbed him of a gold watch, a gold snuff-box and sixty guineas in money. To make all safe, he shot the Viscount's horse, and then rode after the footmen, whom he found a mile off, with his comrade between them, prisoner. The fellows were surprised when Will bid them let the man go and seemed to laugh at them for what they had done, till at last they absolutely refused to part with their prize. Cady, upon that, swore they should, and a warm engagement ensued, continuing till one of the footmen was killed and the other was obliged to fly, who found his lord dismounted and robbed.

Dundee complained at Court of this abuse, and a reward of one hundred pounds was promised in the *London Gazette* to anyone who should apprehend Cady or his comrade, who were both very particularly described. Our adventurer now thought it safest to get out of the reach of justice ; and to that end made the best of his way to Douay, in Flanders, where was an English seminary. As he was a scholar, he was easily admitted, upon the superior's examination, into the fraternity of Benedictine Friars, among whom he behaved with a great deal of seeming devotion and piety ; so that he shortly attained a very extraordinary character. The natural result of this was his having a great number of penitents continually resorting to him to make a confession of their sins. Cady's piety, however, at last began to sit very uneasy upon him, and he was afraid his hypocrisy would in time be found out, for he looked upon himself as incapable of keeping the vows of poverty and chastity which he had made. This made him resolve to return to England again at all hazards, choosing to enjoy a merry though but a short life, rather than drag out many years

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under the strictness of ecclesiastical discipline. But there was money wanting before this could be done, and now his invention was racked for some method of raising a sufficient quantity.

He feigned himself indisposed, and kept his chamber several days, during which time he received visits from abundance of people, and, among others, from all of the fair sex who usually made him their confessor. He had singled out in his mind a couple of young gentlewomen who commonly came together, and were both very rich and very handsome. A brace of pistols he had also found means to procure. At last the ladies came, and when they had made their confession, he desired them to hear his. In short, he told them he was in great want of money, and if they did not instantly supply him, they should never depart alive. At the same time he held the pistols to their breasts, and commanded them not to make the least noise. The poor gentlewomen were almost out of their wits with fear, and trembled like aspen leaves while Cady made inquiry into their pockets, and found them lined with about fifty pistoles. To this he compelled them to make an offering of two diamond rings, which were on their fingers, and then laying them both on the bed, he gave them, after one another, a taste of his manhood, and robbed them of their virginity into the bargain. Next he gagged and tied them neck and heels, and then went out, pretending to the father of the convent that he would only take the air in the fields a little. But he went much farther afield than they expected; for he never returned again, but changed his canonical habit, and returned to England.

Even before he arrived at London he fell again into his old courses, though he had been two years out of his native country; for as he rode over Blackheath he met with one Sandal, a great hop merchant, and his wife, whom he commanded to "Stand and deliver." Sandal stood up smartly in his own defence, and fired two pistols without success; after which he was obliged to lie at the mercy of the enemy, who presently dismounted them both, and killed their horse



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(for they had but one), and then fell to rifling their pockets. He found about twenty-eight pounds upon the husband, but the wife had no more than half-a-crown. "Is this your way of travelling?" says Cady. "What! carry but half-a-crown in your pocket, when you are to meet a gentleman collector on the highway! I assure you, madam, I shall be even with you; therefore off with that ring on your finger." Mrs Sandal begged him to spare her wedding-ring, because she would not lose it for double the value, as she had kept and worn it above twenty years. "You whining bitch!" quoth Will. "Marriage may be d——d, and you too. What, because you are a whore by licence, I must be more favourable to you than another woman I'll warrant! Give me the ring in a moment without any more cant, or I shall make bold to cut off your finger with it for dispatch, as I have served several of your sex before."

The good woman, finding all entreaties were in vain, pulled off her ring; but instead of giving it to Cady, instantly clapped it into her mouth and swallowed it, in hopes, by that means, of preserving what she so superstitiously prized. Cady fell to swearing and stamping like a madman, telling her that all her tricks were in vain; for he would that moment send her to the devil without her wedding-ring. Accordingly he shot her through the head, ripped her open, and took the ring out of her body in the presence of her husband, whom he had before bound, and who was incapable of uttering a word at the sight of such an unheard-of piece of barbarity. "Your wife's a bite, sir," says the butcherly villain, "but I think I have bit the biter." And remounting his horse, he rode away with as little concern as if he had done no crime, leaving the sorrowful widower bound by his wife's body till some passengers came by and loosed him, and then carried the mangled corpse to the next inn.

The same night Cady came straight to London, but was afraid that even that great city was not large enough to conceal him from the inquiry which such a horrid action would naturally occasion. He did not stay therefore above

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an hour before he took horse for Scotland, where he arrived and stayed about a month, without any notice being taken of him. After this he came into England again, and as he was making towards London, between Ferry Bridge and Doncaster in Yorkshire, he overtook Dr Moreton, a prebendary of Durham. It would not be more strange to see a horse refuse oats than to hear that such a gentleman as Cady would let a plump, sleek clergyman pass unmolested, when he was in his power. "Stand and deliver" was the precept, with the addition of "D——n you are a dead man if you hesitate." The clergyman had never been used to such language before, and began to give him good advice, counselling him very gravely to refrain from such ill courses, and telling him the hazard he ran, both with respect to his soul and his body. But all his preaching was in vain; for Cady looked upon him with all the moroseness he could collect in his countenance, and told him that his doctrine had no effect, and the pretence of religion was framed only to preserve what he had before got in the same way. Adding, that if he did not speedily deliver what he had, he should send him out of the world. "But that," quoth he with a sneer, "is nothing to a man of your cloth; for doubtless all the clergymen are prepared for death at any time, and certain of eternal happiness."

While Cady was uttering these words, a stone-horse in an adjacent field, smelling his mare, leaped over the hedge, and came snorting and neighing to her like a mad creature. Will was so busy with Mr Doctor that he took no notice of the stallion till his mare was covered and he dismounted. The poor parson was glad of an opportunity to save his bacon; so as soon as he saw Cady on the ground he rode off as fast as he could. "The devil take all whoring," cried Will, "if horses must practise it too! However, Mr Mettle, I shall go nigh to spoil your sport before the game be over." He was as good as his word, for instantly pulling out a pistol he shot the horse, and then remounted his mare and rode after divinity.

In three quarters of a mile he overtook poor Moreton,

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and accosted him with "You unreasonable unmannerly dog! what do you mean to leave a man in the midst of his journey, without giving him anything to pay his charges?" The doctor had taken care, as he rode off, to hide his money in a hedge, so that when Cady searched him he found never a farthing. He could not, however, think that a man of his figure would travel on horseback without any money in his breeches; so that he swore the reverend priest should never go home alive if he did not inform him what he had done with his mammon. The doctor standing to it that he had none, our bloody wretch instantly shot him through the heart, which to him was no more than making a good meal when he was hungry.

After this he took a journey into Norfolk with an intent to see his friends and relations at Thetford, but meeting a coach within two or three miles of that town, with three gentlemen and a gentlewoman in it, could not forbear riding up to it and making the usual compliment. The gentlemen were resolved to dispute a point with him, and stood bravely upon their guard, one of them firing off a blunderbuss without doing him any other damage than just grazing across his left arm, and tearing his coat, waistcoat and shirt. This put him into a violent passion, so that after he had taken about one hundred and thirty pounds from them all, he swore that the loss of his money should not entitle him that had shot him to any quarter. He was always as good as his word in these cases—the poor gentleman was left dead in the coach; and then, cutting the reins and traces off the horses, he rode off, without going to Thetford to see his acquaintance.

Now he steers his course towards London as fast as he can; and coming over Finchley Common attacks a lady, who was riding there for the air, attended by a single footman. He fell upon her in a very rude manner, pulling a diamond ring from her finger and a gold watch from her side; taking a purse with eighty guineas in it out of her pocket, and giving her a great deal of ill language. The honest footman, though the lady had commanded him not

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to meddle, could not forbear showing his resentment at Cady's unmanly behaviour. He returned his foul words with others of the same kind, calling him villain, rascal, thief, and other names of the same import, which were suitable to his character. Will Cady, without speaking a word, answered the poor fellow by sending a brace of balls through his head; then he cut the girths of the lady's saddle, and was going to make off, but the time which Providence had fixed for a period to his wicked actions was now come. Two gentlemen, who had seen the transaction at a distance, intercepted him, just as he put spurs to his horse, with pistols in their hands. Cady was very desperate when he saw his own danger. He fired as fast as he was able, and they as nimbly returned the same compliment, till a lucky ball lodged in his horse, and made him fall under him. After this he resolutely maintained his ground on foot for a considerable time, even till he had discharged all his pistols and entirely wearied himself. He was then apprehended and carried before a Justice of the Peace at Highgate, who committed him under a strong guard to Newgate, where he continued till the next sessions without any signs of remorse for the blood he had so plentifully shed within four years before.

When his trial came on at the Old Bailey he behaved agreeably to his character before that venerable court. The Lord Mayor and Recorder, he said, were a couple of old almswomen, and the jurymen were treated in the same manner. The matter of fact which he was indicted for was proved so plainly against him that he received sentence of death, and was put into the condemned hold; but even this place of horror and darkness had no effect upon his mind, for he continued to swear, curse, sing, roar, and get drunk, as he had always done before. What hardened him the more, was the dependence he had on some friends at Court, who had given him room to hope for a reprieve from King James II., who then reigned; but the many murders he had committed put a stop to the mercy which he might otherwise have obtained.

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His day of execution being come, and the cart stopping as usual under St Sepulchre's church wall, whilst the bellman rang his bell and repeated his exhortatory lines, instead of being affected with the admonition, he fell to swearing at the sheriff's officers, asking them why they detained him there to hear an old puppy chatter nonsense. At Tyburn he was just the same, being turned off without either conversing with the ordinary, praying by himself, or making any speech to the people. His exit was in 1687, when he was just twenty-five years of age.

### PHILIP STANSFIELD, SON OF SIR JAMES STANSFIELD

*Executed 15th of February, 1688, for the Murder of his Father and for High Treason*

SIR JAMES STANSFIELD held the rank of colonel in the Parliamentary army. After Cromwell's victory at Dunbar he went to Scotland and established a woollen manufactory at Newmilns (now Amisfield) in the neighbourhood of Haddington, under the patronage of the Protectorate. At the Restoration, Parliament granted certain annuities and privileges to Colonel Stansfield, on whom Charles II. conferred the honour of knighthood. His prospects were, however, soon blasted, for in 1687 he was found murdered, as was supposed, by his eldest son, Philip, whom he had disinherited for his debauchery. This unfortunate man was brought up for trial, 6th of February, 1688, the indictment stating that, although his father had given him a liberal education, he had taken ill courses, and been detained prisoner in the Marshalsea, in Southwark, and in the public prisons of Antwerp, Orleans, and other places, from whence his said father had released him; and that notwithstanding, he fell to his debauched and villainous courses again. Whereupon, his father signifying his intentions to disinherit him and settle his estate upon John Stansfield, his second son, the said Philip Stansfield did

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declare he would cut his father's throat, and did attempt to assassinate his father by pursuing him in the highway, etc., and firing pistols upon him ; which the said Sir James, his father, had declared to several persons of honour in his lifetime.

The court at Edinburgh, the 7th of February, 1688, met, and the assize, consisting of fifteen merchants and tradesmen, being sworn without any challenge or exception to any of them, his Majesty's advocate produced his witnesses.

After evidence as to prisoner having drunk confusion to the King, and made others drink likewise, Agnes Bruce further deposed that she had often heard the prisoner vow and swear he would kill any person that offended him. That he conversed much with Janet Johnston, George Thomson and his wife (charged with being concerned in this murder), and used after supper at his father's to go to these persons. That she had frequently heard the prisoner curse his father, and express his hatred and abhorrence of him, and say he had hated his father these seven years ; and this in his mother's presence. That the Friday before Sir James's death, Janet Johnston was a considerable time with the prisoner in his chamber. That she thought Sir James not so merry as usual the night before his death. That on the Saturday night when Sir James came home he went to his lady's chamber, where he did not stay a quarter of an hour ; and that his lady fell a-quarrelling with him for going to another house before he came there. That the next morning, when Sir James was missed, the deponent went into his chamber to make a fire, and found the bed in better order than usual, and the candle at the bed's foot which used to be at the head. That the deponent desiring the body might be brought up to the chamber, the prisoner answered it should not enter there, for he had died more like a beast than a man ; and that it was brought to a cellar within the close, where was very little light. That she heard the prisoner cry and lament when his father's body was found, but saw no tears. That he would have forced his father's chamber door open, but the key being found he entered, and took

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the gold and money out of his pocket, and then searched the cabinet ; that within an hour after his father was brought from the water he got the buckles off his shoes and put them on his own. That a short time before Sir James died, his lady having fallen into a swoon, and afterwards telling the prisoner he was likely in a short time to lose his mother, he answered in the deponent's hearing that his father should be dead first. That two nights after Sir James's death the lady told this deponent that she heard the prisoner had vowed his brother's death, and little less as to his father, upon his hearing Sir James was about to settle his estate upon his brother ; and that the lady renewed the same expression to this deponent at Edinburgh, and added, what if they should put her bairn in prison.

James Murehead, surgeon, deposed that upon the prisoner's assisting to lift the body, after it had been sewed up, and clean linen put on, it darted out blood through the linen, from the left side of the neck, which the prisoner touched ; but that when the deponent and the other surgeon put on the linen, and stirred and moved the head and neck before, he saw no blood at all. (Sir Patrick Hume, in the prisoner's defence, said that this was a superstitious observation, founded neither upon law nor reason.)

His Majesty's advocate desired that James Thomson, son to George Thomson, and Anna, daughter to Janet Johnston, spouse to the said James Thomson, might be examined as witnesses against the prisoner ; but the prisoner's counsel opposed it, for that they were but children, the boy being about thirteen, and the girl about ten years of age. Whereupon the Court refused to admit them, but the jury desired that they be permitted to declare what they knew—viz.

The said James Thomson declared that Janet Johnston came to George Thomson's (his father's) house between nine and ten o'clock that night Sir James was killed, and the prisoner came thither soon after. His mother ordered him to go to bed, which was in the same room, and beat him because he did not go presently. Anna Mark, the said Janet's



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daughter, came for her to give her child suck, but Janet stayed a considerable time after, and whispered with the said George Thomson, and he heard the prisoner complain that his father would not give him money, and prayed the devil might take his father, and God d—n his own soul if he should not make an end of his father, and then all would be his, and he would be kind to them. Philip Stansfield and Janet Johnston went away about eleven o'clock, and soon after his father and mother came to bed. But his father and mother rose afterwards in the night and went out of the house, and stayed away an hour and a half or two hours. His mother came in first, and he pretended to be asleep when they returned, and he heard his father say the deed was done; that the prisoner guarded the door with a drawn sword and a bended pistol; that he never thought a man would have died so soon; that they carried him out to the water-side and tied a stone about his neck, and leaving him there, they came back to the little kiln, and considered if they should cast him in the water with the stone about his neck or not, and whether they should cast him in far, or near the side; and that at length they returned and took away the stone from about his neck, and threw him in the water. His father said he was afraid, for all that, that the murder would come out. And his mother said, "Hout, fool, there is no fear of that; it will be thought he has drowned himself." When Sir James was found in the morning his mother said to his father: "Rise quickly, for if you be found in your bed, they will say that you have had a hand in the murder." The coat and waistcoat Sir James had on in the water being sent to their house, his mother said she was frightened at it, and desired his father to send it away. His mother said she was afraid to stay in the house in the evening, and therefore went out with his father, if he went out, ever since Sir James died, which she did not use to do before.

Anna Mark, daughter of Janet Johnston, declared that on the Saturday night Sir James was killed the prisoner came to her mother's house and sent for George Thomson and his wife, and then sent her to see if Sir James was come

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home. Upon her bringing word that Sir James was come, the prisoner ran down to Newmilns. About eleven o'clock the same night her father sent her to find her mother, and she found her with the prisoner at George Thomson's house, but her mother did not come home till two in the morning. Whereupon her father said: "B——, w——, where have you been so long?" She answered, "Wherever I have been, the deed is done," and then went to bed. Her mother, ever after that, was afraid to be alone.

The jury found the prisoner guilty of all the facts laid in the indictment—viz. of treason, cursing his father, and being accessory to his murder.

The assize finding him guilty, the Lords of Justiciary ordered him to be hanged on the 15th of February, at the Cross of Edinburgh, and his tongue to be cut out for cursing his father, and his right hand to be cut off for the parricide, and his head to be put upon the East Port of Haddington, as nearest to the place of murder, and his body to be hung up in chains betwixt Leith and Edinburgh, and his lands and goods to be confiscated for the treason.

All this was rigorously put into execution. "Some thought," says Lord Fountainhall, a contemporary judge, "if not a miraculous, yet an extraordinary return of the imprecations was the accident of the slipping of the knots on the cross, whereby his feet and knees were on the scaffold, which necessitated them to strangle him, bearing therein a near resemblance to his father's death; and a new application having been made that they might be allowed to bury him, Duke Hamilton was for it, but the Chancellor would not consent, because he had mocked his religion. So his body was hung up, and some days after being stolen down, it was found lying in a ditch among some water, as his father's was; and by order was hung up again, and then a second time was taken down."

# APPENDICES

## No. 1

### DEFOE'S ACCOUNT OF SWIFTNICKS' RIDE TO YORK

FROM Gravesend we see nothing remarkable on the road but Gad's-Hill, a noted place for robbing of seamen after they have received their pay at Chatham. Here it was that the famous robbery was committed in the year 1676 or thereabouts; it was about four a clock in the morning when a gentleman was robbed by one Nicks on a bay mare, just on the declining part of the hill, on the west side, for he swore to the spot and to the man. Mr Nicks, who robb'd him, came away to Gravesend, immediately ferry'd over, and, as he said, was stopp'd by the difficulty of the boat, and of the passage, near an hour; which was a great discouragement to him, but was a kind of bait to his horse: From thence he rode cross the county of Essex, thro' Tilbury, Hornden, and Bilerecay to Chelmsford: here he stopp'd about half an hour to refresh his horse, and give him some balls; from thence to Braintre, Bocking, Wethersfield; then over the downs to Cambridge, and from thence keeping still the cross roads, he went by Fenny Stanton to Godmanchester, and Huntingdon, where he baited himself and his mare about an hour; and, as he said himself, slept about half an hour, then, holding on the north road, and keeping a full larger gallop most of the way, he came to York the same afternoon, put off his boots and riding cloaths, and went dress'd as if he had been an inhabitant of the place, not a traveller, to the bowling-green, where, among other gentlemen, was the Lord Mayor of the city; he singling out his Lordship, study'd to do something particular that the Mayor might remember him by, and accordingly lay some odd bett with him concerning the bowls then running, which should cause the Mayor to remember it the more particularly; and then takes occasion to ask his Lordship what a clock it was; who, pulling out his watch, told him the hour, which was a quarter before, or a quarter after eight at night.

Some other circumstances, it seems, he carefully brought into their discourse, which should make the Lord Mayor remember the day of the month exactly, as well as the hour of the day.

Upon a prosecution which happen'd afterwards for this robbery, the whole merit of the case turn'd upon this single point: The person robb'd swore as above to the man, to the place, and to the time, in which the fact was committed: namely, that he was robb'd on Gad's-Hill in Kent, on such a day, and at such a time of the day, and on such a part of the hill, and that the prisoner at the bar was the man that robb'd him: Nicks, the prisoner, deny'd the fact, called several persons to his reputation, alleg'd that he was as far off

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as Yorkshire at that time, and that particularly, the day whereon the prosecution swore he was robb'd, he was at bowles on the publick green in the City of York ; and to support this, he produced the Lord Mayor of York to testify that he was so, and that the Mayor acted so and so with him there as above.

This was so positive, and so well attested, that the jury acquitted him on a bare supposition, that it was impossible the man could be at two places so remote on one and the same day. There are more particulars related of this story, such as I do not take upon me to affirm ; namely, that King Charles II. prevailed on him, on assurance of pardon, and that he should not be brought into any farther trouble about it, to confess the truth to him privately, and that he own'd to His Majesty that he committed the robbery, and how he rode the journey after it, and that upon this the King gave him the name or title of Swift Nicks, instead of Nicks.—*A Tour Thro' the Whole Island of Great Britain*, 1724, vol. i., letter ii.

### No. 2

#### THE SCOTCH LOVER'S LAMENTATION :

OR,

#### GILDEROY'S LAST FAEWE<sup>1</sup>

GILDEROY was a bonny Boy,  
had roses tull his shun,  
His Stockings made of the finest silk,  
his Garters hanging down :  
It was a comely sight to see,  
he were so trim a Boy ;  
He was my Joy and Heart's Delight,  
my handsom Gilderoy.

Oh, sike a charming Eyen he had,  
a breath as sweet as Rose,  
He never wore a Highland plad,  
but costly silken Cloaths :  
He gain'd the love of Ladies gay,  
there's none to him was coy ;  
Ah way's me, Ise mourn this Day  
for my dear Gilderoy.

<sup>1</sup> Of the numberless ballads and elegies that gathered round the names of the chief ruffians, this is the only one that has attained any literary standing, and is valuable for our purpose as showing the romantic glamour that attached in the feminine mind to the name of the masterful Gilderoy.

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My Gilderoy and I was born  
both in one town together,  
Not passing seven Years ago,  
since one did love each other :  
Our Daddies and our Mammies both,  
were cloath'd with mickle joy,  
To think upon the Bridal-day,  
betwixt I and my Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy, that Love of mine,  
gued faith Ise freely bought  
A wedding sark of Holland fine,  
with silken flowers wrought ;  
And he gave me a wedding-ring,  
which I receiv'd with joy ;  
No Lads or Lassies e'er could sing,  
like my sweet Gilderoy.

In mickle joy we spent our time,  
till we was both fifteen,  
Then gently he did lay me down,  
amongst the leaves so green ;  
When he had done what he could do,  
he rose and gang'd his way,  
But ever since I lov'd the Man,  
my handsom Gilderoy.

While we did both together play,  
he kiss'd me o're and o're ;  
Gued faith it was as blith a day,  
as e're I saw before ;  
He fill'd my heart in e'ry vein,  
with love and mickle joy ;  
But when shall I behold again,  
mine own sweet Gilderoy ?

'Tis pity Men should e're be hang'd,  
that takes up Women's geer,  
Or for their pelfering sheep or calves,  
Or stealing cow or mare ;  
Had not our laws been made so strict,  
I'd never lost my Joy,  
Who was my Love and Heart's Delight,  
my handsom Gilderoy.

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'Cause Gilderoy had done amiss,  
must he be punish'd then?  
What kind of cruelty is this,  
to hang such handsom Men?  
The Flower of the Scottish Land,  
a sweet and lively Boy,  
He likewise had a Lady's hand,  
my handsom Gilderoy.

At Leith they took my Gilderoy,  
and there, God wot, they bang'd him,  
Carry'd him to fair Edinburgh,  
and there, God wot, they hang'd him,  
They hang'd him up above the rest,  
he was so trim a Boy,  
My only Love and Heart's Delight,  
my handsom Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his breath,  
in cyprus he was laid,  
Then for my Dearest, after death,  
a funeral I made,  
Over his grave a marble stone,  
I fixed for my Joy,  
Now I am left to weep alone,  
for my dear Gilderoy.

[Broadside ballad version, printed for C. Bates, at the "Sun and Bible,  
in Pye-Corner, about 1690. See also Percy's *Reliques*.]

### No. 3

#### SAMUEL PEPYS STANDS ON A CART-WHEEL TO SEE COLONEL TURNER HANGED

*'an. 8th, 1664.*—Upon the 'Change, a great talk there was of one Mr. Tryan, an old man, a merchant in Lyme Streete, robbed last night, (his man and maid being gone out after he was a-bed;) and gagged and robbed of £1050 in money, and about £4000 in jewells, which he had in his house, as security for money. It is believed that his man is guilty of confederacy, by their ready going to his secret till in his desk, wherein the key of his cash-chest lay.

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“ 11th.—The general talke of the towne still is of Colonel Turner, about the robbery ; who, it is thought, will be hanged.

“ 18th.—By coach to the 'Change, after having been at the Coffee-house, where I hear Turner is found guilty of felony and burglary : and strange stories of his confidence at the barr, but yet great indiscretion in his argueing. All desirous of his being hanged.

“ 20th.—Sir Richard Ford told me, that Turner is to be hanged to-morrow, and with what impudence he hath carried out his trial ; but that last night, when he brought him news of his death he began to be sober, and shed some tears, and he hopes will die a penitent ; he having already confessed all the thing, but says it was partly done for a joke, and partly to get an occasion of obliging the old man by his care in getting him his things again, he having some hopes of being the better by him in his estate at his death.

“ 21st.—Up, and after sending my wife to my aunt Wight's, to get a place to see Turner hanged, I to the 'Change ; and seeing people flock in the City, I enquired, and found that Turner was not yet hanged. So I went among them to Leadenhall Street, at the end of Lyme Street, near where the robbery was done : and to St Mary Axe, where he lived. And there I got for a shilling to stand upon the wheel of a cart, in great pain, above an hour before the execution was done ; he delaying the time by long discourses and prayers, one after another in hopes of a reprieve ; but none come, and at last he was flung off the ladder in his cloak. A comely-looking man he was, and kept his countenance to the end ; I was sorry to see him. It was believed there were at least 12 or 14,000 people in the street.”

*The Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

### No. 4

#### A NORTHERN EXPLOIT OF THE FAMOUS COLONEL BLOOD

*June 4th, 1667.*—Mason, a prisoner of State, sent down guarded by some ten troopers of the guard to be tried at York, was rescued by five men at Ferrybridge and taken from them. One Scott that commanded the guard was killed, and some of the party ill wounded. I passed there about a quarter of an hour before the fact was done. Hue-and-cry, with all other endeavours, were used to take the rescuers, but all ineffectually. I gave my Lord Arlington a speedy account of the whole matter. We since understood that one Mr. Blood (the same that took my Lord of Ormond prisoner out



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of his coach in London streets, stole the regal crown, and did several desperate actions afterwards) was the chief of the party. And yet the King, having taken him, thought fit to pardon him for all these crimes."

*The Memoirs of Sir John Reresby.*

### No. 5

#### PEPYS SEES THE "GERMAN PRINCESS" ACT HER OWN ADVENTURES

"*May 29th, 1663.*—With Creed to see the German Princesse, at the Gatehouse at Westminster.

"*June 7th.*—After church to Sir W. Batten's; where my Lady Batten inveighed mightily against the German Princesse, and I as high in the defence of her wit and spirit, and glad that she is cleared at the Sessions.

"*April 15th, 1664.*—To the Duke's house, and there saw 'The German Princesse' acted by the woman herself; but never was anything so well done in earnest, worse performed in jest upon the stage."

*The Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

### No. 6

#### (a) JOHN EVELYN AT THE EXECUTION OF VRATZ, THE MURDERER OF MR THYNN

"*November 15th, 1681.*—I dined with the Earl of Essex, who after dinner in his study, where we were alone, related to me how much he had been scandalized and injured in the report of his being privy to the marriage of his Lady's niece, the rich young widow of the late Lord Ogle, sole daughter of the Earl of Northumberland; showing me a letter of Mr. Thynn's excusing himself for not communicating his marriage to his Lordship. He acquainted me also with the whole story of that unfortunate lady being betrayed by her grandmother, the Countess of Northumberland, and Colonel Bret, for money; and that though, upon the importunity of the Duke of Monmouth, he had delivered to the grandmother a particular of the jointure which Mr. Thynn pretended he would settle on the lady, yet he totally discouraged the proceeding, as by no means a competent match for one that

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both by birth and fortune might have pretended to the greatest prince in Christendom; that he also proposed the Earl of Kingston, or the Lord Cranburn, but was no means for Mr Thynn.

“*March 10th, 1682.*—This day was executed Colonel Vrats, and some of his accomplices, for the execrable murder of Mr. Thynn, set on by the principal Koningsmark. He went to execution like an undaunted hero, as one that had done a friendly office for that base coward, Count Koningsmark, who had hopes to marry his widow, the rich Lady Ogle, and was acquitted by a corrupt jury, and so got away. Vrats told a friend of mine who accompanied him to the gallows, and gave him some advice, that he did not value dying of a rush, and hoped and believed God would deal with him like a gentleman. Never man went, so unconcerned for his sad fate.

“*March 24th.*—I went to see the corpse of that obstinate creature Colonel Vrats, the King permitting that his body should be transported to his own country, he being of a good family, and one of the first embalmed by a particular art, invented by one William Russell, a coffin-maker, which preserved the body without disbowelling, or to appearance using any bituminous matter. The flesh was florid, soft, and full, as if the person were only sleeping. He had now been dead near fifteen days, and lay exposed in a very rich coffin lined with lead, too magnificent for so daring and horrid a murderer.”

*The Diary of John Evelyn.*

### (b) HOW SIR JOHN RERESBY CAUGHT THE MURDERERS OF MR THYNN

“*February 12th, 1682.*—There happened the most barbarous murder that had taken place in England for some time. Mr. Thynne, a gentleman of 9,000*l.* a year—lately married to my Lady Ogle, who, repenting of the match, had fled from him into Holland before they were bedded—was set upon by three ruffians, and shot to death as he was coming along the street in his coach. He being one deeply engaged in the Duke of Monmouth’s interest, it was much feared what construction might be made of it by that party—the authors escaping and not known. I was at Court that evening, when the King hearing the news, seemed much concerned at it, not only for the horror of the action itself, to which his good nature was very averse, but also apprehending the ill constructions which the anti-Court party might make of it.

“At eleven o’clock the same night, as I was going into bed, Mr. Thynne’s gentleman came to me to grant a hue-and-cry, and soon after the Duke of Monmouth’s page, to desire me to come to his master at Mr. Thynne’s lodging, sending his coach to fetch me. I found him surrounded with several gentlemen and lords, friends to Mr. Thynne, and Mr. Thynne

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mortally wounded by five bullets, which had entered his belly and side, shot from a blunderbuss. I granted immediately several warrants to search for persons suspected to be privy to the design, and that might give some intelligence of the parties that had acted that murder. At the last by intelligence from a chairman that had the same afternoon conveyed one of the ruffians from his lodging in Westminster to take horse at the Black Bull, and by a woman that used to visit that gentleman, the constables found out his lodging in Westminster, and there took his man, a Swede, who being brought before me, at last confessed that he served a gentleman, a German captain, who had told him that he had a quarrel with Mr. Thynne, and had often appointed him to watch his coach as he passed by; and particularly, that day, so soon as the captain did know the coach was gone by, he had booted himself, and with two others—a Swedish lieutenant and a Polander—gone, as he supposed, in quest of Mr. Thynne on horseback. By this servant I further understood, where possibly the captain and his two friends might be found; and after having searched several houses with the Duke of Monmouth, Lord Mordaunt, and others, as he directed us, till six o'clock in the morning, having been in chase almost the whole night, I personally took the captain at the house of a Swedish doctor in Leicester Fields, I going first into the room, followed by my Lord Mordaunt. I found him in bed, and his sword at some distance from him upon the table, which I first seized, and afterwards his person, committing him to two constables. I wondered to see him yield up himself so tamely, being certainly a man of great courage, for he appeared unconcerned from the beginning, notwithstanding he was very certain to be found the chief actor in the tragedy. This gentleman had not long before commanded the forlorn hope at the siege of Mons, where only two besides himself, of fifty under his command, came off with life. For which the Prince of Orange made him a lieutenant in his guards, and the King of Sweden gave him afterwards a troop of horse.

“Several persons suspected for accessories and the two accomplices—viz., the Swedish lieutenant and the Polander (whose names were Stern and Borosky, and the captain's name Fratz)—were soon after taken by constables with my warrant, and brought to my house, where, before I could finish all the examinations, the King sent for me to attend him in Council, which was called on purpose for that occasion, with the prisoners and papers. His Majesty ordered me to inform him of my proceeding in that matter, both as to the way of the persons' apprehension and their examinations, and then examined them himself, giving me orders at the rising of the Council to put what had been said there into writing and form, in order to the trial. This took me up a great part of the day, though I desired Mr. Bridgeman, one of the clerks of the Council and a justice of the peace, to assist me in that matter both for the dispatch and my security, the nicety of the thing requiring it, as will appear hereafter.

“*February 15th.*—The Council meeting again, amongst other things to examine the governor to young Count Coningsmark, a young gentleman resident in Monsieur Faubert's academy in London, supposed to be privy

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to the murder. The King sent for him to attend the Council, where he confessed that the eldest Count Coningsmark, who had been in England some months before, and had made addresses to my Lady Ogle before she had married Mr. Thynne, had ten days before the murder come *incognito* into England, and lay disguised till it was committed. This gave great cause of suspicion that the said count was in the bottom of it. Whereupon his Majesty commanded me to go search his lodging, which I performed with two constables, but found he was gone, the day after the deed was done, betimes in the morning ; of which I presently returned to give the King an account.

“ I several times after this attended the King, both privately and in Council, to inform him from time to time, as new matter did occur. Upon the whole we discovered, partly by the confession of the ruffians, and by the information of others, that Captain Fratz had been eight years a companion and particular friend to Count Coningsmark, one of the greatest men in the Kingdom of Sweden, his uncle being at that time governor of Pomerania, and near being married to that King’s aunt ; that whilst he was here in England some months before, and had made addresses to the Lady Ogle, the only daughter and heiress to the Earl of Northumberland, married after to the now murdered Mr. Thynne, the said Count had resented something done towards him as an affront from the said Mr. Thynne, and that the said captain, out of friendship to the Count (but as he then pretended not with his privacy), was resolved to be revenged of him. To which intent he, with the assistance of the said Stern and Borosky, had committed this so barbarous act, by obliging the latter to discharge a blunderbuss upon him in his coach, the others being present. I was glad to find in this whole affair that no English person nor interest was concerned, the fanatics having already buzzed it abroad that the design was chiefly against the Duke of Monmouth ; and I had the King’s thanks oftener than once, my Lord Halifax’s also, and of several others, for my diligent discovery of the true cause and occasion, as well as the authors of this matter. The truth is, the Duke of Monmouth was gone out of the coach from Mr. Thynne an hour before ; but I found, by the confession both of Stern and Borosky, that they were ordered not to shoot in case the Duke were with him in the coach.

“ It was much suspected all this while that Count Coningsmark was not yet over sea ; and on the 20th he was found by the Duke of Monmouth’s servant disguised at Gravesend alone, coming out of a sculler, intending the next day to go aboard a Swedish ship. The King having notice, called an extraordinary Council to examine him that afternoon, at which I was present. He appeared before the King with all the assurance imaginable ; was a fine gentleman of his person ; his hair was the longest for a man’s I ever saw, for it came below his waist, and his parts were very quick. His examination before the King and Council was very superficial, but he was after that appointed the same day to be examined, by order of the King in Council, by the lord chief justice, Mr. Bridgeman, the Attorney-General and myself. It was accordingly done, but he confessed nothing as to his being either privy or concerned in the murder, laying his lying here concealed upon the occasion of his taking

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physic for a disease, and therefore was unwilling to discover himself till he was cured; and his going away in a disguise after the fact was done, upon the advice of some friends, who told him that it would reflect on him were it known he was in England, when a person that was his friend was under so notorious a suspicion for committing so black a crime; and therefore did endeavour to get away, not knowing how far the laws of his land might for that very reason make him a party.

“*February 21st.*—This night I was with the King at his going to bed, where, discoursing as to this matter, I found he was willing Count Coningsmark might come off.

“*February 26th.*—A gentleman that kept the French academy in London, one Monsieur Faubert,<sup>1</sup> came and desired me to direct him, if there was any method to be followed, for the saving of Count Coningsmark’s life, insinuating at the same time that as he was a gentleman of a vast estate, he was sensible he could not lay it out to greater advantage than to support his innocence, and to secure him against the danger of the law in a strange country. I told him that if he was innocent, the law would acquit him, though he were a foreigner, as well as if he were a native; but that he ought to be careful how he made any offers of that kind, it being rather the way to make a man of honour his enemy than to gain for him a friend.

“*February 27th.*—The bills against the three murderers of Mr. Thynne had been found against them as principals, and against the Count as accessory at the sessions at Hick’s Hall, which had begun on the 20th of February, and ended on the 28th; all the rest of the persons apprehended or bound over for that offence being reserved as witnesses till the trial. On the 28th they were tried at the Old Bailey, where, after a trial that lasted from nine in the morning till five in the afternoon, and a very strict prosecution by the relations of Mr. Thynne, the three were brought in principals of the said murder, and received sentence of death accordingly. The Count was acquitted as not accessory by the same jury, it being *per medietatem lingue*, according to the privilege of strangers. I carried the King the news the first of this, who was not displeased to hear that it had passed in this manner. The party of the Duke of Monmouth, who all appeared to countenance the prosecution, were extremely concerned that the Count did escape.

“*March 10th.*—The captain and the other two that were guilty of Mr Thynne’s murder, were hanged in the same street where it was committed. The captain died without any expression of fear, or laying any guilt upon Count Coningsmark. Seeing me in my coach as he passed by in the cart to execution, he bowed to me with a steady look, as he did to those he knew amongst the spectators, before he was turned off; in fine, his whole carriage, from his first being apprehended till the last, relished more of gallantry than religion.”

*The Memoirs of Sir John Reresby.*

<sup>1</sup> Immortalised in Foubert’s Place, Regent Street, London.

## APPENDICES

### No. 7

#### SIR JOHN RERESBY ASKS THE KING TO GRANT A REWARD FOR THE APPREHENSION OF NEVISON

“*Oct. 23rd, 1681.*—That evening I met the King going to council, and desired him that a notorious robber, one Nevison, having broken the gaol at York and escaped, he would be pleased to grant a reward of 20*l.* to those that would apprehend, and to make it known by issuing out a proclamation to that purpose. The truth was, he had committed several notorious robberies, and it was with great endeavours and trouble that I got him apprehended at the first; and since his escape, he had threatened the death of several justices of the peace, wherever he met them (though I never heard that I was of the number). The King’s answer (my Lord Halifax being present) was this, that a proclamation would cost him 100*l.*, but he would order 20*l.* to be paid by the sheriff of that county to him that took him, wherever it was; and that it should be published by the *Gazette*, which was the same thing. The rogue was taken not long after, and hanged at York.”

*The Memoirs of Sir John Reresby.*





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